

# The Spawn of Love and War

## Cradle of Filth

Poets racking absinthed brains  
Could never fully paint these nights  
No martyr parting from his pain  
Could utter words so erudite  
As those she now divulged to me  
In throes of passions grip  
Indulging latent fantasies  
That ran forked tongues along the lip

Of fate's pudenda  
The twisted snake's agenda  
Now the world would bend  
To her deadly legacy

Life's graveyard was waiting, such dizzying flight  
From the convent at All Hallows Fair  
Without contemplating, we fled through the night  
Too blood-drunk and cunt-sated to care

The Goddess had spoken  
And woken desire  
It crackled in the air around us  
A psychic force shimmering like fire

And on her breasts. that old necklace  
The one I snuck from the fucked Abbess  
Whose dirty little secret, other than me  
Now shone with bold intensity

Vast the power it possessed  
The darkness Brought to living flesh

This treasure was ancient, taken by force  
From an elite caste of priests in Delphi  
The Templars were patient, they stayed out the course  
Then fleeced their Greek hosts in their sleep

That necklace traversed  
Vile murders and miles worse  
But what was a curse  
To this perverse demoness?

Legend swore it was a gift of malice  
For the maiden Harmonia  
The illegitimate spawn of love and war  
Jealousy made it gleam for her  
For with it clasped, her looking glass  
Was ever beautiful and young  
But disaster choked her royal caste  
And every throat on which it hung  
There madness, death and horror clung

Immortalised in mortal guise  
She was a sight for blighted eyes  
A plague to gladly plagiarise  
And spread like red excited kisses

She was more than me  
More than wards  
Could fulfil in the parlance of the angels  
She cast a spell on every cell  
In my nobody  
She gave me back my tongue  
That she might run it on herself

She was Lilith. she was light  
I was but a parasite  
Beckoned to temptation  
In her velvet overtones  
Through frozen antics, dressed in white  
She led me into paradise  
Neath comets in ovation  
Like the Queen of winter, throned...

Pleasures archetypal  
Then much rarer agonies  
I was a sworn disciple  
Of her whims and dark decrees

In Europe's hair  
Her spies were everywhere  
A sylph amongst the filthy rich and debonair  
Her greater plan  
All chaos and the all of man  
For as she fed dark appetites  
She bred her children there

The spawn of love and war

Presiding over Hellfire clubs  
Arch-masons and Agharta

The spawn of love and war

She rode the beast. her legs apart  
A blazing pyre starter

Life's playground ealted, such dizzying sights  
And sensations ignited her grin  
As slaves celebrated her Satanic rites  
We climbed up to heaven in sin

She came to me  
As she will come to You  
Intoxicating in her seduction  
Her siren sway. devastating voodoo

Persistent, resistance is useless, fool  
To this Goddess, in lust she's cruel

Beyond any measure, her pleasures will found  
A perverted Eden on sacred ground

vast the power I caressed  
The darkness brought to vivid flesh  
And in it she now rules a cowered universe