Right Wing of the Garden Triptych

Cradle of Filth

Death darkens all Right wing of the garden triptych Left marks The Fall The middle ground apocalyptic

Why stay the grim inevitable And play out with a whimper? Fate is raising armies of our faith

Now

The future cows
Before the vows
Prophets thunder from the heavens

We seek to justify Our seed spread far and wide The eve that virtue died Bore witness to this plague

Great Hellscapes rape enflamed horizons

Here...

This the sore beginning To the war to end all wars

Götterdämmerung, this hate brings fever Götterdämmerung Götterdämmerung, the great bereaver

Throw wide splintered lichgates To the eldritch show's return

Unforgiving proof accural begs this cruel rebirth A living fuel for the blaze of renewal, razing the earth Pariahs and Messiahs of the highest worth Fodder for the denizens of risen, hissing Hell

Nothing screams out mercy more than Vivisection of the soul

Götterdämmerung Götterdämmerung, all base deceivers Coddle Abaddon God, you got it wrong, now fall believers

Liars and deniers, thick in the mire's grasp Treacherous and lecherous Retching a sick bloodbath

Peace sits alone
Midst the desecration sewn
Like a stony queen of winter, throned

This the penalty for lust Long dreaded, read in scripture Vain pleasures fed to paint this... Now
The future cows
Before the vows
Prophets thunder from the heavens

We seek to justify
Our seed spread far and wide
The eve that virtue died
Bore witness to this plague

Great Hellscapes rape enflamed horizons

Here...

Götterdämmerung Götterdämmerung

A twilight for bone idols, sewer-suicidal from the heights A dead man's stance to prayer, deafened ears to mortal plight Pleas and effigies, clergy bang to rites Belief is superficial when the missals dance alight

Death darkens all Right wing of the garden triptych Left marks The Fall The universe is, at worst, ecliptic