

Exquisite Torments Await

Cradle of Filth

Abandon hope all ye who enter here
For herein lies the path to sadness
The poetry of woe set midst the sweet lament of fear
Carouses in fantasia like spirits cast to madness

Here we pray
Severe, the day

Dies irae
Dies illa
Dies tribulation
Et angustie
Dies calamitati
Et miseriae
Dies tenebrarum
Et caliginis
Dies nebulæ
Et turbinis
Dies tubae
Et clangoris...

Fresh meat now tests these jaws of death