

# The 13th Caesar

## Cradle of Filth

When Joan was burnt  
He knew malevolence  
At the heart of all  
A cold and jagged abyss bled of sense

The throne he earnt  
Through God's benevolence  
Started his own fall  
Clothing ragged dogma in his own magnificence

Here the stench, the gold events  
The bold inventions of the will  
Luxuries and splendours past the ken of mortal men  
Every wanton bent desire went fulfilled

A Daemon sat upon the top of the world  
Like a Herod over Genesis  
They sang hosannas as his banners unfurled  
Kissing terrors with paralysis

His brash canvas insulted the view  
Moving heaven and earth to please the  
Tumultitudes, whom his strange retinue drew  
To assert the thirteenth Caesar

The 13th Caesar  
Ichor kicked inside his veins  
The 13th Caesar  
War was licked for shame  
The 13th Caesar  
Sicker, but just as vein  
The 13th Caesar  
Gilles De Rais

When Joan was burnt  
He knew malevolence  
At the heart of all  
He swore henceforth he would serve evil alone

Here the stench, the gold events  
The insurrection of his will  
Theatre and feasts past the ken of mortal men  
Every wanton bent desire went fulfilled

A Daemon sat upon the top of the world  
Like a Herod over genesis  
Devils sang hosannas as his banners unfurled  
Striking terror into menaces

Suetonius and Ovid  
Filled his moonstruck dreams  
With the purple of Rome

His Venus of arena-blood was dead  
And he was storming home.