

Cradle of Filth, Shat out of Hell

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 death's 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 sabre teeth
Torn between extremes of faith
The pious and the priests
He fed the Devil children like he threw his mastiffs meat
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 wolfheart 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