

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...