

Cradle Of Filth

"To Eve The Art Of Witchcraft"

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Crawl in awful stealth to me
Forever a voyeur I've been
Nocturnal Goddess of the Moon
So she comes, unseen

Thus (Uzza and Azel) speak

The burning seed, is thrust in Eve
and yearning keeps me, captive of desire

Make me as a flower that grows
forever in your throne
that I might pollinate the world
with darkness as your own
Embrace me in spellbinding eyes
the fire of life that never dies
tear deeper through my paper wounds
and never leave inside

Love shall consume and bathe the Lady
whom I worship and ride therefore
She will greet me as a serpent
in her dark, secret Eden
and I will always want
for her witchcraft is
Desire... (Desire...)
My soul is poisoned from within...

I crawl with languid guilt to thee

forever flushed in sin
Lamia, latria I give
my soul is poisoned from within

Wisdom breeds, fecundity
and her cunt she feeds, to fulfill her desire

To Eve I cum...

Sevenfold my passion wrought
To ransack Eden, and to taste the whore
I cling beyond her sabled court

She is a gateway, to that darkness lost

(Now dream...)

Oh, the fevered need for Her
when greed and lust are sharpened in that one desire
that all-consuming fire
Reveal to me your mysteries, Witch
the tree is plundered but I have the see
to be sown in thee

"Mon sortilege a ete le pouvoir qui diovent
avoir les ames fortes sur les esprits faibles"

Leonora Galigai

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