The Byronic Man

Cradle of Filth

As lonely as a poet on the wall of Jericho Or the moon without the comfort of the stars I am loathe to know it that a man without a soul Is nothing but a split canopic jar

I proved it, improved it Drove a sonnet right through it And in this state of bliss Evil kissed with wet lips Pen-filled fingertips Which drew me, for through me Illuminati usually pissed But with words of some hurts worth I threw a party that extended God's list

Exciting new flames that my fame would claim for me Reciting back the almanac of travesties

They call me bad Mad Caliban with manner Dangerous to know A passing fad Taught in all debauch In excess and in canto

Grown wild this child Whole harems defiled Faustina's and Mina's Lady Libertine and her sisters between her

What spread of lies arise when lovers die Which circle of hell is mine when I arrive?

They call me bad Mad Caliban with manners Dangerous to know A passing fad Taught in all debauch Crow against the virgin snow

Grown colder, my shoulder Like a boulder beside her And bolder, not wiser My dark seed took up root inside he That mouldered, where older

Beddings would hold a passionate sigh But laudanum and soda Lord Numb coda Merited a forest of inherited spite

Fleeing grief for foreign maps I still played vampire aristocrat Unloading my gun in hot, promiscuous laps

Then shooting swans in a gondola I tripped my foot on a fallen star

And there's nothing like a mouthful of Venetian tar To let you know just who you fucking are

Ville The patron saint of heartache You can't see my world is falling The world is falling down The patron saint of heartache Can't see the world is falling My world is falling down

Dani and Ville Ever after, can they hear my laughter? The patron saint of heartache Never craft a better bed of disaster... The patron saint of heartache

They call me bad Made Caliban with manners Dangerous to know A passing fad Taught in all debauch In excess and in canto

They call me bad Mad Caliban with manners Dangerous to know A passing fad Whereupon I tell them To go fuck their mothers As so... On my grave