

# Lord Abortion

## Cradle of Filth

I was born with a birthmark of cinders  
Debris cast from the stars and Mother  
A ring of bright slaughter, I spat in the waters  
Of life that ran slick from the stabwounds in Her

Dub Me Lord Abortion, the living dead  
The bonesaw on the backseat  
On this bitter night of giving head  
A sharp rear entry, an exit in red  
Lump in the throat, on my come choke  
The killing joke worn thin with breath

I grew up on the sluts bastard Father beat blue  
Keepsake cunts cut full out easing puberty through

Aah! Nostalgia grows  
Now times nine or ten  
Within this vice den called a soul  
Dying resurrection  
I dig deep to come again  
The spasm of orgasm on a roll...

I live the slow serrated rape  
The bucks fizz of amyl nitrate  
Victims force fed their own face  
Tear stains upon the drape  
I should compare them  
To a warm Summer's day  
But to the letter, it is better  
To lichen their names to a grave

Counting My years on an abacus strung  
With labial rings and heartstrings undone

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Horrorscopes My diorama  
A twelve part (so far) psychodrama  
Another chained I mean to harm Her  
Inside as well as out  
A perverts gasp inside the mask  
I'm hard, blow My house of cards  
All turn up Death, Her bleeding starts  
In brute vermillion parts...

Now I slither through the hairline cracks  
In sanity, best watch your back

Possessed with levering Hell's gates wide  
Liberating knives to cut Humanity slack

My ambition is to slay anon

A sinner in the hands of a dirty God  
Who lets Me prey, a Gilles De Rais  
Of light where faith leads truth astray

I slit guts guts and free the moistest facces  
Corrupt the corpse and seize the choicest pieces  
Her alabaster limbs that dim the lit carnal grin  
Vaginal skin to later taste and masturbate within

"My heart was a wardrum beat  
By jugular cults in eerie jungle vaults  
When number thirteen fell in My lap  
Lips and skin like sin, a Venus Mantrap  
My appetite whetted, storm crows wheeled  
At the blurred edges or reason 'til I was fulfilled  
Whors d'oeuvres eaten, I tucked Her into  
A grave coffin fit for the Queen of Spades  
She went out like the light in My mind  
Her face an avalanche of pearl, of ruby wine...  
Much was a flux, but the mouth once good for fucks  
Came from retirement to prove She had not lost Her touch  
I kissed Her viciously, maliciously, religiously  
But when has ONE been able TO best seperate the THREE?  
I know I'm sick as Dahmer did, but this is what I do  
Aah, aah, ahh, I'll let you sleep when I am through..."

The suspect shadow shes they least  
Expect My burning grasp to reach

The stranglehold, the opened arms  
Seeking sweet meat with no holes barred

Rainbows that My razors wrung  
Midst Her screams and seams undone  
Sung at the top of punctured lungs  
I bite My spiteful tongue  
Lest curses spat from primal lairs  
Freeze romance where Angels, bare  
Are lost to love, bloodloss, despair  
I weep, they merely stare...  
And stare, and stare, and stare, and stare.