

# 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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