

# Mr. Crowley

## Cradle Of Filth

Mr. Crowley, what went down in your head?  
Oh, Mr. Crowley, did you talk with the dead?  
Your life style to me seemed so tragic  
With the thrill of it all  
You fooled all the people with magic  
Yeah you waited on Satan's call  
Mr. Charming, did you think you were pure?  
Mr. Alarming, in nocturnal rapport  
Uncovering things that were sacred  
Manifest on this Earth  
Conceived in the eye of a secret  
And they scattered the afterbirth

Go

Mr. Crowley, won't you ride my white horse?  
Oh, Mr. Crowley, it's symbolic of course  
Approaching a time that is classic  
I hear the maidens call  
Approaching a time that is drastic  
Standing with their backs to the wall  
Was it polemically sent?  
I want to know what you meant  
I want to know  
I want to know what you meant  
Go.

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