

Cradle Of Filth "The Byronic Man"

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As lonely as a poet on the walls of Jericho
Or the moon without the comfort of the stars
I am loathe to know it that a man without a soul
Is nothing but a spilled canopic jar

I proved it
Improved it
Drove a sonnet
Right through it
And in this state of bliss
Evil kissed with wet lips
Pen-filled Fingertips
Which through me
for through me
Illuminati usually pissed
But with words of some hurts worth
I threw a party that extended God's list

Exciting new flames that my fame would claim for me
Reciting back the almanac of travesties

They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch
In excess and in canto

Grown wild
This child
Whole harems defiled
Faustina's and Mina's
Lady Libertine and her sisters between her

What spread of lies arise when lovers die
Which circle of hell is mine when I arrive

They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch

Crow against the virgin snow
Grown colder, my shoulder
Like a boulder beside her
And bolder, not wiser
My dark seed took up root inside her
That mouldered, where older

Beddings would hold a passionate sigh
But Laudanum and soda
Lord Numb coda
Merited a forest of inherited spite

Fleeing grief for foreign maps
I still played vampire aristocrat
Unloading my gun in hot, promiscuous laps

Then shooting swans in a gondola
I tripped my foot on a fallen star
And there's nothing like a mouthful of Venetian tar
To let you know just who you fucking are

[Ville]
The patron saint of heartache
I can't see my world is falling
The world is falling down
The patron saint of heartache
I Can't see my world is falling
the world is falling down

[Dani]
Everafter can they hear my laughter

[Ville]
The patron saint of heartache

[Dani]
Never craft a better bed of disaster

[Ville]
The Patron saint of heartache

They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch
In excess and in canto
They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad

Whereupon I tell them
To go fuck their mothers

As so....
On my grave

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