

# Cradle of Filth, Babalon A.D.

I bled on a pivotal stretch  
Like a clockwork Christ  
Bears sore stigmata, bored

And as I threw Job, I drove  
Myself to a martyred wretch  
To see if I drew pity  
Or pretty litanies from the Lord

So the plot sickened  
With the coming of days  
Ill millennia thickened  
With the claret I sprayed  
And though they saw red  
I left a dirty white stain  
A splintered knot in the grain  
On Eden's marital aid

So glad for the madness(x2)

I walked the walls naked to the moon  
In Sodom and Babylon  
And through rich whores and corridors  
Of the Vatican  
I led a sordid Borgia on

I read the Urilia text  
So that mortals wormed  
As livebait for the dead

And as I broke hope, I choked  
Another Pope with manna peel  
Dictating to DeSade  
In the dark entrails of the Bastille  
And as He wrote, I smote  
A royal blow to the heads of France  
And in the sheen of guillotines  
I saw others, fallen, dance

I was an incurable  
Necromantic old fool  
A phagadaena that crawled  
Drooling over the past  
A rabid wolf in a shawl  
A razor's edge to the rule  
That the stars overall  
Were never destined to last

So glad for the madness(x2)

I furnaced dreams, a poet, foe of sleep  
Turning sermons with the smell  
On Witchfinder fingers  
Where bad memories lingered  
Burning, as when Dante  
Was freed to map Hell

I sired schemes and the means  
To catch sight of the seams  
And the vagaries inbetween...

And midst the lips and the curls  
Of this cunt of a world  
In glimpses I would see

A nymph with eyes for me

Eyes of fire that set all life aflame  
Lights that surpassed art  
In sight , that no intense device of pain  
Could prise their secrets from my heart

I knew not Her name  
Though her kiss was the same  
Without a whisper of shame  
As either Virtue or Sin's  
And pressed to Her Curve  
I felt my destiny swerve  
From damnation reserved  
To a permanent grin...

So glad for the madness(x2)