

# To Eve the Art of Witchcraft

Cradle of Filth

Crawl in awful stealth to me  
Forever a voyeur I've been  
Nocturnal Goddess of the Moon  
So she comes, unseen

Thus (Uzza and Azel) speak

The burning seed, is thrust in Eve  
And yearning keeps me, captive of desire

Make me as a flower that grows  
Forever in your throne  
That I might pollinate the world  
With darkness as your own  
Embrace me in spellbinding eyes  
The fire of life that never dies  
Tear deeper through my paper wounds  
And never leave inside

Love shall consume and bathe the Lady  
Whom I worship and ride thereon  
She will greet me as a serpent  
In her dark, secret Eden  
And I will always want  
For her witchcraft is  
Desire... (Desire...)  
My soul is poisoned from within...

I crawl with languid guilt to thee  
Forever flushed in sin  
Lamia, latria I give  
My soul is poisoned from within

Wisdom breeds, fecundity  
And her cunt she feeds, to fulfill her desire

To Eve I cum...

Sevenfold my passion wrought  
To ransack Eden, and to taste the whore  
I cling beyond her sabled court  
She is a gateway, to that darkness lost

(Now dream...)

I am the gentle stream  
That trickles through the summer glades  
Of ever green peace  
Therefore we will drink my sleep and dream  
I am the bleeding sky,  
The snatching wind of war  
Blowing through the savage garden  
My crown is fire, the erotic sinews of lust  
Like strings to be pulled, and cut  
I will make my puppets dance  
The men will bow down before me  
To take my flesh as lucid thoughts

Of dark, unbridled lust  
I am all these things and more  
Thus I await you, nemesis of restraint  
The code of life, and the bride of evil itself

Oh, the fevered need for Her  
When greed and lust are sharpened in that one desire  
The all-consuming fire  
Reveal to me your mysteries, Witch  
The tree is plundered but I have the seed  
To be sown in thee

"Mon sortilege a ete le pouvoir qui diovent  
Avoir les ames fortes sur les esprits faibles"