

Scorched Earth Erotica

Cradle of Filth

Sunset, expect
This to be your last with Our vast return
As Death is set
At three sixes where hill-beacons burnDarkness, undress
Your descending skirts yield a thirsting altar
Blood-red, yet still unfed
Lips distend ending, time to falterWelcome arms wide and crucified
The slaughterLightening freezes seven
Outtakes from the rape of the world
Sins expelled from Heaven
Now befoul from the bowels of HellWhere the tragic in theory and practice fellLast prayers, hang in the air
Each unto their own rag and bone meal saviors
Strung where crippled vultures dare
Golgotha
Coughs another cross to grave God's failureOnce the forests spired
Nurtured in Nature'heart
Now dreat cedars feed the pyres
Need-fires lit for greater harm
As Her children toy with razorsSightless and deeply scarred
And the moon arose to phase Her
Cracks a grin so wide it hides the starsAnd lights Our path
Back through the shattered glass(We come like drumming thunder
Tides enwreathed in scum and plunder
Kraken-teethed to tear asunder
All those too blind to see)Where the tragic in theory and practice meetDeranged, uncaged
We rage like a plague through this age of greed
Sowers of discord, growing wars to reap
A terrible crop to beat a vicious retreatScorched Earth, rebirth
Disinterred in the writhe of the lone survivor
Whose worth is worse than the curse
Of Sardonicus choking on his own salivaWho shares the last laugh now
Dead wedded fates fulfill their vows?
Foot in mouth of sacred cows
Face down in dust and poisoned ground

Songwriters

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