The Byronic Man

Cradle Of Filth

As lonely as a poet on the Walls of Jericho

Or the moon without the comfort of the stars

I am loathe to know it that a man without a soul

Is nothing but a split canopic jarI proved it, improved it

Drove a sonnet right through it

And in this state of bliss

Evil kissed with wet lips, pen-filled fingertipsWhich through me, far through me

Illuminati usually pissed

But with words of some hurts worth

I threw a party that extended God's listExciting new flames that my fame would claim for me

Reciting back the almanac of travestiesThey call me bad

Mad Caliban with manners dangerous to know

A passing fad

Taught in all debauch in excess and in cantoGrown wild, this child

Whole harems defiled

Faustina's and Mina's

Lady Libertine and her sisters between herWhat spread of lies when lovers die

Which circle of hell is mine when I arriveThey call me bad

Mad Caliban with manners dangerous to know

A passing fad

Taught in all debauch crow against the virgin snowGrown colder, my shoulder

Like a boulder beside her

And bolder, not wiser

My dark seed took up root inside herThat mouldered, where older

Beddings would hold a passionate sigh

But Laudanum and soda, Lord Numb coda

Merited a forest of inherited spiteFleeing grief for foreign maps

I still played vampire aristocrats

Unloading my gun in hot promiscuous lapsThen shooting swans in a gondola

I tripped my foot on a fallen star

And there's nothing like a mouthful of Venetian tar

To let you know just who you fucking are The patron saint of heartache

I can't see my world is falling

The world is falling downThe patron saint of heartache

I can't see my world is falling

The world is falling downEverafter can they hear my laughter

The patron saint of heartache

Never craft a better bed of disaster

The patron saint of heartacheThey call me bad

Mad Caliban with manners dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch in excess and in cantoThey call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners dangerous to know
A passing fad
Whereupon I tell them to go fuck their mothers
And so on my grave

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