

The 13th Caesar

Cradle of Filth

When Joan was burnt
He knew malevolence
At the heart of all
A cold and jagged abyss bled of sense

The throne he earnt
Through God's benevolence
Started his own fall
Clothing ragged dogma in his own magnificence

Here the stench, the gold events
The bold inventions of the will
Luxuries and splendours past the ken of mortal men
Every wanton bent desire went fulfilled

A Daemon sat upon the top of the world
Like a Herod over Genesis
They sang hosannas as his banners unfurled
Kissing terrors with paralysis

His brash canvas insulted the view
Moving heaven and earth to please the
Tumultitudes, whom his strange retinue drew
To assert the thirteenth Caesar

The 13th Caesar
Ichor kicked inside his veins
The 13th Caesar
War was licked for shame
The 13th Caesar
Sicker, but just as vein
The 13th Caesar
Gilles De Rais

When Joan was burnt
He knew malevolence
At the heart of all
He swore henceforth he would serve evil alone

Here the stench, the gold events
The insurrection of his will
Theatre and feasts past the ken of mortal men
Every wanton bent desire went fulfilled

A Daemon sat upon the top of the world
Like a Herod over genesis
Devils sang hosannas as his banners unfurled
Striking terror into menaces

Suetonius and Ovid
Filled his moonstruck dreams
With the purple of Rome

His Venus of arena-blood was dead
And he was storming home.