

## Harlot on a Pedestal

Cradle of Filth

Where does the madness end?  
How far down do the rungs expire  
In smoke and burning heat?  
In depravity and sin?

In her shocking retinue  
I saw the worst  
Desire run amok amongst you  
And in her boudoir too  
The endless nights embedded  
In her beautiful cocoon  
Turning black and blue and jaded

Kneelin at her feet  
My heart atrophied at her ravishing form  
The ultimate test  
Her cult obsessed  
With this body of the Goddess reborn

When she first laid me to rest  
I saw such sights of wickedness  
From this harlot on a pedestal  
This scarlet Woman scorned

I glimpsed desertion, the bluster of shame  
The tribes of the moon. their lustre improved  
A morbid aversion to the limpid domain  
Of Eden and Adam her dark temper moved

I witnessed reverie then  
Perverse resurgence, souls on fire  
Blood and seed spilt for centuries  
For this imperious bitch

In her shocking retinue  
I saw the worst  
Desire run amok amongst you  
A gnawer of taboo  
Dread appetites were threaded  
Right throughout the mortal zoo  
Her immortality now hungered

I remember, in Thebes  
Enthroned with cat-skinned girls  
Her long dark hair braided with pearls

A red gown split revealed her thighs  
As full lips rose to feline eyes  
Egyptian black outlined each lid  
It's clear who owned the pyramid

Temptress Lilith  
Her beauty stirred me more than words  
Could ever paint, her bible hurt

Tempered Lilith  
Hissing in the dark

Pissing on my heart  
I was missing every part of Victoria

Victoria

I found them hypnotic, the years of display  
Of court life and parties, political bite  
Narcotic, erotic, her bleary soirees  
Left daylight a dream in the scheme of the night

The scheme of the night

But I grew uneasy, she wanted the earth  
For now she was spinning her sins  
Breeding fell children and hiding her worth  
Before the new orders disorder begins

Feeding from the weak  
Savaged on their feet by her ravaging lust  
Evening-dressed  
This young Countess  
Led lovers astray under cover of dusk

When she took them to her breast  
They passed last rites, deliciousness  
Swept into their every pore  
This matriarch of darkness bored

Harlot on a pedestal  
The night orchestral  
Harlot on a pedestal  
Never vestal...