Shat Out Of Hell

Cradle Of Filth

Eclipsing violent centuries like a dark scar over France
Enter the nascent Gilles de Rais
A warrior and a scholar, he fought for Joan of Arc
Before she met with martyrdom in flames
Far from fairytale a deaths head on his sail
A light that would not fail beneath her spell
But the crucifix was veiled when his decadence prevailed
In a drench of red regaled he was shat out of hell, shat out of hell
Frozen in iniquity, a passion for awe in an age of grief
His wealth and power led him on to the tainted gates of Babylon
Born beneath the howling stars in a shower of golden Lys
A wolf cub with the world between his saber teeth
Torn between extremes of faith, the pious and the priests
He fed the devil children like he fed his mastiffs
Far from fairytale the coffin and the nail
Descending to the pale under the spell
Of alchemists who failed to clench the menstrual grail
In a drench of red regaled he was shat out of hell, shat out of hell
Grown so morbid without war, the wine corrupted, nightmares spored
His Lord's betrayal played no more, he beat upon the devil's door
Demanding pleasures to replace Joan of Arc, her epic grace
Had set aflame his wolf heart with her truth
And when she died, his life of pride was lost to God and in his crimes
He turned to raising Satan with the proof
Soon nightly, unsightly offerings were made on a vulgar altar
And slowly, but surely the darkness answered like a falling star
Far from fairytale insanity exhaled
A full blown winter gale under it's spell
Innocents assailed were entered and impaled
In a drench of red regaled he was shat out of hell, shat out of hell
Perverse, seductive, cruel as sin, an egotist, he mourned
Both war and glory, schooled to win whatever bored imagination spawned

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