

Of Dark Blood and Fucking

Cradle of Filth

Sister midnight comes blaspheming
Screaming in the keys of faith and fear
Unentwining, our spines twists me to kneeling
Spilling like the moonlight on her glistening rear
Defiled at heart in this perfect hell
Under red leaves bleeding over scaled chateau we fell
To demonocracy, where neither Adam or Eve
Conceived of such iniquities from pleasure or pain
Or the razor's edge in between
Thou art my seventh heaven burning
Going down as with the sun
Within like a river fluids moves a torrent
Bound to please on denierred knees
In any wicked way that her whims may warrant
I hang on every verb, every dirty word, interred
In her pornoglossa, Christlike, whipped and weak
Painted nails driven through the meek
Yet in obituary, my dreams still weep
Of dark blood and fucking thee
Thou art my seventh heaven burning
Going down as with the day
Baring lunar curvature like canvas for a lick of pain
Writhing like a viper deep inside her Eden
Forbidden to eat, I kiss leylines to her feet
Then baiting wrath, I steal a path
Back to the fruits of her womb
Back to the crack of her tomb
Her roseate sliver quivers with snuff appeal
The torque of her hips, lip-sync me in for the kill
Tongue-tied, tightrope and spread like disease
I drain the cup of this Miss Sire, her water into wine for me
Thou art my seventh angel squirming
'Neath the forked tongue of the beast
Arching toward the fabled
Like a sculptured nymph seeking base relief
Whilst the world outside
A wood of suicide
Would die for this release
Our slow orgasmic fuses greet
By night and by candle at each other's throat
In a slick drift of red, setting God's teeth on edge
We were as wolves preying inside the fold
Of a slaughtered lamb throw on a four poster bed
Succulent, Succubus
Laid without rest In the dead of the night
Succulent, Succubus
In thy arms and thy wetness
On glossed lips I taste
Conspiracies, secrecies, sorceries laced
With thick unguent rum, black-rayed suns and autumn

Always in season for our nightfall from grace
Gorge upon my seed

Starved Persephone

Succulent, Succubus

That I might keep

Thee with me in Hades
Succulent, Succubus

Succour me

Succulent, Succubus

Succour me

Succulent, Succubus

Succulent, Succubus [Incomprehensible]

Songwriters

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