

The Persecution Song

Cradle of Filth

At the very start
There were whispers in the dark
And for all the world to see
There was witchcraft at its heartAnd on the autumn air
The scent of bonfires everywhere
And a fell wind stirred the leaves
The persecution songTelltale signs of possession
Little Miss Demeanor in the demons bed
Gasps, she just could not suppress
After lights out, midst the dead
And a past on which sin
Cast its darts of wickednessTime was running faster for disaster
Strange nights were burning
In the furnace of her dreams
A name was uttered, Lilith
Mistress, playmate, master
Such sights were stolen
In the throes of ecstasyAnd in the thick of all
In the Black Goddess's thrall
With the wood unseen for trees
Victoria stood tallPromiscuous in step
The Devil breathing down her neck
As jealous zealots stitched apiece
The persecution songTelltale signs of possession
Fickle Miss Demeanour
Hissed and disappeared
To her sisters of the cloth
She now reeked of Astaroth
Again the curse had surfaced
Sneaking back the pagan yearsWeaving webs of great revealing
Hidden in the convent
An evil libido abided, undoneBreathing, deceiving
Feasting on her deviant feelings
She'd clung to her crucifix
Once her torture has begunHer screams came quick, the misery chord
Den to vice and screw
That had reddened many tongues
Wrung symphonies of suffering from herMany moons hardened pure hearts
Those plagued by her black arts

Their rooms secreting phantom orgies
Vile rites and rifled graves
 Mere hours, now towered
 Above this bent and beaten flower
 Her naked body privy to
The abbess and her ways
Victoria fought, no guilt was wrought
 Just a torrid retort of blasphemies
 Nails and crosses vomited forth
 From this pretty little whore
Now arched like hell, arched like hell
At the very start
 There were whispers in the dark
 And for all the world to see
There was witchcraft at its heart
But then the end grew nigh
 A dirge inferno filled the sky
 In its customary key
The persecution song
Telltale signs of obsession
 No wailing banshee
Would dishonor their name
Nuns dragged her to the blasted oak
 Storm-clouds threatened holy smoke
 They hanged her there like Judas
With the hellcat in her reined
Time was running faster for disaster
 Exorcism, torture, gallows
Now a shallow grave
A name was stuttered, Isaac
 Tongue-tied, simple, bastard
 They made him dig the pit
 Mindless of what it claimed
 Mindless of what it claimed

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