

Truth And Agony

Cradle of Filth

Mother's milk has soured
My life's a bolted door
And from it runs a trail of vagrant gore
My wounds are open flowers
Fragrant gifts for my encore
Bouquets of praise for bleeding, towered
On the sacrificial floor

I summoned and you came
To the peel of twisted bells
To the gelid whisper of my name

I blanched, erotic danger
Had me whirling like a star
To the dark advance of strangers

And then I heard you laugh
A throat of broken glass
Leather stitched to weeping skin
A coat of death and suppuration

Be my truth and agony

An architect for my total destruction
My erector, my dissector
My flesh will be wet for your best seduction

Be my truth and agony
inventive and deranged
Loves proof is in, its plain to see
The fluids we've exchanged

Part of these soul killers
The Gestapohood of scars
Carved an ornate invitation on my heart
The scent of French vanilla
With the stench of abattoirs
Past tense of present laythings
On those stained red lips ajar

I summoned and you came
From the churning guts of Hell
With your Christmas hiss of chains

Down the endless centuries
Your torture bed of lust
A shrine for us to redesign
And sign in blood and rust

Be my truth and agony
An architect for my total destruction
My erector, my dissector
My flesh caressed by your best corruption

Be my truth and agony
inventive and deranged
Loves roof is in, its meant to be

My cells are rearranged

I suffered and you came
To the splintering of bones
Winning pinnacles for my pain

Raped and racked and mutilated
I Raised from dregs again
Autopsy-turvy, back elated
In brazen arms that sacked my veins

Skinnatra, take me to the stars
Thrust me through to paradise
Endorphins breaking fast

Creature from the black abyss
Teacher. sadomasochist
Your tortured soul has led me
To this altered state of bliss