

# 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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