

Dirge Inferno

Cradle Of Filth

Carrion my name
For those who to choose to mouth the curse
A tragic serenade
With Judas in my strideThe Gothic halls of shame
Where statues coldly hold no worse
Than the murders I reclaim
From a dark, forsaken timeKissing heaven spent
He wipes lips free of his heretic discharge
Wishing to repent
For the brute that ravaged freeIn slight hands beauty weeps
Conquest's deep methodical screwing
Hurt repeatedly
Like the world wound at his feetDirge Inferno
Dirge InfernoAs it is written, damn it
So let it be wrung, Dirge Inferno
From throats of those in overthrow
The past at last has comeA savage bite without respite
Pervades the freezing air
This winter chill, grist for his mill
If tears of joy will blear elsewhereAnd church bells drown in the cracks of doom
The storms above us hew
As lightning runs like bifurcate tongues
Deflowering two by twoHissing malcontent
He storms the skies on electric discharge
Pissing in contempt
On the effigies of the weakKilling all resolve
The great beast simmers, his scarlet women
Spit their vitriol
On the terrified face of peaceDirge Inferno
Dirge InfernoAs it is written, damn it
So let it be wrung, Dirge Inferno
From throats of those in overthrow
The past at last has comeA hell bound heart, the rose and thorn
Have locked to hastened blood
The moon disrobes to harden droves
Of legions pouringThese rivers press, his breath adorns
Senates and enemy seats
Whilst his power takes in ingratitude
The writhing of the weak

The writhing of the weak Wormwood my name
The poisoned star that fell to earth
And blistered free of shame
In the pits of self rebirth Now those caves become a garret
Overseeing endless barracks
As the waters turn to claret
And the Vatican satins burn

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