

# Of Mist And Midnight Skies

## Cradle Of Filth

We, the nocturnal few  
Bound by other laws  
To the service of the enemies of God  
Are silent and hidden  
Yet our exquisite fire burns on  
Poised to engulf  
Tie a man to his God  
He may not walk for fear  
Of falling foul to temptation  
Where once faith stood her ground  
Renounce the guilt, ignite the flame  
Cast the fetid virgin back from where she came  
Drink deep of the promise in my eyes  
Of mist and midnight skies  
I drown in fathomless dreams  
And in the reeking mire of virtue scream  
I yearn to sell my very soul  
(And you shall for none so dark and sinister)  
(Will arise to embrace the Arts)  
Do What Thou Wilt  
Until the stones in my heart stand still  
Regardless of the cost to your repugnant god  
The last May frost may blight the crops  
And will never be ascribed to be heavenly dog  
Or nature, but infernal tasks  
"By your cursing's and imprecations  
You wrong both Man and beast  
By whatever whim you serve  
Of the Devil your leige"  
Tie belief to the trinity, and seven ways  
Will be wrought to condemn thee  
Conspiring to cull the pagan ways  
Twist back their lies, personify their needs  
The war begins by Satanic decree  
If Evil we be, we will our lives  
To mist and midnight skies  
I will avenge the deaths of a thousand burning children  
Be bound to a covenant with us in our hellish league  
And bring the host of the Nazarene to their knees

Breath the life of an entity never-born  
Darkness now descend in raven form  
The words, the burning rasp, vibrate the cosmic thread  
Arcturus is risen Queen, hold forth the severed head to me  
I pour my lovelorn kisses at your feet  
Raper of all my worldly enemies  
Lycanthropy, please poison me  
Send acausal instincts crawling my brain  
Take me, Mistress, until perversion is fed  
Dark Magick pleasures weaved under the jeweled moon-head  
The cross-stick will fade when the usurper hangs  
For now we congregate where once my angel sang  
That night they came and took her away from me  
I lost the woman I loved and I learned how to curse  
And to spit in the face of their, "God"  
We will ride again  
In the midnight skies

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