

## Rise of the Pentagram

Cradle of Filth

One dark afternoon  
Like a shadow I flew  
Through the rain that fell sick with lament

To this house of incest  
For when we undressed  
Blasphemies against Venus were rent

Though a sister removed  
Her white body approved  
The parade of my heavenly quests

Yet, all tongues are not true  
Some are forked or askew  
Like an uncivil serpent's at best

For ousted from Eden  
I fausted all reason  
Hook in mouth like Saint Peter Pan

To haunt fairy groves  
And hot virgin coves  
Where in the promiscuous swam

I elected lovers and rejected others  
Mathistrisses that don't give a damn

But for those that still do  
My deep interest grew  
The rise of the true pentagram!