

Tonight in Flames

Cradle of Filth

"I will give to drink without cost,
From the spring of the water of life.
He who overcomes will inherit all this...
And I will be his God... and he will be my son."

When contrary winds blow across the sands
Their murmurs can be easily swayed
But when storms quicken one cannot placate
The howling of their murderous rages

Winged seraphim hold love's trembling hand
Beside our waiting graves
As war roars about our precious land
Seeking cause to subjugate

Tonight in flames
Tonight the world will fear our names
Tonight in flames
Stay my feeble heart
Our deaths will be the start
Of something glorious and vain
Tonight in flames

There is no fanaticism as virile as faith
To the blind his words are clear
"Suffer not the infidel! Suffer not the infidel!
Assure your place in paradise here"

Winged seraphim hold love's trembling hand
Beside her tiny grave
I will avenge her, do or damned
Her sacred mother did the same

I went to see her dance one day
In a play by a wailing wall
Now she is gone
But the song lives on
Zealous and maniacal

The Eastern sword must fall

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Of something glorious and vain
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