Harlot on a Pedestal

Cradle of Filth

Where does the madness end? How far down do the rungs expire In smoke and burning heat? In depravity and sin?

In her shocking retinue
I saw the worst
Desire run amok amongst you
And in her boudoir too
The endless nights embedded
In her beautiful cocoon
Turning black and blue and jaded

Kneelin at her feet
My heart atrophied at her ravishing form
The ultimate test
Her cult obsessed
With this body of the Goddess reborn

When she first laid me to rest I saw such sights of wickedness From this harlot on a pedestal This scarlet Woman scorned

I glimpsed desertion, the bluster of shame The tribes of the moon. their lustre improved A morbid aversion to the limpid domain Of Eden and Adam her dark temper moved

I witnessed reverie then Perverse resurgence, souls on fire Blood and seed spilt for centuries For this imperious bitch

In her shocking retinue
I saw the worst
Desire run amok amongst you
A gnawer of taboo
Dread appetites were threaded
Right throughout the mortal zoo
Her immortality now hungered

I remember, in Thebes Enthroned with cat-skinned girls Her long dark hair braided with pearls

A red gown split revealed her thighs As full lips rose to feline eyes Egyptian black outlined each lid lt's clear who owned the pyramid

Temptress Lilith
Her beauty stirred me more than words
Could ever paint, her bible hurt

Tempered Lilith
Hissing in the dark

Pissing on my heart
I was missing every part of Victoria

Victoria

I found them hypnotic, the years of display Of court life and parties, political bite Narcotic, erotic, her bleary soirees Left daylight a dream in the scheme of the night

The scheme of the night

But I grew uneasy, she wanted the earth For now she was spinning her sins Breeding fell children and hiding her worth Before the new orders disorder begins

Feeding from the weak
Savaged on their feet by her ravaging lust
Evening-dressed
This young Countess
Led lovers astray under cover of dusk

When she took them to her breast They passed last rites, deliciousness Swept into their every pore This matriarch of darkness bored

Harlot on a pedestal The night orchestral Harlot on a pedestal Never vestal...