One Foul Step From the Abyss

Cradle of Filth

The feast of fools, 1308
As January slipped into the grip of winter
A leather leash tightened
'Round the throat of fate, fate, fate, fateAmidst the flock, disease and dementia
Night was blighted more than ever before
With screams of lust and obscene adventure
And scenes of raw debauchThe darkness was aroused with every kiss
And all who fell under it's spell
Were one foul step from the abyss
One foul step from the abyss, one foul stepSacred village there in all hallows fair
Feared the templars and their Queen
For Lilith compared to a royal nightmare
When she steered their tempestuous
Fever-dreamsThe beast was loose and beauty party
To the horrors of this sonorous whore
A seducer, Medusa, a frozen Hecate
Cloned, cloned, coned, clonedStealing seed, here needs were like a cancer
Growing stronger with each whimpering dog
Knelt before her, thirteen necromancers
Called from desert sands to this land of opportunityThe darkness was aroused with every kiss
And all who fell under its spell
Were one foul step from the abyss
One foul step from the abyss, one foul stepLove was drugged by a copious vendor
A train of servants for here decadent games
Purring on rugs in fugs of opiate splendor
Vain Lilith spread her wings againStars, they gasped and comets in ovation
Lit the towers, very presence declared
They watch with lust, despair and veneration
For the Goddess scatted naked thereThe painted eye of the stormPlagues of sin, played to win
All hearts and souls in thrall
To her embraced, her fatal whims
Desire meant to conquer allUntil that fateful day, 1308
With a force blessed by the Kings of Hate
Facing winter gray to disintegrate
Once noble hallsThe villagers in a belligerent horde
Fraught daughters fanning flames
Rose like pillars for their militant Lord
Thoughts of slaughter haranguing hot veinsThey assailed the fort beyond the woods
As the howling broke on the stroke of midnight

Many lost their sanity at what they
Fought, fought, fought, foughtAmidst those walls, creed of dementia
Annihilated by sheer weight of the surge
Put to the sword, freed from their calenture
The great estate was given straight to the churchOf Lilith, no limb ranked amongst the dead
But that she drank the blood of many men
That dark night, it was said

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