Of Dark Blood and Fucking

Cradle of Filth

Sister midnight comes blaspheming Screaming in the keys of faith and fear Unentwining our spines twists me to kneeling... Spilling like the moonlight on her glistening rear

Defiled at heart In this perfect hell Under red leaves bleeding Over scaled chateau we fell To demonocracy Where neither Adam or Eve Conceived of such iniquities From pleasure or pain Or the razor's edge inbetween Thou art my seventh heaven burning Going down as with the sun...

Within like a river fluids moves a torrent Bound to please On denierred knees In any wicked way That her whims may warrant

I hang on every verb Every dirty word Interred In her pornoglossa...

Christlike, whipped and weak Painted nails driven through the meek Yet in obituary My dreams still weep Of dark blood and fucking thee

Thou art seventh heaven burning Going down as with the day Baring lunar curvature Like canvas for a lick of pain

Writhing like a viper Deep inside her Eden Forbidden to eat I kiss leylines to her feet Then baiting wrath I steal a path Back to the fruits of her womb

Back to the crack of her tomb...

Her roseate sliver Quivers with snuff appeal The torque of her hips Lip-sync me in for the kill Tongue-tied, tightrope and spread like disease I drain the cup of this Miss Sire Her water into wine for me Thou art my seventh angel squirming 'Neath the forked tongue of the beast Arching toward the fabled Like a sculptured nymph seeking base relief...

Whilst the world outside (A wood of suicide) Would die for this release Our slow orgasmic fuses greet...

By night and by candle At each other's throat In a slick drift of red Setting god's teeth on edge We were as wolves preying inside the fold Of a slaughtered lamb throw On a four poster bed...

Succulent, Succubus

Laid without rest In the dead of the night Succulent, Succubus

In thy arms And thy wetness On glossed lips I taste Conspiracies, secrecies, sorceries laced With thick unguent rum Black-rayed suns and Autumn Always in season for our nightfall from grace

Gorge upon my seed Starved Persephone Succulent, Succubus Succour me. That I might keep Thee with me in Hades Succulent, Succubus Succour me