

# 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