

Cradle Of Filth "Scorched Earth Erotica Version)"

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Sunset, expect
This to be your last with our vast return
As death is set
At three sixes where hill-beacons burn

Darkness, undress
Your descending skirts yield a thirsting altar
Blood-red, yet still unfed
Lips distend ending, time to falter

Darkness, welcome arms wide and crucified, the
slaughter
Darkness, lightening freezes seven
Darkness, outtakes from the rape of the world

Darkness, sins expelled from Heaven
Now befoul from the bowels of Hell
Where the tragic in theory and practice fell

Last prayers, hang in the air
Each unto their own rag and bone-meal saviors
Strung where crippled vultures dare
Golgotha, coughs another cross to grave God's failure

Darkness, once the forests spired
Darkness, nurtured in nature heart
Darkness, now dread cedars feed the pyres
Need-fires lit for greater harm
Darkness

As her children toy with razors
Darkness, sightless and deeply scarred
Darkness, and the moon arose to phase her
Cracks a grin so wide it hides the stars
And lights our path, back through the shattered glass

We come like drumming thunder
Tides enwreathed in scum and plunder
Kraken-teethed to tear asunder
All those too blind to see

Where the tragic in theory and practice meet

Deranged, uncaged
We rage like a plague through this age of greed
Sowers of discord, growing wars to reap
A terrible crop to beat a vicious retreat

Scorched earth, rebirth
Disintered in the writhe of the lone survivor
Whose worth is worse than the curse
Of Sardonicus, choking on his own saliva

Who shares the last laugh now
Dead wedded fates fulfill their vows?
Foot in mouth of sacred cows
(Foot in mouth of sacred cows)
Face down in dust and poisoned ground

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