

# The Cult of Venus Aversa

Cradle of Filth

I am She  
Lilith  
Mistress of the dark  
Of Sheba  
First offender  
And succour to demons  
Whose sweet seductions and wicked rites  
Lead all too enslaved by the flesh  
To trespass against God's holy law  
And tonight I come for you

Midnight strikes, the candles sputter  
Muttering their recking spells  
I snuff their tongues, my heart a-flutter  
These words i speak are gates to Hell

Casus belli  
In hoc signo vinces  
Veritas vos liberabit  
Casus belli  
In hoc signo vinces  
In aeternum, amen

The scent of death is rent  
In this ornamental verse  
In ventures down the centuries  
Tormenting me with secrets so anathema  
And now the fires grate  
I must relate, to end this curse  
I'll break through spires to escape my fate  
Am I too late or just perverse?

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So the blight begins  
Near the woodland of a frightened village  
Where the rites of unimaginable sin  
And the howling on the wind  
Chills the blood for fear of spillage

Where nightfall used to be  
Blessed with best tranquility  
Its no caressed by misadventure

Templars from the crusades  
Have birthed a church, more masquerade  
In which they worship mass dementia

They came from dust and flame  
By the Red Sea on dead shores  
fleeing claims of blasphemy

And bestiality  
Devils fed them back to us

Knights of holy wars, inviting hordes  
Of grim infidelities  
In the grip of cryptic lands  
And desert sands  
They found just cause

and midst their entourage  
Under stars  
They Bought relics and parts  
Of saints  
And evil left to clerics charge

With Muslim plunder they built their sect  
To the composite Baphomet  
An androgynous sphinx, open, erect  
Universal in its closet display

Spawn of Lilith and Samael  
First offender and the snake  
In thrall like pawns beneath its spell  
The templars grew to astute surrender  
Sabbatical, fanatical  
They Adorned its monstrous bur  
Whit a kings ransom of Easter jewels  
The embodiment of beast and lust

Many moons the proved the boom  
Of immutable beautiful  
Darkness ever-afters

Then one eve when the ancient trees  
Outside, drew back, unnerved  
The pleas form those impatient teased  
Something from the black beyond of nowhere

A stunning woman, summoned  
Comming scimitar-curved  
Statuesque, but living flesh  
Draping nakedness about their pagan saviours

She came Lilith, a perfect myth  
The scarlet whore  
Skinned in magnificence  
In her defense  
She only slew a few of theme

Born of a sacrifice, a virgins price  
For the merging with a Goddess  
She prowled the world again  
Enslaving man  
With the surging of her bodice

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