

# Doberman Pharaoh

## Cradle Of Filth

To and fro, through freeze and thaws  
From zenith to nadir  
The universal tug of war  
Saw lines drawn in the sands appear  
Divisions of a promised land  
And hell for those that dwelt  
Beneath a pharaoh's granite hand  
Where death wed something else  
Millennia swam passed  
Since the covenanted ark  
Ran aground on ararat...  
But anew, tempered shadows grew  
Out of midian, strewing fear  
Over verdant lawns, the resurgent storms  
Led a desert son to sear  
From the palace orchard I espied...  
(where swooning trees and moonless beams vied  
For the painted eye of the royal bride  
Whose gliding curves were deified)  
...beyond her grace where love would die  
Wretched destiny arrive  
Back and forth the prophet came  
Riddled with a tongue of plagues  
That would render might egypt lame  
If the rage of God stayed unassuaged...  
I listened with a heavy heart  
But unveiled to the threats  
This hebrew in a jackal's mask  
Would dredge into effect  
Thenceforth the Nile reddened  
S if set stretched his hand  
To beset the damned  
And bruised with flies  
The skies grew leadened  
But these miracles, feared  
Were all but reared  
By nature, whose law alone  
Stood that revered  
This hysteria passed, but still the mark  
Of yahveh burned on in the dark  
One final time, on the steps to the shrine  
Of thoth, I twined with fate  
"let my people go"  
"still my word is no"  
"then death shall be the deciding plague"  
Since the crimes divine I left behind  
I'd warred with every tribe that plied  
In holy vestment, but with time  
Bored sore of clawing what was mine

I laid my bones and made my throne  
With a view to paradise Thenceforth the heavens deafened  
As if great beasts  
Were unleashed to feast on man And with carrion span  
Michael was weaponed To descend with scorn  
A dark reform  
Through pi-ramses  
Skinning mine and her firstborn Thus suspiria passed each sacred mark  
Of yahveh, bleeding in the dark With nauseous dawn, a cry, forlorn  
Unified from plazas deep  
The prophet's curse  
Far worse had worked  
To wrest the war in me from sleep Drowned in light, a downward light  
Bathed the snaking exodus  
Through the wilderness  
As the aeons crept  
Impressed with fresh bloodlust

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