

## English Fire

## Cradle of Filth

Seven brides serve me seven sins  
Seven seas writhe for me  
From Orient gates to R'lyeh  
Abydos to Thessaly  
And Sirens sing from stern  
But now I cease to play  
For I yearn to return  
To woodland ferns  
Where Herne and his wild huntress lay

Now the tidal are turning  
Spurning the darkness  
The great purgations of distinguished tours  
Are but stills in time  
To the thrill that I'm  
Once more  
Heading to the bedding  
Of her English shores

The wind bickered in Satanic mill sails  
Eyes flickered in deep thickets of trees  
And mists clung tight in panic to vales  
When Brigantia spoke her soul to me

From Imbolg to Bealtaine  
Lughnasadh to Samhain feasts  
I heard her lament as season's blent  
Together a chimerical beast

Now the tidal are turning  
Churning in darkness  
The celebrations of extinguished wars  
Are but stills in time  
To the chill that climbs  
Once more  
Dreading the red weddings  
On her English shores

Gone are the rustic summers of my youth  
Cruel winter cut their sacred throats  
With polished scythes that reap worldwide  
Pitch black skies and forest smoke

And the hosts that I saw there  
Drones of carrion law  
Drove the ghosts of my forbears  
To rove and rally once more

One of her sons from the vast far-flung  
Come home to rebuild  
The rampant line of the Leonine  
Risen over pestilent fields

Now the tidal are turning  
Burning in darkness  
The salvation of her hungry sword  
Shalt spill like wine

From the hills to chines  
That pour  
Spreading her beheadings  
On these English shores

For the hosts that I saw there  
Drones of carrion law  
Drove the ghosts of my forbears  
To rove and rally once more

This is a waking for England  
From it's reticent doze  
This is a waking for England  
Lest hope and glory are regarded as foes