

# Truth & Agony

## Cradle of Filth

Mother's milk has soured  
My life's a bolted door  
And from it runs  
A trail of vagrant goreMy wounds are open flowers  
Fragrant gifts for my encore  
Bouquets of praise for bleeding, towered  
On the sacrificial floorI summoned and you came  
To the peel of twisted bells  
To the gelid whisper of my nameI blanched, erotic danger  
Had me whirling like a star  
To the dark advance of strangersAnd then I heard you laugh  
A throat of broken glass  
Leather stitched to weeping skin  
A coat of death and suppurationBe my truth and agony  
An architect for my total destruction  
My erector, my dissector  
My flesh will be wet for your best seductionBe my truth and agony  
Inventive and deranged  
Loves proof is in, its plain to see  
The fluids we've exchangedPart of these soul killers  
The Gestapo-hood of scars  
Carved an ornate invitation on my heartThe scent of French vanilla  
With the stench of abattoirs  
Past tense of present lay things  
On those stained red lips ajarI summoned and you came  
From the churning guts of hell  
With your Christmas hiss of chainsDown the endless centuries  
Your torture bed of lust  
A shrine for us to redesign  
And sign in blood and rustBe my truth and agony  
An architect for my total destruction  
My erector, my dissector  
My flesh caressed by your best corruptionBe my truth and agony  
Inventive and deranged  
Love's roof is in, it's meant to be  
My cells are rearrangedI suffered and you came  
To the splintering of bones  
Winning pinnacles for my painRaped and racked and mutilated  
I raised from dregs again

Autopsy-turvy, back elated  
In brazen arms that sacked my veinsSkinnatra, take me to the stars  
Thrust me through to paradise  
Endorphins breaking fastCreature from the black abyss  
Teacher, sadomasochist  
Your tortured soul has led me  
To this altered state of bliss

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