

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

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Presiding over Hellfire clubs
Arch-masons and Agharta

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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