

Yours Immortally...

Cradle of Filth

Bedight, this pre-aestival
Festival drew darkly near
And our delight at its festival
Was a roar to rival loosed Fenrir

Let the Hellish celebrations begin
Ragnarok is rolling, magma abrim
The blackest mass the Brocken has ever seen
Invoking Loki, smoking the red weed

We listen to the Glorification
Of Chernobog in a fog of elation
Denial is the vilest form of blasphemy

Standing on the cliffs that kiss burning winds
We are risen together
Brazen, exalting, a hiss of triumph rings
I am yours
...Yours immortally

Tonight the rites are right for raising spirits on
The Devil's Pulpit, The Witches Altar
The dead will dance macabre
To Chaos Magick psalters

A heavy thunder shadowing lightning
Forged for Judgement Day
Announces greater wonder, citing
Heralds on the starry way

And I held you like St Vitus
As the Sabbat Incept to play
Before the fever swelled to bite us
And we were swept to waylay
May Day

Standing on the cliffs that kiss burning winds
We are rising together
Brazen, exalting, a hiss of triumph rings
I am yours
...Yours immortally

Only those tortured
Could profess such festive scenes
And melodies
Of raucous wrought debauchery

No arthritic, sullen Goya
For this fresh Walpurgis Eve
Our flesh it breathes
Full of fantastic symphonies

Witness the fires reflected in infernal eyes
That blaze, alive
Eternal ties
Have trussed amazing lusts together

Procession, banquet, black mass, orgy

If our world were to cease right now
In the midst of this
Wide naked bliss, these started scared vows
I would break the universe in two
Just to side with you
To face the jealous heavens down

Excite the terse miscarriage
Of first light that thirsts to slay
This night versed with the marriage
Of you and I
And all who dare to stray