

# Rise of the Pentagram

## Cradle of Filth

One dark afternoon  
Like a shadow I flew  
Through the rain that fell sick with lament  
To this house of incest  
For when we undressed  
Blasphemies against Venus were rent  
Though a sister removed  
Her white body approved  
The parade of my heavenly quests  
Yet, all tongues are not true  
Some are forked or askew  
Like an uncivil serpent's at best  
For ousted from Eden  
I fausted all reason  
Hook in mouth like Saint Peter Pan  
To haunt fairy groves  
And hot virgin coves  
Where in the promiscuous swam  
I elected lovers and rejected others  
Mathistrisses that don't give a damn  
But for those that still do  
My deep interest grew  
The rise of the true pentagram!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>