Absinthe with Faust

Cradle of Filth

Pour the emerald wine Into crystal glasses We will touch the divine Through kisses catharsis

Let us pitch to the seven-year itch Of the ultra-decadent To a tainted world and the painted girls That our fantasies spent

Tripping through boudoirs laced with opiate themes Sipping the bizarre, tasting copious dreams A toast to those most sacrilegious of days Where for every whim won One soon repays

We touched the stars That now laugh from afar At we, the damned The damned The damned

We have spent our time Drenched in opulent splendour But when midnight chimes Will gilded souls surrender?

Let us drink on the giddying brink Of pools of excrement All manner of shit for the glamour and glitz Mephistopheles lent

I remember the night as if it were engraved A bright marble bridge stretched across the dark waves To the shore from the moon and by her grace Came that erudite stranger That fucker

He was a predator, creditor cold Our blood was shed on the yellowing scroll And all that glittered was not gold But we wanted everything And for it all, lost our souls

Come my friend, to fate let's raise Two finger shots at this our last soiree For tomorrow I fear Swoops all too deadly near This precipitous weir to Hell's high gate

We touched the stars That now laugh from afar At we, the damned The damned The damned The damned He was a preditor, creditor, cold. Our blood was shed on the yellowing scroll. And all that glittered, was not gold. But we wanted everything, And for it all, lost our souls.

Our souls For it all lost our souls Our souls