

## Doberman pharaoh - 1/2

**Interprété par Cradle Of Filth.**

To and fro, through freeze and thaws  
From zenith to nadir  
The universal tug of war  
Saw lines drawn in the sands appear  
Divisions of a promised land  
And Hell for those that dwelt  
Beneath a Pharaoh's granite hand  
Where death wed something else

Millennia swam passed  
Since the covenanted Ark  
Ran aground on Ararat...

But anew, tempered shadows grew  
Out of Midian, strewing fear  
Over verdant lawns, the resurgent storms  
Led a desert son to sear

From the palace orchard I espied...  
(Where swooning trees and moonless beams vied  
For the painted eye of the royal bride  
Whose gliding curves were deified)  
...beyond Her grace where love would die  
Wretched destiny arrive

Back and forth the prophet came  
Riddled with a tongue of plagues  
That would render might Egypt lame  
If the rage of God stayed unassuaged...  
I listened with a heavy heart  
But unveiled to the threats  
This Hebrew in a jackal's mask  
Would dredge into effect

Thenceforth the Nile reddened  
As if Set stretched His hand  
To beset the damned

And bruised with flies  
The skies grew leadened

But these miracles, feared  
Were all but reared  
By nature, whose law alone  
Stood that revered

This hysteria passed, but still the mark

## Doberman pharaoh - 2/2

Of Yahveh burned on in the dark

One final time, on the steps to the shrine

Of Thoth, I twined with fate

"Let my people go"

"Still my word is no"

"Then Death shall be the deciding plague"

Since the crimes divine I left behind

I'd warred with every tribe that plied

In holy vestment, but with time

Bored sore of clawing what was mine

I laid my bones and made my throne

With a view to paradise

Thenceforth the heavens deafened

As if great beasts

Were unleashed to feast on man

And with carrion span

Michael was weaponed

To descend with scorn

A dark reform

Through Pi-Ramses

Skinning mine and Her firstborn

Thus suspiria passed each sacred mark

Of Yahveh, bleeding in the dark

With nauseous dawn, a cry, forlorn

Unified from plazas deep

The prophet's curse

Far worse had worked

To wrest the war in me from sleep

Drowned in light, a downward light

Bathed the snaking exodus

Through the wilderness

As the Aeons crept

Impressed with fresh bloodlust