

Black Smoke Curling from the Lips of War

Cradle of Filth

Drunk off the wine of her mass fornication
She sits astride turbulent seas
Her poisoned cunt harbor to deep fascination
Nations in thrall to the Great Harlot Babylon

She is desire
Free, swathed in dark ecstasies
She will not tire
Bathe in her fire, the Great Harlot Babylon

I have loved her stars too deliciously
To be fearful of the consequences

Judgements, hellbent
On vengeful wing
Descend to swell her cemeteries

Her orchids unfurl as bureaucracy moulders
Sweet opiates further the dream
The fate of the world on her silk-caressed shoulders
Scarlet this woman, the Great Harlot Babylon

She breeds acceptance
Of greed and hypocrisy
Decreed is the sentence
Her prophetic downfall
Unheeded by everyone

I have drunk of her fruits too viciously
To turn my face from her desecration

From foreign shores come the claws to rend her
To burn it all, this opulent splendor
And cast her down in naked surrender
Back to the spurn of the fall

The sins of the earth have spread out her vines
Eastern at birth, now she westers the vespertine
Festers and shines there

The scent of her fragrances hung like a noose
Upon Eden's forbidden tree
The Mother Of Exile, beguiling and loose
Tongued like a serpent, the Great Harlot Babylon

She is desire
Free, swathed in grave liberties
She will not tire
Bathe in her fire, the Great Harlot Babylon

Her putrescence blazes, deep mystery Babylon

And though the skies
In tumult, agonise
She still swaggers in the shadow
Of the towers aimed at God

Black smoke curling from the lips of warfare
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See, false cathedral
She feeds this evil
Regime with the fecal
So flee from her, people

For freed, the primeval
Will bleed her steeples dry in every way
Idolatress, Ishtar, mistress
Shalt suffer a painful, shameful death
Her soul disgorged
And then be left with nothingness