

The Smoke of Her Burning

Cradle of Filth

Earth and sea cower from my screams
As I climb into the skies
Atop sins towered Heaven high for me
From whence I see no reason why I should not smite with vengeance
And hurl thieves down from paradise
For storms before were as nothing more
Than a breeze next to this night I am Methuselah of the tribulation
The moon child come to harm
A riot of stars, shaken from their station The chokin' smoke of Jerusalem burnin'
Six vices become wrath And though half-blind with ravenin'
Like Phineus now I see
The end declared from the beginnin'
Love won through my defeat But now I fear I will never peer
On her radiance again
I shall glimpse instead, the slurried red
Of faces pressed to bloodstained panes Betrayed and played by God
Who alone but he
Scapegraced and goated me?
Now I wish to piss on his parade Angels, clawed with burnished wings
Still loyal, kiss the seal
Bent on knees and harrowing
Promise overkill Know that you shall die like whores
And the cries of your writhings shall rise
To please their Lord, so before the sword
Side with me in slaughter I am Methuselah of the tribulation
The moon child come to harm
The spoken horns of desolation Drink the pouring of my fury
Those darkened waters spur
The brink of war as judge and jury
And rapist executioner Our time is short, the horsemen ride
A foul-breathed chorea howls, besides
Damnation and a day has passed
This divine right to genocide Weld the gates to Heaven shut
The abyss leers in hissing ruts
Unhilt the black grimoire of death
Inscribe all names that God has left I lived the drams of nymphs and men
But now the nightmares, come again
Now the nightmares come again

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