## Yours Immortally...

## Cradle of Filth

Bedight, this pre-aestival Festival drew darkly near And our delight at its festival Was a roar to rival loosed Fenrir

Let the Hellish celebrations begin Ragnarok is rolling, magma abrim The blackest mass the Brocken has ever seen Invoking Loki, smoking the red weed

We listen to the Glorification Of Chernobog in a fog of elation Denial is the vilest form of blasphemy

Standing on the cliffs that kiss burning winds We are risen together
Brazen, exalting, a hiss of triumph rings
I am yours
...Yours immortally

Tonight the rites are right for raising spirits on The Devil's Pulpit, The Witches Altar The dead will dance macabre To Chaos Magick psalters

A heavy thunder shadowing lightning Forged for Judgement Day Announces greater wonder, citing Heralds on the starry way

And I held you like St Vitus
As the Sabbat Incept to play
Before the fever swelled to bite us
And we were swept to waylay
May Day

Standing on the cliffs that kiss burning winds We are rising together Brazen, exalting, a hiss of triumph rings I am yours ...Yours immortally

Only those tortured Could profess such festive scenes And melodies Of raucous wrought debauchery

No arthritic, sullen Goya For this fresh Walpurgis Eve Our flesh it breathes Full of fantastic symphonies

Witness the fires reflected in infernal eyes That blaze, alive Eternal ties Have trussed amazing lusts together Procession, banquet, black mass, orgy

If our world were to cease right now
In the midst of this
Wide naked bliss, these started scared vows
I would break the universe in two
Just to side with you
To face the jealous heavens down

Excite the terse miscarriage
Of first light that thirsts to slay
This night versed with the marriage
Of you and I
And all who dare to stray