

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

# From The Cradle To Enslave

Par Cradle Of Filth

*Album : Live Bait For The Dead (Disk 1)*

This is From the cradle to enslave

Two thousand fattened years like maniacs

Have despoiled our common grave

Now what necrophagous second coming

Backs from the cradle to enslave?

Sickle constellations

Stud the belts that welt the sky

Whilst the bitter winter moon

Prowls the clouds, dead-eyed

Shifting parent flesh, silk matricide

Watchful as she was upon eden

Where every rose arbour and orchard she swept

Hid the hissing of a serpent libido

In an ancient tryst with catastrophe

Soon hear that hissing now on the breeze

As through the plundered groves of the carnal garden

A fresh horror blows but ten billion souls

Are blind to see the rotting wood for the trees

This is the theme to a bitter armageddon

Nightchords rake the heavens

Pandaemonaeon

What use are prayers to that God?

As devils bay concensus for the space to piss

On your smouldering faith

And the the mouldering face

Of this world long a paradise lost

**This is the end of everything**

(Hear the growing chora that a new dawn shall bring)

Dance macabre 'neath the tilt of the zodiac

Now brighter stars shall reflect on our fate

What sick activities will be freed when those lights burn black?

The darkside of the mirror always threw our malice back

I see the serpentine in your eyes

The nature of the beast as revelations arrive

Our screams shall trail to angels

Damned in flames repay

All sinners lose their lot on judgement day

We should have cut our losses as at calvary

But our hearts like heavy crosses held the vain belief

Salvation, like a promised nation

Gleamed a claim away

This is the end of everything you have ever known

Buried like vanquished reason

Death in season

Driven like the drifting snow

Peace, a fragile lover, left us fantasising war

On our knees or another fucker's shore

Heiling new flesh

To a crooked cross and a holy cause

What else be whipped to frenzy for?

**This is the end of everything**

Old adversaries, next of Eve

Now they're clawing back

I smell their cumming as through webbed panes of meat

Led by hoary death, they never left

Dreaming sodomies

We've bled upon our knees

Tablatures of gravel law

Shall see Gehennah paved

When empires fall and nightmares crawl

From the, from the cradle to enslave

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