

Death Magick for Adepts

Cradle of Filth

Come distorted artists bitter things seek meaning
Even if they're madness to behold
Once forbears to horizons where the dead stayed dreaming
Now nightmares waken souls that fear the living's toll
Gova Bosch and Brueghel three times
Moon wise stain thy graves
For words alone are at loss to trace
The face of today's inhuman wraith
One half adrift in the vast abyss of despair and misery
The other a mask of rich red lips
Whetted by the fevers of belief and greed
All damned in this inferno where virgil averts his eyes
From the black mass mutual gang rape
Of ceasing hands an forced divides
Trespass these seven gates to a world blood let to shades
Where seraphim bleat of their cold and coming master's race
In the sewers of Babylon stillborn to a trough anon
Chimiracl will hatch like plots to dredge faeces to pearl their cross
Enter penteholocaust
Five aeons past yet still man grasps
At final straws to save his cast
His lord is a leper we shall not want he betrayed us with white lies
His acrid pall as of the tomb reminds us how we rot inside
Gutted like fool's paradise gutted on cruel appetites
Holding court to chaos holding to far graver arms
A downfall fatal to all resounds
As orgies peak in self centered psalms
And nature screams her sufferings under bowed and cankered wings
A bleak scorched earth necrotica burning
Like the robes we've torn from her
She begs us lay her pain to rest
Lest we are left with nothingness
Save for her stripped and ravished flesh
And if her fate is not portent of apocalypse
Then the comets that graze night skies
We'll surely cleanse of wrongs and rights
When you and I and all else dies
It's rotting down this carcass maggotropolis
Interdependent as worms to the grave
Allah's true name is naught Christ cannot save
Locked in a waltz of evermore frantic steps
Spells of regret death magick for adepts
Be prepared to fulfill prophecies
The glorious fall of a sin dynasty
Glutted like fool's paradise, glutted on cruel appetites
We've woven hearts a thorn arbour
Left tear streaked reason upon the shore
And bereft of compass star or more set out for this world's end
Few at the prow most slave below painting coal a perfect gold
But for all it's worth the engines slow dead in the
brine again
Come cabin fever sodomy on the bounty prey to phallus seas
That hiss and foam to douse disease a storm roars on the way

Blacker than the ace of rapes dealt out by death in darkwood glades
Our ship of fools all boards handmade sinks dashed by seismic waves

Songwriters

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