

## Presents from the poison-hearted - 1/2

Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.

Reigning at the feast of Phantasia  
Heightened pleasures were endeavoured to bow  
Before My coronation and vocal aspirations  
To rule this fool creation fallen 'neath me now

I knew deep eyes  
Of a distant Christ  
Were scarred from afar under starry lustre

Sighting my recitals on the rites of vice  
Perverting Virtue  
Enslaving grace  
Behind the glittering mask of pride  
Saving face finding thorns to pierce His side

Desire, the fire  
Spread hell throughout my soul  
And higher the wire  
The more I sought control

Straining from the leash in exultation  
Head to the wind to breathe with ravenous lungs  
The global scent of fornication  
A writhe of many vipers deciphering tongues

I whispered schemes to dreamers then  
To pursue an Eden  
That screamed of me supreme again  
As my world bloomed  
So too the moon  
Through Adam to Seth, Enos, Cainan  
Mahalaleel and Jared blew  
Perverting virtue  
Enslaving grace  
Behind the slippery guise of lies  
Saving face making waves to drown their faith

Messiahs, Pariahs  
Aeons reversed the two  
This higher, their spires  
The more cursed grew their roots  
And suffering...

I swept cruel seas  
On the galley of the shadow of death

A fist in the cunt of the spread horizon

## Presents from the poison-hearted - 2/2

A kiss for the sun risen red once dines on  
The coast of Menses

Discharged from celestial wombs  
A first degree murder of ravens  
Followed in fugue through the crack of doom

The Goat of Mendes  
I set regime  
In the galley of the shadow of death...

Angels in raiments  
As pure as coal  
Taking their payments  
In tortured mortal souls  
A bold direction  
The abyss edge  
But on cold reflection  
One they warmed to nonetheless

As they preyed the paths of the righteous  
Through the myth of thistled orchard floors  
Bearing gifts of plenitude, for  
The apples of the Lord were rotten to the core

Temptation, my ambassador

Attila, Hesiod, Pharisees and Nero  
All begged of Me for more

Down dark steps of history  
I waged war with a heaven  
I could not see...  
Beyond my wildest fantasies

Throwing sixes over deadly sin  
I traded whose who played to win  
Skin for precious kin...  
And that that wormed within

Staining the reams of revelation  
Etching ever-afters in accursed verse  
The limpid rags of resurrection  
From papal parapets were to dirt dispersed  
Desire, the flyers  
Spread hell throughout their souls  
And higher the fire  
The more I held control