

## **Cradle Of Filth**

# **"Present From The Poison-Hearted"**

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Reigning at the feast of Phantasia  
Heightened pleasures were endeavored to bow  
Before my coronation and vocal aspirations  
To rule this fool creation fallen ?neath me now

I knew deep eyes of a distant Christ  
Were scarred from afar under starry luster  
Sighting my recitals on the rites of vice  
Perverting virtue, enslaving grace

Behind the glittering mask of pride  
Saving face finding thorns to pierce His side  
Desire, the fire, spread hell throughout my soul  
And higher the wire, the more I sought control

Straining from the leash in exultation  
Head to the wind to breathe with ravenous lungs  
The global scent of fornication  
A writhe of many vipers deciphering tongues

I whispered schemes to dreamers then to pursue an  
Eden  
That screamed of me supreme again  
As my world bloomed so too the moon  
Through Adam to Seth, Enos, Cainan

Mahalaleel and Jared blew  
Perverting virtue, enslaving grace  
Behind the slippery guise of lies  
Saving face making waves to drown their faith

Messiahs, pariahs, eons reversed the two  
Thus, higher their sprites the more cursed grew their  
roots  
And suffering I swept cruel seas  
On the galley of the shadow of death

A fist in the cunt of the spread horizon  
A kiss for the sun risen red once dined on  
The coast of Menses, discharged from celestial wombs  
A first degree murder of ravens  
Followed in fugue through the crack of doom

The goat of Mendes, I set regime  
In the galley of the shadow of death  
Angels in raiments as pure as coal  
Taking their payments in tortured mortal souls

A bold direction, the abyss edge  
But on cold reflection, one they warmed to nonetheless  
As they preyed the paths of the righteous  
Through the myth of thistled orchard floors

Bearing gifts of plenitude for  
The apples of the Lord were rotten to the core  
Temptation, my ambassador  
Attila, Herod, Pharisees and Nero all begged of me for  
more

Down dark steps of history, I waged a war with a  
Heaven  
I could not see beyond My wildest fantasies  
Throwing sixes over deadly sin, I traded those who  
played to win  
Skin for precious skin and that that wormed within

Staining the reams of revelation  
Etching ever-afters in accursed verse  
The limpid rags of resurrection  
From papal parapets were to dirt dispersed

Desire, the flyers spread Hell throughout their souls  
And higher the fire, the more I held control

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