

# Black Smoke Curling from the Lips of War

Cradle of Filth

Drunk off the wine of her mass fornication  
She sits astride turbulent seas  
Her poisoned cunt harbor to deep fascination  
Nations in thrall to the Great Harlot Babylon

She is desire  
Free, swathed in dark ecstasies  
She will not tire  
Bathe in her fire, the Great Harlot Babylon

I have loved her stars too deliciously  
To be fearful of the consequences

Judgements, hellbent  
On vengeful wing  
Descend to swell her cemeteries

Her orchids unfurl as bureaucracy moulders  
Sweet opiates further the dream  
The fate of the world on her silk-caressed shoulders  
Scarlet this woman, the Great Harlot Babylon

She breeds acceptance  
Of greed and hypocrisy  
Decreed is the sentence  
Her prophetic downfall  
Unheeded by everyone

I have drunk of her fruits too viciously  
To turn my face from her desecration

From foreign shores come the claws to rend her  
To burn it all, this opulent splendor  
And cast her down in naked surrender  
Back to the spurn of the fall

The sins of the earth have spread out her vines  
Eastern at birth, now she westers the vespertine  
Festers and shines there

The scent of her fragrances hung like a noose  
Upon Eden's forbidden tree  
The Mother Of Exile, beguiling and loose  
Tongued like a serpent, the Great Harlot Babylon

She is desire  
Free, swathed in grave liberties  
She will not tire  
Bathe in her fire, the Great Harlot Babylon

Her putrescence blazes, deep mystery Babylon

And though the skies  
In tumult, agonise  
She still swaggers in the shadow  
Of the towers aimed at God

Black smoke curling from the lips of warfare  
Black smoke curling from the lips of war

See, false cathedral  
She feeds this evil  
Regime with the fecal  
So flee from her, people

For freed, the primeval  
Will bleed her steeples dry in every way  
Idolatress, Ishtar, mistress  
Shalt suffer a painful, shameful death  
Her soul disgorged  
And then be left with nothingness