Coffin Fodder

Cradle of Filth

The time has come to rise again
Freedom, lift thy sewered hem
Free from beasts and skewered me
My dreams unroll ten thousand fold
Their world will never take me
They will never desecrate my soulThe stars I have grasped
Are so far lonely constellations
And wishing on those stars
My spirit bars annihilationFrom earthen miseries
Hosts of most fell forms of greed
Ghosts of pearly gate remissions
Forever haunting me
Slit the witch and watch him bleed
As with any inquisitionLying from the start
The preachers piled their craft
Scoffing elder glories
And dying, I depart
To make their sunken hearts
A coffin for my storiesThe time is past the falter when
Freedom slips my sombre pen
And the gates to wolves break open then
My feelings may seem constant prey
But claws no more will rake me
Those whores have fled to darker daysAbove and beyond
I have wronged in my position
But now the winds are strong
To soar from Babel's visionOf cutthroat jealousies
Dock to dock these mongrels breed
Dogs of fogged derision
Pacing, soon to be
Back to pack mentality
When my killing moon is risenTrying from the start
These creatures of the dark
Were quaffing morning glories
And dying, I depart
To make their drunken hearts
A coffin for my storiesInnovation, innovation
Imagination stirsSomewhere the dusk is lining
Red the shore of the roaring sea

And though loved there's someone is pining
For the waves of blood to run and rescue me
For the waves of blood to run and rescue me
To run and run and run and runThe time has come to rise again
Freedom, lift thy sewered hem
Free from beasts and skewered men
My dreams unroll, ten thousand fold
Their world will never take me
They will never desecrate my soul
Their world will never break me
They will never desecrate my soul

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