

The Dying of the Embers

Cradle of Filth

Bloodstains, not rose petals lie on the path
To the gluttonous bed of the whore
For she, who is Satan, the waiting bloodbath
Is preparing her nation's for war
For war!

Anthropogenic
Dark angels wring
The fabric of life free of tears

Choking black fronds
From the censers they bring
Encircle as Apocalypse nears

Midnight is the phase
Seismic second waves
End of final days near

Sorrowed Holocene
Blackened back to clean
Like Man has never been here

Nothing but burnt
Skies ever learnt
The fate of that terrible game

It is not this stirred circus
Strength that deserts us
Fires that hurt us
But the dying of the embers

That murders all hope for the flame
For the ghost of humanity to rise once again
Unsympathetic judgement descends
Nine billion souls under heel
Storm-clouds ablaze, razors slice through the ends
Of the Earth, with insatiable zeal

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Seismic second waves
End of final days near

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It is not this stirred circus

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That murders all hope for the flame

Our lengthening reach went astray
Ignoring the laws of our brittle existence, the universe clawed
And tore it away

Life is a dream
In an endless charade
Armageddon deadens (Armageddon deadens)
(Armageddon deadens, Armageddon deadens)

History warned us but we chose to pray
We murdered all hope for the flame
For the ghost of humanity to rise once again

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