Rise of the Pentagram

Cradle of Filth

One dark afternoon
Like a shadow I flew
Through the rain that fell sick with lament

To this house of incest For when we undressed Blasphemies against Venus were rent

Though a sister removed Her white body approved The parade of my heavenly quests

Yet, all tongues are not true Some are forked or askew Like an uncivil serpent's at best

For ousted from Eden
I fausted all reason
Hook in mouth like Saint Peter Pan

To haunt fairy groves
And hot virgin coves
Where in the promiscuous swam

I elected lovers and rejected others Mathistrisses that don't give a damn

But for those that still do My deep interest grew The rise of the true pentagram!