

# Godspeed On The Devil's Thunder

## Cradle Of Filth

Burning like derision on the prism of night  
Still squirming from the sermon, those determined parasites  
Meant to overpower and bedizen his light  
He paced his tower prison with a dissonant appetite  
The moon was black

Devil may care  
Three times he'd glared before his judges  
Darkening there  
With a Wormwood mind  
And a gullet of poison

Asked  
He thought the court a farce  
His tongue as sharp as glass  
A bastard to the last  
This truth assassin

Tautened his claws at the ruinous cast  
Flexing vexation at clerics aghast  
In uproar he caused the cross to be masked  
And the hex of exile from God's Kingdom passed

Back in the mirror, shattered vanity died  
The curse even clearer on the sanity side  
Banished from the lavish tracts of paradise  
From Heaven's shored poured to the sore divide

The moon was black

Devil may care  
Their thunder sundered all his veils  
Thickening there  
His belligerent pulse  
To a sickening crawl

Yes  
He'd fostered wickedness  
Fed vipers at his breast  
Inflicted death's caress

So now to suffer

He'd burn, discern  
That his second turn  
Would last for eternity  
In reckoning flames

That night his plight marched in demented Parades  
O'er a rainbow of black magic scars  
The blood ran to fear, turned to torment in spades  
Deep in the sleep of this heretic, barred

The nightmares were livid, occultist, depraved  
His epiphany struggled to come  
But dawn found him there, redemptive, prepared  
Like Christ to Golgotha, his face to the sun

All fears were smeared  
When Joan had appeared  
In a shower of tears  
Last vestige of innocence

Yearning for her vision of divinity  
Of her miracles and dreamt lyrical deeds

He would meet her at the pyre as the fire kissed  
And together they'd climb to God, entwined in bliss

Devil may care  
He awed the court with a sworn confession  
Quickening there  
His radiant death  
And acute renewal

Thus  
The end was glorious  
He went like Jesus trussed  
To shadow and to dust  
At the stroke of seven

And  
With thieves at both his hands  
The Reaper of these lands  
Wept with holy plans  
As he choked to heaven

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