## Babalon a.d. (so glad for the madness) - 1/2

## Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.

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 know in the grain On Eden's marital aid

So glad for the madness

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 shawl A razor's edge to the rule That the stars overall Were never destined to last

## Babalon a.d. (so glad for the madness) - 2/2

So glad for the madness

I furnaced dreams, a poet, for 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