

# 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 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 gothic veneration

Funereal this bride  
Wedded to the dead insid

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 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 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

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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