

## 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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