You Will Know the Lion by His Claw

Cradle of Filth

Purring, the sweet-tempered soughing
Of lucrative savannah wind
Stirs the great flotsam of clouds that are vowing
To usher the evening in
Affecting the set of the reckoning sun
From burnished gold to crimson hue
Before this night is quite sorely undone
The Devil is coming for you

Like a ghost haunting the darkness
Stalking the veldt
Where many kings were felled
A savage growling rakes this grassy vastness
Halting you in the tracks you've laid
To rule this fulsome world

Now silent as a wisp of smoke Terror grips you by the throat

You will know the lion by his claw
Mistaking fake demeanour
Was your first and fatal flaw
Never will the hunter
Ever be the hunted
Here or evermore
Taking my arena
Brought this courted slaughter to your door

I am nature's great restorer
First order Carnivora
Fate and foe, no time to implore
Mercy for she has fled
Tail tucked between her legs
Circled prey, recant and beg
To me alone, this powder keg
Of teeth and jaws together
In a riot of adventure

I am Leonine and ten commandments $\mbox{\ensuremath{\text{Cut}}}$ deep for your death

Damnatio ad bestias

Through limitless whispering seas
Of redolent tropical plains
Whereupon mystery's blistery frieze
A silvering gibbous moon reigns
Aggressive, obsessive to snuff out your lights
I come a cold virulent grue
Blighting your guides and delighting inside
On the pride that is tiding for you

As a beast feasting its hunger Under this spell Rifles and fire shall not repel Industrious machinations rent asunder No miring me in traps well-laid I'll not pale to unveil my Hell

You will know the lion by his claw

This violence is a plague of flame Licking the brush to flush out game A bellow of rage caged in yellow eyes Sees evil life seized, unleashed reprisal

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Mistaking fake demeanour
Was your first and fatal flaw
Never will the hunter
Ever be the hunted
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Taking my arena
Brought this courted slaughter to your door

You will know the lion by his claw Now hear the growing thunder roar

Damnatio ad bestias

The walls of brackish thorn have fallen Batterfang and chaos Quick to marshal, maul the fools Who stand by shattered loss

Your shadow scatters westward Toward the fleeing stars As a new dawn feeds upon the skies Hearldic, rampant, battle-scarred

Damnatio ad bestias