

# I Am the Thorn

## Cradle of Filth

The needle in the eye of the hurricane  
The poison in the font  
The nail in the coffin of the profane  
I am the lotManiacal the fire  
That weaves inside my soul  
When dripping tongues of hate  
Envenomed, rollLike carpet bombs in vast bazaars  
My blood runs with the beasts  
Though no crescent, cross or wandering star  
Shalt witness my defeatBorn of jackal in the Vatican  
To a loathsome flock  
I have crept behind the drapes  
And a wizard there is notJust a white flag blackened by  
Singing weapons that have led  
A faith that soon dominions over  
Desert kingdoms of the deadI smell the fleur du malcontent  
The hellish stench of Judas in the dozensBouquets for greed and twisted law  
Handmaidens of a holy war  
Bring on a thousand roses more  
I am the thornTangled are the thickets  
That spare the virgin heart  
From the waking grasp of rapists  
In the darkMountaineers that strive so far  
For a Heaven grown from reach  
That love herself is fabled  
To be missing from their peaksSave in one sole tower  
Where the presence of a rod  
Stays the sleeping beauty  
From the prying fingers of the mobI smell the fleur du malcontent  
The hellish stench of Judas in the dozensBouquets for greed and twisted law  
Handmaidens of a holy war  
Bring on a thousand roses more  
I am the thornI am the thorn  
I am the thorn  
I am the thornI am the Spear of Longinus  
The sword of Damocles  
Kali up in arms, a bleeding sinus  
The hammer of the gods in the prophet's teeth  
I am the thornSaint disgustus, president evil

Great white hopes of a shark eyed people  
Lights of the world now flicker and die  
Impaled in the race in the paling face  
Where forked tongues pricked the skies  
Choking on these words as I slither to their ear  
As lightning strikes their blinded minds[Incomprehensible]  
I am not the hand of god  
I am the thorn  
I am not the hand of god  
I am the thorn  
Territorial thieves  
Ever stealing thunder for religious causes  
I will bring you all down to your knees  
And fuck you over  
Bouquets for greed and twisted law  
Handmaidens of a holy war  
Bring on a thousand roses more  
I am the thorn  
I am the thorn  
I am the thorn  
I am the thorn

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