

Cradle Of Filth

"Thank Your Lucky Scars"

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Governed by the moon
She's a bold headmistress
I am lycanthropic
Too evolved to miss this
Opportunity to taste
The pausing lamb
By the grace of heaven
Come the claws
I am
Emerging with the hunger
Scented blood a tease
Urges surging under
Thunder bludgeoning pleas
Bathing in the afterglow
Of Set let free
On the scarlet march of woe
To a dead set destiny

True nature's stark decree
The crude dripping whipping
Off the back of need

We are lost souls amok
The raptors, scratch, Ragnarok
The crossed pounding holy flock
Like a werewolf blitzkrieg

I am stuck on a killing spree
A premature star
That shot reprieve
So fuck you Lady sympathy
Just thank your lucky scars
You're not for me

The moon is drifting
Through a dark hypnotic garden
Her spells are waxing gibbous
And my heart it starts to roar

Just thank your lucky scars

Sat astride my rearing nightmares
The abhorrence King. Death bound in glory
I see their idle tide in fear now turn there
Before these evil jaws that leave no story

This rancour soon will pass
Just thank your lucky scars

Chosen by the moon
She's a cold seductress
Frozen to the bone
She's compelled to suck this
Lust from out my veins
To assert her rule
From the able mouth of Cain

Spurt the things I do

Howling at the ether
Like a beast in heat
Burning with a fever
For the seasonal meat
I shall never gloat
On what the sufferer sees
My teeth are in their throat
Blood is draining me of speech

True nature's stark decree
The brute, finger licking
From his sickening feats

We are lost souls amok
The raptors, scratch, Ragnarok
The crossed, pounding holy flock
Like a werewolf blitzkrieg

I am stuck on a killing spree
A premature star
That shot reprieve
So fuck you Lady sympathy
Just thank your lucky scars
Your not like me

Just thank your lucky scars

Sat astride my rearing nightmares
The abhorrence King. Death bound in glory
I see their idle tide in fear now turn there
Before these haunted shores of purgatory

Just thank your lucky scars

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