

Lord Abortion

Cradle of Filth

Care for a little necrophiliaI was born with a birthmark of cinders
Debris cast from the stars and Mother
A ring of bright slaughter, I spat in the waters
Of life that ran slick from the stab wounds in herDub me Lord Abortion, the living dead
The bonesaw on the backseat
On this bitter night of giving head
A sharp rear entry, an exit in red
Lump in the throat, on my come choke
The killing joke worn thin with breathI grew up on the sluts bastard Father beat blue
Keepsake cunts cut full out easing puberty throughAah! Nostalgia grows now times nine or ten
Within this vice den called a soul
Dying resurrection I dig deep to come again
The spasm of orgasm on a rollI live the slow serrated rape, the bucks fizz of Amyl Nitrate
Victims force fed their own face, tear stains upon the drape
I should compare them, to a warm Summer's day
But to the letter, it is better to liken their names to a graveCounting my years on an Abacus strung
With labial rings and heartstrings undoneDub me Lord Abortion, the living dead
The bonesaw on the backseat
On this bitter night of giving head
A sharp rear entry, an exit in red
Lump in the throat, on my come choke
The killing joke worn thin with breathHorror scopes my diorama
A twelve part so far psychodrama
Another chained I mean to harm Her
Inside as well as outA perverts gasp inside the mask
I'm hard, blow my house of cards
All turn up death, her bleeding starts
In brute vermilion partsNow I slither through the hairline cracks
In sanity, best watch your back
Possessed with levering Hell's gates wide
Liberating knives to cut humanity slackMy ambition is to slay Anon
A sinner in the hands of a dirty God
Who lets me prey, a Gilles De Rais
Of light where faith leads truth astrayI slit guts and free the moistest faces
Corrupt the corpse and seize the choicest pieces
Her alabaster limbs that dim the lit carnal grin
Vaginal skin to later taste and masturbate withinMy heart was a wardrum beat by Jugular cults in Eerie Jungle
vaults
When number thirteen fell in my lap lips and skin like sin

A Venus Mantrap my appetite whetted, storm crows wheeled
At the blurred edges or reason till I was fulfilled Whores d'oeuvres eaten, I tucked her into
A grave coffin fit for the Queen of Spades
She went out like the light in my mind
Her face an avalanche of pearl, of ruby wine Much was a flux, but the mouth once good for fucks
Came from retirement to prove she had not lost her touch
I kissed her viciously, maliciously, religiously
But when has one been able to best separate the three? I know I'm sick as Dahmer did, but this is what I do
I'll let you sleep when I am through, you fucking whore The suspect shadow she they least
Expect my burning grasp to reach
The stranglehold, the opened arms
Seeking sweet meat with no holes barred Rainbows that my razors wrung
Midst her screams and seams undone
Sung at the top of punctured lungs
I bite my spiteful tongue Lest curses spat from primal lairs
Freeze romance where angels, bare
Are lost to love, blood loss, despair
I weep, they merely stare
And stare, and stare, and stare, and stare, and stare

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