

# Byronic Man

## Cradle of Filth

As lonely as a poet on the walls of Jericho  
Or the moon without the comfort of the stars  
I am loathe to know it that a man without a soul  
Is nothing but a spilled canopic jar

I proved it  
Improved it  
Drove a sonnet  
Right through it  
And in this state of bliss  
Evil kissed with wet lips  
Pen-filled Fingertips  
Which through me  
For through me  
Illuminati usually pissed  
But with words of some hurts worth  
I threw a party that extended God's list

Exciting new flames that my fame would claim for me  
Reciting back the almanac of travesties

They call me bad  
Mad Caliban with manners  
Dangerous to know  
A passing fad  
Taught in all debauch  
In excess and in canto

Grown wild  
This child  
Whole harems defiled  
Faustina's and Mina's  
Lady Libertine and her sisters between her

What spread of lies arise when lovers die  
Which circle of hell is mine when I arrive

They call me bad  
Mad Caliban with manners  
Dangerous to know

A passing fad  
Taught in all debauch  
Crow against the virgin snow

Grown colder, my shoulder  
Like a boulder beside her  
And bolder, not wiser  
My dark seed took up root inside her  
That mouldered, where older

Beddings would hold a passionate sigh  
But Laudanum and soda  
Lord Numb coda  
Merited a forest of inherited spite

Fleeing grief for foreign maps  
I still played vampire aristocrat  
Unloading my gun in hot, promiscuous laps

Then shooting swans in a gondola  
I tripped my foot on a fallen star  
And there's nothing like a mouthful of Venetian tar  
To let you know just who you fucking are

[Ville]  
The patron saint of heartache  
I can't see my world is falling  
The world is falling down  
The patron saint of heartache  
I Can't see my world is falling  
The world is falling down

[Dani]  
Everafter can they hear my laughter

[Ville]  
The patron saint of heartache

[Dani]  
Never craft a better bed of disaster

[Ville]  
The Patron saint of heartache

They call me bad

Mad Caliban with manners  
Dangerous to know  
A passing fad  
Taught in all debauch  
In excess and in canto

They call me bad  
Mad Caliban with manners  
Dangerous to know  
A passing fad  
Whereupon I tell them  
To go fuck their mothers

As so....  
On my grave

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written by ALLENDER, PAUL JAMES / DAVEY, DANIEL LLOYD / HEDGER, CHARLES / PYBUS,  
DAVE

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