

For Your Vulgar Delectation

Cradle of Filth

Welcome with a stench of misadventure
Libertine and sibling things a grim
Slither forth through the gateway's hissing denture

The moon, one up on the chateau battlements
Gilds this torchlit drive to Shangri-la
This solstice calls like the piper to rodentia
Come join this hive of masqueraders

This eve is pure and pagan
Its teeth are in the past
Dark royalties of ancient caste
Feast in splendour

For your vulgar delectation

Decreed
That hunger shall be sated by the dawn

In marble ballrooms of delight
The erotic and the wicked dance alike
Virgin cunts aquiver at this foreplay for the spiteful

The cellars smelt abrim
With cracked wine and racked women
Are spiced for even Marquis appetites
Screams an aphrodisiac
For the blackest ever nightfall

Lords, heed the call

Vast boudoirs here
Are mastered by the minatory
Walls plastered with the base relief
Of baser glories

Ma Cherie Debauchery
Deflower of my life untie their bonds
And push these fantasies
To ever greater stories

For your vulgar delectation

Inhibit nothing, run free
Loose sore cauteries before me
Ripped, prolific scars
Are titbits on which to feed

The heathen hour strikes
Wrong the rites, beasts ravage for your soul
As lovely entrapment snaps her fingers
Hell comes crawling

This eve is pure and pagan
Its teeth are in the past
Let the cream of sinners learn at last

For your vulgar delectation

Decreed

That hunger shall be sated by the dawn

Dawn... burning, aghast

With the judgment that we spend upon the evil

We feed eternal hungriness

Exceeding vile deeds that were freed in this cathedral

For your vulgar delectation

Decreed

That horrors shall be waited on the ones

Who crave sin's innovations