

## **Cradle Of Filth**

### **"The Persecution Song"**

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At the very start  
There were whispers in the dark  
And for all the world to see  
There was witchcraft at it's heart  
And on the autumn air  
The scent of bonfires everywhere  
And a fell wind stirred the leaves...

The persecution song

Telltale signs of possession  
Little Miss Demeanour in the demons bed  
Gasps she just could not suppress  
After lights-out midst the dead  
And a past on which sin cast it's darts of wickedness

Time was running faster for disaster  
Strange nights were burning  
In the furnace of her dreams  
A name was uttered, Lilith  
Mistress, playmate, master  
Such sights were stolen in the throes of ecstasy

And in the thick of all  
In the Black Goddess's thrall  
With the wood unseen for trees  
Victoria stood tall  
Promiscuous in step  
The Devil breathing down her neck  
As jealous zealots stitched apiece...

The persecution song

Telltale signs of possession  
Fickle Miss Demeanour hissed and disappeared  
To her Sisters of the cloth  
She now reeked of Astaroth  
Again the curse had surfaced  
Sneaking back the pagan years

Weaving webs of great revealing  
Hidden in the convent

An evil libido abided, undone  
Breathing, deceiving  
Feasting on her deviant feelings  
She'd clung to her crucifix  
Once her torturers begun  
Her screams came quick  
The miserichord  
Den to vice and screw  
That had reddened many tongues  
Wrung symphonies  
Of suffering from her

Many moons hardened pure hearts  
Those plagued by her black arts  
Their rooms secreting phantom orgies  
Vile rites and rifled graves

Mere hours, now towered  
Above this bent and beaten flower  
Her naked body privy to  
The Abbess and her ways

Victoria fought  
No guilt was wrought  
Just a torrid retort of blasphemies  
Nails and crosses vomited forth  
From this pretty little whore now arched like Hell

Arched like Hell

At the very start  
There were whispers in the dark  
And for all the world to see  
There was witchcraft at it's heart  
But then the end grew nigh  
A dirge inferno filled the sky  
In it's customary key...

The persecution song

Telltale signs of obsession  
No wailing banshee would dishonour their name  
Nuns dragged her to the blasted oak  
Storm-clouds threatened holy smoke  
They hanged her there like Judas  
With the Hellcat in her reined

Time was running faster for disaster  
Exorcism, torture, gallows  
Now a shallow grave  
A name was stuttered, Isaac

Tongue-tied, simple, bastard  
They made him dig the pit  
Mindless of what it claimed

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