

# Tearing the Veil from Grace

Cradle of Filth

Biblical choirs soar beyond veiled light  
A swansong for ravens trapped flapping in night

A tragic yet magical fall from grace  
Too awful to taste for the led and the chaste  
Those whose long fetters are addressed to all saints

Free shining souls torn from God's given Reich  
Defiled, reviled, exiled from sight

And Hell knows we sought victory  
Chancing the leash  
But when bad die were cast  
We were cast down to die  
A steeple of needles thrust into our eyes  
So scholars might say we were blinded by pride  
Like the sin of Our Father (and the whims of our kind)  
Whom in Isaiah and Midian thrived  
Regaining His sights for the storming of skies

And after descenturies have crawled, vilified  
Our dark harkened day on spread wing now arrives

For eternity is a coprophagic  
Backward figure head  
Gorging on Her own bitter end  
And We have eaten shit  
Until we're close to addicts  
Now grime is running out  
For us to make amends

To retake what once was lost  
To exalt our throne above the stars of God

"To throw our fuck into gates and guts  
Of a severed never land  
Where we, the damned  
Once pleased ran  
Like seamen from the phallus sea"

Atrocious oceans must be crossed  
To exalt our throne above the stars of God

The thirteenth sign of the Zodiac climbs  
Cowled and scythed to snuff the sunrise

Throwing shades of war before like prophecy  
Nightbreed freed from the vasty deep  
Nasty reap of freaks forsaken  
And when sultry Dusk disrobes they'll learn  
She is not a natural blonde  
For the lower She goes the darker it grows  
An Eve that blows on Her knees for Satan

Fellated Satan  
Screams congeal in clotted pearl  
As He unfurls from aching hibernation

Stormbringer drums thunder to full Dis orchestra  
As lighting streaks with fire  
Black clouds that shroud the Earth  
Whose cold breasts have held us in scar pillories  
But now the Sun is loath to come  
The crescent moon is freed

Elated Satan  
The scimitar slash to the undergash  
Of Heaven too slight for penetration

We strike as wolves from the thickening fog  
To exalt our throne over the stars of God  
Lowly holy goats bare the brunt  
Of rabid dogmas on a stellar bearhunt  
Bastioned in citadels and monastic cells  
That smell of blessed cunt  
Like a convent where crosses rust  
From thirty dirty habits of shaved nun  
There where deeper needs are begged of lust  
And cess and less impress enough

Obtaining the ord of Our Guardian, Anger  
And Death's tunnel vision  
Bad thing in collision  
The locking of eyes and jagged antler

Unpicking the seams of fate sewn over dreams  
Feasting from throats of celestial thieves

And God knows we seek victory  
Now that we are unleashed  
To drive nails home of blind faith through those  
Who drove us from error to terror below  
Refugees clung to a crown furred in flies  
Tarred with red honey, the plaster  
Of many a spire that aspired to rise  
Seeking Messiahs that by us soon die

In the start like a cast  
In morality plays  
Our hearts wore a mask  
Of dead rooks in the rain  
The World was our cloister  
No prayer, bent in shame  
Our once lucent plumage  
Stung with horn withered gray  
And away  
As Aeons slew so we grew to myth  
Revenge accrued to a monolith  
Bursting through from our roofed abyss  
Like an aether greased fist  
Now vulvite gates are so sorely missed  
Our horror pours through the orifice  
Where once the spheres and archangels kissed  
Phallemujah

Fellated Satan  
His coming assails  
The Night In Gales  
That bewail turned tides  
That engulf their nation

Now divinity is a worm ridden mouth  
In a darkened high house  
Overrun by disease  
So let the truth be wrung  
That the Banished Ones intent  
On reinstatement have won

We breathe by virtue of their rot  
Now our souls exult above the stars of God