

The Persecution Song

Cradle of Filth

At the very start
There were whispers in the dark
And for all the world to see
There was witchcraft at it's heart
And on the autumn air
The scent of bonfires everywhere
And a fell wind stirred the leaves...

The persecution song

Telltale signs of possession
Little Miss Demeanour in the demons bed
Gasps she just could not suppress
After lights-out midst the dead
And a past on which sin cast it's darts of wickedness

Time was running faster for disaster
Strange nights were burning
In the furnace of her dreams
A name was uttered, Lilith
Mistress, playmate, master
Such sights were stolen in the throes of ecstasy

And in the thick of all
In the Black Goddess's thrall
With the wood unseen for trees
Victoria stood tall
Promiscuous in step
The Devil breathing down her neck
As jealous zealots stitched apiece...

The persecution song

Telltale signs of possession
Fickle Miss Demeanour hissed and disappeared
To her Sisters of the cloth
She now reeked of Astaroth
Again the curse had surfaced
Sneaking back the pagan years

Weaving webs of great revealing
Hidden in the convent
An evil libido abided, undone
Breathing, deceiving
Feasting on her deviant feelings
She'd clung to her crucifix
Once her torturers begun

Her screams came quick
The miserichord
Den to vice and screw
That had reddened many tongues
Wrung symphonies
Of suffering from her

Many moons hardened pure hearts
Those plagued by her black arts

Their rooms secreting phantom orgies
Vile rites and rifled graves

Mere hours, now towered
Above this bent and beaten flower
Her naked body privy to
The Abbess and her ways

Victoria fought
No guilt was wrought
Just a torrid retort of blasphemies
Nails and crosses vomited forth
From this pretty little whore now arched like Hell

Arched like Hell

At the very start
There were whispers in the dark
And for all the world to see
There was witchcraft at it's heart
But then the end grew nigh
A dirge inferno filled the sky
In it's customary key...

The persecution song

Telltale signs of obsession
No wailing banshee would dishonour their name
Nuns dragged her to the blasted oak
Storm-clouds threatened holy smoke
They hanged her there like Judas
With the Hellcat in her reined

Time was running faster for disaster
Exorcism, torture, gallows
Now a shallow grave
A name was stuttered, Isaac
Tongue-tied, simple, bastard
They made him dig the pit
Mindless of what it claimed