

# Dirge Inferno

Cradle of Filth

Carrion my name  
For those who choose to mouth the curse  
A tragic serenade  
With Judas in my stride  
The gothic halls of shame  
Where statues coldly hold no worse  
Than the murders I reclaim  
From a dark, forsaken time

Kissing heaven, spent  
He wipes lips free of his hectic discharge  
Wishing to repent  
For the brute that ravaged free  
In slight hands beauty weeps  
Conquest's deep methodical screwing  
Hurt repeatedly  
Like the world wound at his feet

Dirge Inferno

As it is written, damn it  
So let it be wrung  
From throats of those in overthrow  
The past at last has come

A savage bite without respite  
Pervades the freezing air  
This winter chill, grist for his mill  
If tears of joy will blear elsewhere  
And church bells drown in the cracks of doom  
The storms above us hew  
As lightning runs like bifurcate tongues  
Deflowering two by two

Hissing, malcontent  
He storms the skies on electric discharge  
Pissing in contempt  
On the effigies of the weak  
Killing all resolve  
The great beast simmers, his scarlet women  
Spit their vitriol  
On the terrified face of peace

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As it is written, damn it  
So let it be wrung  
From throats of those in overthrow  
Our past at last has come

A hellbound heart, the rose and thorn  
Have locked to hasten blood  
The moon disrobes, to harden droves  
Of legions pouring  
These rivers press, his breath adorns  
Senates and enemy seats  
Whilst his power takes as ingratitude

The writhing of the weak

Wormwood my name

The poisoned star that fell to earth

And blistered free of shame

In the pits of self-rebirth

Now those caves become a garret

Overseeing endless barracks

As the waters turn to claret

And the Vatican satins burn