Better to Reign In Hell

Cradle of Filth

Heart in hand passed to the clasp of pain
In a dark lowland that set bad blood in veins
Burning, like penal fires roused to stain
The jagged-toothed skyline braced with crosses

The golden dawn
Lay lost to mist where
Emboldened thorns
Made their bed with toppled stones

He closed His eyes Sunken to dream there Of crow-black skies And a great white empty throne Horror stalked the bilious fogs That balked His vision

He licked the spittle from the cheeks of the wry And drifted back to when His stung it's target The sneer of Michael on a glorious high Of angel dust and Virtue by his side

Drowning in the past
That downfall seemed like yesterday
Though blurred moons passed
As enemies in high places laughed

Moved to mirrors cracked with heavy lines He rose snowblind, though shifting sands of time Erased the trace and taste of bitter wines The grapes of wrath grew fat on the vine

She came to Him
A little whip of tantrums
Thrashed on velvet skins
That lined Her wishbone Henge

Her name was Sin
A warming spurt of mantras
Splashed on occult tongues
That whispered sweet revenge

For the shame of their crawl from grace Cold and hollow as the grave

And for the rape and ruinous scourge Spared for souls that had shared God's worship For now their throats coated notes with dirge That poured from parapets to the pits below

Drowning in the past
A wretched scream like yesterday
Died at last
With the rising of the revenant dark

"I shall bow no more to the dogs of the Lord

Tearing at my carcass heart
I shall fall to my knees only at the keyholes
Of Virtue slipping into bondage masks...
Freewill made me better to reign in Hell"

And with new wings
Unfurled and spoken
He took to things
That would desecrate the wold

The seduction of both woman and man For a bastard masterplan

Drowning out the past Fool Fates unwound cruel yesterdays Beneath the stars That staggered from the blast