

The Byronic Man

Cradle of Filth

As lonely as a poet on the wall of Jericho
Or the moon without the comfort of the stars
I am loathe to know it that a man without a soul
Is nothing but a split canopic jar

I proved it, improved it
Drove a sonnet right through it
And in this state of bliss
Evil kissed with wet lips
Pen-filled fingertips
Which drew me, for through me
Illuminati usually pissed
But with words of some hurts worth
I threw a party that extended God's list

Exciting new flames that my fame would claim for me
Reciting back the almanac of travesties

They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manner
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch
In excess and in canto

Grown wild this child
Whole harems defiled
Faustina's and Mina's
Lady Libertine and her sisters between her

What spread of lies arise when lovers die
Which circle of hell is mine when I arrive?

They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch
Crow against the virgin snow

Grown colder, my shoulder
Like a boulder beside her
And bolder, not wiser
My dark seed took up root inside he
That mouldered, where older

Beddings would hold a passionate sigh
But laudanum and soda
Lord Numb coda
Merited a forest of inherited spite

Fleeing grief for foreign maps
I still played vampire aristocrat
Unloading my gun in hot, promiscuous laps

Then shooting swans in a gondola
I tripped my foot on a fallen star

And there's nothing like a mouthful of Venetian tar
To let you know just who you fucking are

Ville

The patron saint of heartache
You can't see my world is falling
The world is falling down
The patron saint of heartache
Can't see the world is falling
My world is falling down

Dani and Ville

Ever after, can they hear my laughter?
The patron saint of heartache
Never craft a better bed of disaster...
The patron saint of heartache

They call me bad
Made Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Taught in all debauch
In excess and in canto

They call me bad
Mad Caliban with manners
Dangerous to know
A passing fad
Whereupon I tell them
To go fuck their mothers
As so...
On my grave