

# To Eve The Art Of Witchcraft

## Cradle Of Filth

Crawl in awful stealth to me  
Forever a voyeur I've been  
Nocturnal Goddess of the Moon  
So she comes, unseen  
Thus (Uzza and Azel) speak  
The burning seed, is thrust in Eve  
and yearning keeps me, captive of desire  
Make me as a flower that grows  
forever in your throne  
that I might pollinate the world  
with darkness as your own  
Embrace me in spellbinding eyes  
the fire of life that never dies  
tear deeper through my paper wounds  
and never leave inside  
Love shall consume and bathe the Lady  
whom I worship and ride therefore  
She will greet me as a serpent  
in her dark, secret Eden  
and I will always want  
for her witchcraft is  
Desire... (Desire...)

My soul is poisoned from within...  
I crawl with languid guilt to thee  
forever flushed in sin  
Lamia, latria I give  
my soul is poisoned from within  
Wisdom breeds, fecundity  
and her cunt she feeds, to fulfill her desire  
To Eve I cum...  
Sevenfold my passion wrought  
To ransack Eden, and to taste the whore  
I cling beyond her sabled court  
She is a gateway, to that darkness lost  
(Now dream...)  
Oh, the fevered need for Her  
when greed and lust are sharpened in that one desire  
that all-consuming fire

Reveal to me your mysteries, Witch  
the tree is plundered but I have the see  
to be sown in thee  
"Mon sortilege a ete le pouvoir qui diovent  
avoir les ames fortes sur les esprits faibles"  
Leonora Galigai

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