

Sweetest Maleficia

Cradle of Filth

I conjure you Barron, Satan, Beelzebub
By the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit
By the Virgin Mary and all the saints to appear in person
So that you may speak to us and fulfill our desires
Come at my bidding and I will grant you whatever you want
However vile and the curtailng of my lifeHe would rise triumphant
All done up on a plume of raven wings
Trafficking with sycophants
Sharing his cup amidst other graver thingsAlchemists and sorcerers stitched his head
With the stench of pitch and myrrhThe devout faded out but the pagan remained
The candles burnt low and still nothing came
Bearing golden secrets from a cold malevolent raceHe would have his demon, he would have his vice
All save his soul was up for sacrifice
Despite their raising not a single hair
Everything stank of witchcraft thereFrom the stained chapel to the statued lawn
In Caprineum on the lake
To the still lit crypts and the slit of dawn
Sliding down the towers, it all smelt fakeHe needed answers not advice, intending to devise
A lengthy train of torture for the fool
Who thought a seance would suffice
Or sighted, furred dragonflies, the signature of Satan on a wallSweetest maleficia
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With the stench of pitch and myrrhPlanchette to Blanchet, from ghosts to a priest
Returning with a spider for the poisonous feast
The Italian astrologer Prelati, spinning sinHis fingertips were scented with the tears from seraphim cheeks
Part glamor and a hammer, cadaverous and glib
Commanding in a voice of frozen peaksHe would have his demon, he would have his gold
Out of control Gilles' soul was sold
Under mistletoe and the glistening snow
Kissing in the shadow of abandoned saviorsSo I shall conjure thee
Demons of the netherworldThe air was sick with trepidation, despair and desperation
Then he fixed his covenant in blood
Now all was rich and tapestried, fragrant wine to shitty mead
His new world opened with a claret floodTime was right this wretched night
To etch the circles clear againAs a labyrinth of razors led a blind man to the stars
So too Prelati brought the dark
It's name was Barron, eyes like catastrophic tar, imbibed with fire
They fed him shredded infants on an altar full of scarsEntangled in a dream, the mirrors full of steam
He scarce could see Joan's face reflecting through

His last attempt to grasp at God lay blackened in a holy fog
And now there were only devils to pursue Gilles was wrapped in a velvet spell
Of hell and her seductions The assassinated days as a Caesar gone by
Barron spitting acid as his magical guide
Lit demonic pyres where once dying embers writhed Sweetest maleficia
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