

The Seductiveness of Decay

Cradle of Filth

Silked like a ghost in infinite splendour
The moon illumines like a madness vendor
Lycaning hosts to a coarse surrender
Frightening most lest they offend her reign

Proletariat enslaved
In whoredom with Moloch
London run amok is Sodom bathed
In an eerie light and a sickening fog

This city is a beautiful spider
With a poison welling inside her
That subdues and loots her prey
A web to tarry souls compelling them to
Duly stray

Fantasmagoriana's on its way

This mist, carousing off the Thames
Its sallow tendrils bend
The will of many men
To morbid fascination

How, the full asylums howl
With madness on the prowl
And all the maidens bow
To the skeletal
Squalor King Cholera

Here the age grows more unholy
Careered, with fear
Beneath the veil of melancholia

Now the smoke stacks darken skies
The caress of death is on the rise
Its choking breath, romanticised
And dressed in gothic veneration

Funereal this bride
Wedded to the dead inside

Blackest magick, Whitechapel paved
Penny Bloods delight in
The tragic splay of rifled graves
And suicided spirit guides the circle is inviting

Evil dances under many guises
Pristine masks shadow terrible vices
Sins enhanced, Lucifer entices near

Here the age grows more unholy
Careered, with fear
Beneath the veil of melancholia

Now the smoke stacks darken skies
The caress of death is on the rise
Its choking breath, romanticised

And dressed in greatest expectations

Thin wings lay on the ground
Bound for the pound
Of the beckoning reckoning

Infatuation with the mysterious
Frights are writing better chapter and verse
Intoxication, hearts are not averse
To circus freaks and black waxworks

Those that the grace of God denied
Become divertissement to curb
The bitter taste from glittered lives
Modernity perturbs

Horror Victorianorum

Syphilitic, spiritualistic
Rot is set to stay

Horror Victorianorum

Phantasmogenic, psychogenic
Sotted minds are bled astray

(solo: Richard Shaw, Ashok)

Behind the grind of Imperialistic overkill
Industrious teeth sank deep into the red map
Workhouses, grist for Satanic treadmills
Spew offspring back intact
In fact far closer to collapse
And the pooling lamp of science in defiance of the Lord
Its hallowed tallow burning with discord
Is born of midnight trysts with Ressurrectionists
Body snatchers, child catchers
The Necropolis built on top of this
Is an Empire fit for ghouls

Is an Empire fit for ghouls

Here the age grows more unholier
Careered, with fear
Beneath the veil of melancholia

Now the smoke stacks darken skies
The caress of death is on the rise
Its choking breath, romanticised
And dressed in cloaked ambition
Aberration
A mourning nation cries