

# The Persecution Song (Elder Version)

## Cradle of Filth

At the very start  
There were whispers in the dark  
And for all the world to see  
There was witchcraft at its heartAnd on the autumn air  
The scent of bonfires everywhere  
And a fell wind stirred the leaves  
The persecution songTelltale signs of possession  
Little Miss Demeanor in the demons bed  
Gasps, she just could not suppress  
After lights out, midst the dead  
And a past on which sin  
Cast its darts of wickednessTime was running faster for disaster  
Strange nights were burning  
In the furnace of her dreams  
A name was uttered, Lilith  
Mistress, playmate, master  
Such sights were stolen  
In the throes of ecstasyAnd in the thick of all  
In the Black Goddess's thrall  
With the wood unseen for trees  
Victoria stood tallPromiscuous in step  
The Devil breathing down her neck  
As jealous zealots stitched apiece  
The persecution songTelltale signs of possession  
Fickle Miss Demeanour  
Hissed and disappeared  
To her sisters of the cloth  
She now reeked of Astaroth  
Again the curse had surfaced  
Sneaking back the pagan yearsWeaving webs of great revealing  
Hidden in the convent  
An evil libido abided, undoneBreathing, deceiving  
Feasting on her deviant feelings  
She'd clung to her crucifix  
Once her torture has begunHer screams came quick, the misery chord  
Den to vice and screw  
That had reddened many tongues  
Wrung symphonies of suffering from herMany moons hardened pure hearts  
Those plagued by her black arts

Their rooms secreting phantom orgies  
Vile rites and rifled graves  
Mere hours, now towered  
Above this bent and beaten flower  
Her naked body privy to  
The abbess and her ways  
Victoria fought, no guilt was wrought  
Just a torrid retort of blasphemies  
Nails and crosses vomited forth  
From this pretty little whore  
Now arched like hell, arched like hell  
At the very start  
There were whispers in the dark  
And for all the world to see  
There was witchcraft at its heart  
But then the end grew nigh  
A dirge inferno filled the sky  
In its customary key  
The persecution song  
Telltale signs of obsession  
No wailing banshee  
Would dishonor their name  
Nuns dragged her to the blasted oak  
Storm-clouds threatened holy smoke  
They hanged her there like Judas  
With the hellcat in her reined  
Time was running faster for disaster  
Exorcism, torture, gallows  
Now a shallow grave  
A name was stuttered, Isaac  
Tongue-tied, simple, bastard  
They made him dig the pit  
Mindless of what it claimed  
Mindless of what it claimed

Songwriters

ALLENDER, PAUL JAMES / DAVEY, DANIEL LLOYD / MCILROY, JAMES SIMON / NEWBY-  
ROBSON, MARK / SKAROUPKA, MARTIN  
Published by  
Lyrics © Peermusic Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>