

Rise of the Pentagram

Cradle of Filth

One dark afternoon like a shadow I flew
Through the rain that fell sick with lament
To this house of incest for when we undressed
Blasphemies against Venus were rent
There were sister removed, her wet body approved
The parade of my heavenly quests
Yet all tongues are not true, some are forked or askew
Like an uncivil serpent's at best
For ousted from Eden I fouted all reason
Hooking mouth like Saint Peter Pan
To haunt fairy groves and hot virgin cobs
Wherein the promiscuous one I elected lovers and rejected others
Mephistresses that don't give a damn
But in those that still do my deep interest grew
The rise of the true Pentagram

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