

# The Smoke of Her Burning

Cradle of Filth

Earth and sea cower from my screams  
As I climb into the skies  
Atop sins towered heaven high for me  
From whence I see no reason why  
I should not smite with vengeance  
And hurl thieves down from paradise  
For storms before were as nothing more  
Than a breeze next to this night

I am Methuselah of the Tribulation  
The Moonchild come to harm  
A riot of stars shaken from their stations

The coking smoke of Jerusalem burning  
Six vices become wrath

And though half-blind with ravening  
Like Phineus now I see  
The end declared from the beginning  
Love won through My defeat

But now I fear I will never peer  
On Her radiance again  
I shall glimpse instead, the slurried red  
Of faces pressed to bloodstained panes

Betrayed and played by God  
Who alone but He  
Scapegraced and goated me?  
Now I wish to piss on His parade

Angels, clawed, with burnished wings  
Still loyal, kiss the seal  
Bent on knees and harrowing  
Promise overkill

Know that you shall die like whores  
And the cries of your writhings shall rise  
To please their Lord...  
So before the sword  
Side with me in slaughter

I am Methuselah of the Tribulation  
The Moonchild come to harm  
The spoken horns of desolation

Drink the pouring of my fury  
Those darkened waters spur  
The brink of war as judge and jury  
And rapist executioner  
Our time is short, the horsemen ride  
A foul-breathed chora howls, besides  
Damnation and a day has passed  
This divine right to genocide

Weld the gates to heaven shut  
The abyss leers in hissing ruts

Unhilt the black grimoire of death  
Inscribe all names that God has left

I lived the dream of nymph and men  
But now the nightmares come again

Now the nightmares come again...