Godspeed on the Devil's Thunder

Cradle of Filth

"This is the moment I go to God"

Burning like derision on the prism of night Still squirming from the sermon, those determined parasites Meant to overpower and bedizen his light He paced his tower prison with a dissonant appetite The moon was black

Devil may care
Three times he'd glared before his judges
Darkening there
With a Wormwood mind
And a gullet of poison

Asked

He thought the court a farce His tongue as sharp as glass A bastard to the last This truth assassin...

..tautened his claws at the ruinous cast Flexing vexation at clerics aghast In uproar he caused the cross to be masked And the hex of exile from God's Kingdom passed

Back in the mirror, shattered vanity died The curse even clearer on the sanity side Banished from the lavish tracts of paradise From Heaven's shored poured to the sore divide

The moon was black

Devil may care
Their thunder sundered all his veils
Thickening there
His beligerent pulse
To a sickening crawl

Yes

He'd fostered wickedness Fed vipers at his breast Inflicted death's caress So now to suffer...

He'd burn, discern
That his second turn
Would last for eternity
In reckoning flames

That night his plight marched in demented Parades O'er a rainbow of black magic scars
The blood ran to fear, turned to torment in spades
Deep in the sleep of this heretic, barred

The nightmares were livid, occultist, depraved His epiphany struggled to come
But dawn found him there, redemptive, prepared

Like Christ to Golgotha, his face to the sun

All fears were smeared When Joan had appeared In a shower of tears Last vestige of innocence

Yearning for her vision of divinity
Of her miracles and dreamt lyrical deeds

He would meet her at the pyre as the fire kissed And together they'd climb to God, entwined in bliss

Devil may care
He awed the court with a sworn confession
Quickening there
His radiant death
And acute renewal

Thus

The end was glorious He went like Jesus trussed To shadow and to dust At the stroke of seven

And

With thieves at both his hands The Reaper of these lands Wept with holy plans As he choked to heaven