

# Summer Dying Fast (Re-Recorded)

## Cradle of Filth

Through acrid clouds of summer flies  
The garden swells with a thousand more wise  
Forever flung to celestial dreams  
Clawing at the grave of the dead nazarene I watch the storm approaching  
The darkness calls my name  
The trees are growing restless  
They feel the season change  
Their fruit has putrefied  
Forbidden once and bound to die  
The thread of life lies severed  
On the brink of paradise Grinning winds of hate unfurled  
Dash towers tall that grip the sun  
Talons stretch her veil  
Reclamation, our time has come Autumn spreads its golden wings  
And lays the path for those unseen  
A tangled web of evil spun at last  
Winter spawn from barren thighs  
To readdress, to slay the blind  
And throw the reins untethered to the skies They pray to the full moon rising  
Diana moving with such infinite grace  
Wrapped alone in a blanket of nightfall  
How many secrets can they read by your face? Will they know of majesty  
Of beauty held in dream-dead sleep  
And scarlet seas that bleed the frozen shores?  
Will their "god" of bridled love  
Assuage our rule from planes above  
Or shrink in fear from Chaos roused for war? War! Wrest askew the nails  
That have held you, lurking deep  
September prayers are waning  
Burn the shrines of fettered sheep  
Spearhead the insurrection  
Of a world that seeks no end  
"We are what we are, what we shall be, again..." Appear; draped in terror  
To the comfort of your kin  
Stain the milky sunset red  
And let the other in... Summer's dying...

Songwriters

Martin F Powell; Robin Eaglestone; Paul James Allender; Dani Davey; Adrian Erlandsson; Gianpiero

PirasPublished by  
UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUBL. LTD. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>