

# The Raping Of Faith

## Cradle Of Filth

Flowers lift your precious head to me  
I have come to her warm embrace  
The gentle touch of surreality  
A sweet kiss from beloved faith  
The gardens swim with fervent life tonight  
I sense the beauty that waits for me there  
  
Dancing with the statues in the pale moonlight  
The velveret whisper at play with her hair

Lyrics provided by

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