

I Am the Thorn

Cradle of Filth

The needle in the eye of the hurricane
The poison in the font
The nail in the coffin of the profane
I am the lot

Maniacal the fire
That weaves inside my should
When dripping tongues of hate, envenomed, roll
Like carpet bombs in vast bazaars
My blood runs with the beasts
Though no crescent, cross
Or wandering star
Shalt witness my defeat

Born of jackal in the Vatican
To a loathsome flock I have crept behind the drapes
And a wizard there is not
Just a white flag blackened by
Singing weapons that have led
A faith that soon dominions over
Desert kingdoms of the dead

I smell the fleur du malcontent
The hellish stench
Of Judas in the dozens

Bouquets for greed and twisted law
Handmaidens of a holy war
Bring on a thousand roses more
I am the thorn
Tangled are the thickets
That spare the virgin heart
From the waking grasp of rapists in the dark

Mountaineers that strive so far
For a Heaven grown from reach
That love herself is fabled
To be missing from their peaks
Save in one sole tower
Where the presence of a rod
Stays the sleeping beauty
From the prying fingers of the mob

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I am the Spear of Longinus
The sword of Damocles
Kali up in arms, a bleeding sinus

The hammer of the gods in the prophet's teeth

Saint Disgustus, President Evil
Great white hopes of a shark-eyed people
Light of the world now flicker and die

Impaled in the race, in the paling face
Where forked tongues pricked the skies
Choking on these words as I slither to their ear
A lightning strikes their blinded mains

I am not the hand of god...
I am the thorn

Territorial thieves
Ever stealing thunder for religious causes
I will bring you all down to your knees

And fuck you over