

Honey and Sulphur

Cradle of Filth

So potent, was the star under which I was born, That I have done what no one
in the world has done, Nor can ever do.

Praeclarum
Custodem
Ovium
Lupum

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All saints day the taint of rain
Blood and mud and thunder all the same
To those who close their ranks to Gille's men

Bricqueville, Prelati, and De Sille
Creatures of the dark creeping up and down the countryside
Brittle angels out to pasture once again

Torture garden rules of thumb apply
(Torture garden rules of thumb apply)
To sacred flesh and the naked eye
(To sacred flesh and the naked eye)
Golgothic this erotica
(Golgothic this erotica)
Stinking of honey and worse, sulphur.

So black was the magic in this tragical kingdom
That the superstitious grew
Wise to the wolves that surprised their children
Gagged in sacks and dragged back to.

Tiffauges
It's roads now home to a beautiful stranger
lifting her veil, Spinning her lies
Tender Eyes Never-Ending Danger

It grows
A rose that chose death for it's bedmunk
Prickles in wait, thanking her spies
Trickling thighs her only hiccup.

And though she walks the forest trails
She's far from Perrault's faerytales.
She leads them down the path where darkness, dwells.

That night is rife with celebration, The tower sings
With so much foul illumination, Strikes a lighthouse for the things
That slither and slather at the border of the pentagram
Mid sour dreams
A beauty Pageant for the gathering damned
Of slaughtered lambs and tortured, screams.

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So black was the magic in this tragical kingdom
In this castle of loop-garou.
When Moonstruck Veins inflamed, deranged on
A parcel of victims now tied to.

Tiffauges
Engorged on the hordes of the anorexic
Cherubim forced
naked and blind
A holocaust mind designed their exit
A libertine so grim, sometimes tore them limb from limb
Slitting their throats
Pissing on graves
Jesus saves but the devil made him

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