

Courting Baphomet

Cradle of Filth

Wishing in contempt of love
The righteous came to burn our forest
With hissing firebrands
For though we serve the gentle curves
Of our serpent-girdled Eastern Goddess
They thought they caught us
Kissing hearses in their land

Send away the pumpkin carriage
Blind mice in your head
Parade themselves like sacrilegious
Envoys of the dead
For in this house of the dark Madonna
Flesh will pleasure life
For free of sin we would dishonour
All that virgin sacrifice

Gut our city, slaughter all within
Save the gold that goes to God
Show no pity for we worship sin
Spare not the old nor lightning rod

We raise our devil horns
To those who sit on high
For down amidst the thorns
We lie

Tonight the black guards came to rape
And ruin those souls empathising
With fleeing far away
Thrown to the Tigris river curves
Of our star tiara-ed Ishtar rising
They thought they caught us
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Gut our city, slaughter all within
Save the gold that goes to God
Show no pity for we worship sin
Spare not the old nor lightning rod

She walked the world
When the world was made to dress
In a perfect darkness
A murderess in flame
Nature curled, unleashed, unfurled
The crack of a whip on the lips of anger
Why would your holy order
Not be wholly slain?

Wishing in contempt of love
The righteous came to burn our forest
With just verses for the damned
For though we serve the gentle curves
Of our serpent-girdled Eastern Goddess
They thought they caught us

Pissing curses in the sand

We raise our devil horns
To those who sit on high
For down amidst the thorns
We lie

We raise our devil horns