

English Fire

Cradle Of Filth

Seven brides serve me seven sins
Seven seas writhe for me
From Orient gates to Rlyeh
Abydos to Thessaly And Sirens sing from stern
But now I cease to play
For I yearn to return to woodland ferns
Where Herne and his wild huntress lay Now the tidal are turning, spurning the darkness
The great purgations of distinguished tours
Are but stills in time to the thrill that Im once more
Heading to the bedding of her English shores The wind bickered in Satanic mill sails
Eyes flickered in deep thickets of trees
And mists clung tight in panic to vales
When Brigantia spoke her soul to me From Imbolg to Bealtaine
Lughnasadh to Samhain feasts
I heard her lament as seasons blent
Together a chimerical beast Now the tidal are turning churning in darkness
The celebrations of extinguished wars
Are but stills in time to the chill that climbs once more
Dreading the red weddings on her English shores Gone are the rustic summers of my youth
Cruel winters cut their sacred throats
With polished scythes that reap worldwide
Pitch black skies and forest smoke And the hosts that I saw there
Drones of carrion law
Drove the ghosts of my forbears
To rove and rally once more One of her sons from the vast far flung
Come home to rebuild
The rampant line of the Leonine
Risen over pestilent fields Now the tidal are turning burning in darkness
The salvation of her hungry sword
Shalt spill like wine from the hills to chines that pour
Spreading her beheadings on these English shores For the hosts that I saw there
Drones of carrion law
Drove the ghosts of my forbears
To rove and rally once more This is a waking for England
From its reticent doze
This is a waking for England
Lest hope and glory are regarded as foes

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