

The Cult Of Venus Aversa

Cradle Of Filth

I am She
Lilith
Mistress of the dark
Of Sheba
First offender
And succour to demons
Whose sweet seductions and wicked rites
Lead all too enslaved by the flesh
To trespass against God's holy law
And tonight I come for you
Midnight strikes, the candles sputter
Muttering their recking spells
I snuff their tongues, my heart a-flutter
These words i speak are gates to Hell
Casus belli
In hoc signo vinces
Veritas vos liberabit
Casus belli
In hoc signo vinces
In aeternum, amen
The scent of death is rent
In this ornamental verse
In ventures down the centuries
Tormenting me with secrets so anathema
And now the fires grate
I must relate, to end this curse
I'll break through spires to escape my fate
Am I too late or just perverse?
Midnight strikes, the candles sputter
Muttering their recking spells
I snuff their tongues, my heart a-flutter
These words i speak are gates to Hell
So the blight begins
Near the woodland of a frightened village
Where the rites of unimaginable sin
And the howling on the wind
Chills the blood for fear of spillage
Where nightfall used to be
Blessed with best tranquility

Its no caressed by misadventure
Templars from the crusades
Have birthed a church, more masquerade
In which they worship mass dementia
They came from dust and flame
By the Red Sea on dead shores
fleeing claims of blasphemy
And bestiality
Devils fed them back to us
Knights of holy wars, inviting hordes
Of grim infidelities

In the grip of cryptic lands
And desert sands
They found just cause
and midst their entourage
Under stars
They Bought relics and parts
Of saints
And evil left to clerics charge
With Muslim plunder they built their sect
To the composite Baphomet
An androgynous sphinx, open, erect
Universal in its closet display
Spawn of Lilith and Samael
First offender and the snake
In thrall like pawns beneath its spell
The templars grew to astute surrender
Sabbatical, fanatical
They Adorned its monstrous bur
Whit a kings ransom of Easter jewels
The embodiment of beast and lust
Many moons the proved the boom
Of immutable beautiful
Darkness ever-afters
Then one eve when the ancient trees
Outside, drew back, unnerved
The pleas form those impatient teased
Something from the black beyond of nowhere
A stunning woman, summoned
Comming scimitar-curved
Statuesque, but living flesh
Draping nakedness about their pagan saviours
She came Lilith, a perfect myth
The scarlet whore

Skinned in magnificence
In her defense
She only slew a few of theme
Born of a sacrifice, a virgins price
For the merging with a Goddess
She prowled the world again
Enslaving man
With the surging of her bodice
Midnight strikes, the candles sputter
Muttering their recking spells
I snuff their tongues, my heart a-flutter
These words i speak are gates to Hell
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