

# For Your Vulgar Delectation

Cradle of Filth

Welcome with a stench of misadventure  
Libertine and sibling things a grim  
Slither forth through the gateway's hissing denture

The moon, one up on the chateau battlements  
Gilds this torchlit drive to Shangri-la  
This solstice calls like the piper to rodentia  
Come join this hive of masqueraders

This eve is pure and pagan  
Its teeth are in the past  
Dark royalties of ancient caste  
Feast in splendour

For your vulgar delectation

Decreed  
That hunger shall be sated by the dawn

In marble ballrooms of delight  
The erotic and the wicked dance alike  
Virgin cunts aquiver at this foreplay for the spiteful

The cellars smelt abrim  
With cracked wine and racked women  
Are spiced for even Marquis appetites  
Screams an aphrodisiac  
For the blackest ever nightfall

Lords, heed the call

Vast boudoirs here  
Are mastered by the minatory  
Walls plastered with the base relief  
Of baser glories

Ma Cherie Debauchery  
Deflower of my life untie their bonds  
And push these fantasies  
To ever greater stories

For your vulgar delectation

Inhibit nothing, run free  
Loose sore cauteries before me  
Ripped, prolific scars  
Are titbits on which to feed

The heathen hour strikes  
Wrong the rites, beasts ravage for your soul  
As lovely entrapment snaps her fingers  
Hell comes crawling

This eve is pure and pagan  
Its teeth are in the past  
Let the cream of sinners learn at last

For your vulgar delectation

Decreed

That hunger shall be sated by the dawn

Dawn... burning, aghast

With the judgment that we spend upon the evil

We feed eternal hungriness

Exceeding vile deeds that were freed in this cathedral

For your vulgar delectation

Decreed

That horrors shall be waited on the ones

Who crave sin's innovations