

Cradle Of Filth

"The Snake-Eyed And The Venemous"

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They see me there
Their eyes are everywhere
Sniffing at the linen for the dirt
I feel their burning stare
That hate will later flare
And writhe upon their women full of hurt

Lace magic ink with venom, critics
Milked from infant teeth
Though scathing blows are so arthritic
When they're set on slow repeat

They know I care
Smell storm clouds in the air
Hissing at the bit above my heart
But though I dare
The dyed black route of splitting hairs
I favour not to tempt the poisoned apple cart

I feel two needles rising
Snake eyes are hypnotising
I know they seethe, despising
All that we possess

I feel two needles rising
The truth is always blinding
Their lies, unappetising
Toxins to digest

They breed nightmares
Dark horses of despair
Taking twisted courses in the art
And were I there
To bet my bones on grave affairs
I'd have their guts for garters from the start

I feel two needles rising
Snake eyes are hypnotising
I know they seethe, despising
All that we possess

I feel two needles rising
The truth is always blinding
Their lies, unappetising
Toxins to digest

It's not without hate to crawl flat in the filth
As other less basilisks fly
And brothers are clasped to the breasts of a sylph
As their royal loves slither to die
So shedding dead skin, working true colours loose
Renewing the red in their eyes
They coil like sin within thinning excuse
Cold-blooded to sharpen the lies

Uncivil serpents, race deceivers
Disfigureheads varnished with fevers
Snake-house creepers in our dreams
Of Eden, flee before we mean
To throw the worms out with the waters
Rife with hated spawn
And set a sword to whirl and slaughter
All vipers at the gates of dawn

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