

Cradle of Filth, Necromantic Fantasies

Lovecraft the day
Bend it to Wyrd ways
Life wends, a masquerade
Where nothing is forever
Save the grave
And our desire burning

Look about us now, unbowed
The world is furled in tragedy
And outed from the madding crowd
Hurdles bless our destiny

When the moon is full
And the wolves howl in the forest
Would you take my hand
And lead us both on our dark adventure
Would we share our dreams
Those necromantic fantasies
So could we ever be
Apart, when our hearts align like thunder

Do what thou wilt
Never got their guilt
Death purrs with a sombre lilt
Precious hours
As sylph and Filth
Are built on borrowed time

So let us fly
Twin spirits joined as one inside
And countless devils honor damnation
We shall revel in our won salvation
Before we die
Before high judgement
Coems crashing hingt
Let's seat our fates together
On the throne of Paradise