

# Cemetery and Sundown.

## Cradle of Filth

We rise with the sun in the underworld  
We suffer from a graveless name  
We prise wide lids  
And wounds with lips curled  
Over teeth that have tasted shame Cemetery and sundown Against the flora of nightfall  
We gather like the fauna of war  
To curse aurora so spiteful  
With her stake in the coming of dawn  
To conjure forth the past  
Those heady night of pain resplendent  
In the service of the goddess of death  
When her sheets ran royalty red Moons lengthen our crypt kept silhouettes  
Shadows dance, eyes flicker in descent  
Unveil the greed, our needs are bitter, spent  
On upturned mouths and haunts of wickedness We walk this eden, a secret  
Faces hidden under leonine pride  
In dusk's embrace  
We find it hard to keep it  
When blood and lust and waking worlds collide  
Too long have we skulked like drifters  
In the cities of the neon sun  
Vagabond dogs and graveyard shifters  
Mona lisas where the paint has run  
I miss our glorious past  
Our nightly flights on fear dependent  
Like phantoms in the caves for miss christine  
When the song bird broke her neck Wolves howl their foghound serenades  
Churches arch their backs with balustrades  
Praise be to the shedding of masquerades  
When we hunt these vestal vermin unafraid  
Of the covenant made. .... Draw the blinds on the floors of raw meat  
There is murder in the thirst Rich red vascular tapestries  
Hung in gilded frames of nuns asleep  
In dreams where themes of hestiality  
Are a blessing on their sunday sheep Sermons hang a black gown  
Over cemetery and sundown Now the clock is harrying midnight  
And the ghost of yet to come  
Will she show rewrites of dark delight  
Over the sewers we've overrun?

I see a winter palace  
Cut diamonds at a porcelain neck  
When swan lake crushed poor sanity's spirit  
As I threw to it bled We rise with the sun in the underworld  
We suffer from a graveless name  
We prise wide lids  
And wounds with lips curled  
Over teeth that have tasted shame We walk this eden, a secret  
Faces hidden under leonine pride  
In dusk's embrace  
We find it hard to keep it  
When blood and lust and waking world collide

Songwriters

ALLENDER, PAUL JAMES / DAVEY, DANIEL LLOYD / HEDGER, CHARLES / PYBUS, DAVE Published  
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