

## Exquisite Torments Await

Cradle of Filth

Abandon hope all ye who enter here  
For herein lies the path to sadness  
The poetry of woe set midst the sweet lament of fear  
Carouses in fantasia like spirits cast to madness

Here we pray  
Severe, the day

Dies irae  
Dies illa  
Dies tribulation  
Et angustie  
Dies calamitati  
Et miseriae  
Dies tenebrarum  
Et caliginis  
Dies nebulæ  
Et turbinis  
Dies tubae  
Et clangoris...

Fresh meat now tests these jaws of death