

# Celtic Frost, Into The Crypt Of Rays

Years of plead, behind the walls  
Chambers and vaults, Scenes of fright  
Unspoken Words, in pain and dread  
140 lives passed his hands

Gilles de Rais... the perverted son  
The holy man... hanged by nobility  
Into The Crypts of Rays...

Alluring children for his masses  
Robbing and buying young souls  
Sacrifice to morbid demons  
Satisfy his repulsive sexual lust

Gilles de Rais... the perverted son  
The holy man... hanged by nobility  
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"So this is for the morbid one,  
The braveless and sick  
Shivering laughter shrilled through the tombs  
Sexual offense and perverted rites  
Watching them limp and die...  
Wizards and darkness, Gilles' dreams  
Halfway came true..."

As a late medieval's French marshall  
Unrestrained, with endless ambitions  
Personal guard for Jeanne D'Arc  
...the rising of his soul to god...

Gilles de Rais... the perverted son  
The holy man... hanged by nobility  
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Overdone Mysticism and  
Desperate Satanism (Ha!)  
Are just one small step apart  
There's no human scheme in the beyond...

Gilles de Rais... the perverted son  
The holy man... hanged by nobility  
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