

Mother of Abominations

Cradle of Filth

Mother of abominations, our lady overkill
Smothering the congregation, grips the cosmic wheel
A lover of acceleration, no mercy or brakes applied
I see dead stars collide, in her cold unflinching power slide
Comets tear the skies, gushing from a shattered
silence
Never so alive, like the rush of cum on nymphetamines
Minds desanitized, night chords rung on a ladder of violence
Darkness fantasized, sleek and polished black
Instrumental in stripping Gods, to neuter and mute their staves
Thereafter her laughter, shalt sound aloft their future graves
Heavens above, fear the Gorgon eyes of a new moon rising
Except no love, when she enters your golden halls
Millennial the whore, riding wide astride the horns of madness
Clarions forth the war, spilling the wine of her fornication
Perennial the gore, filling the lines between split nations
Sleeping under doors, in time tides force a wider crack
Mother of abominations, our lady overkill
Smothering the congregation, licks the royal milk
The scourge hangs at her girdle, death slathers near her heel
Seeking blood to curdle, when the gathered clouds reveal
Her roared abortive labor, thighs slick with molten steel
Dripping into sabers, for Vulcan spawn to wield
Instrumental in stripping Gods, to neuter and lash her slaves
Thereafter, her laughter, shalt sound aloft the crashing waves
Heavens above, fear the Gorgon eyes of a new caste rising
Expect no love, when they enter your golden halls
On sanguine floods, hear the foregone cries of the last
surviving
Skewered like doves, outside the wailing walls

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