Cradle of Filth, Ten Leagues Beneath Contempt

Awaking in a sweat Forsaking pleasure for regret Another night of blight had slowly passed The morning skies once fresh and bright Darkened down to near twilight Once could smell the end of days were coming fast

Gilles wandered as in purgatory Beyond the grave of his estate Neither Heaven, Hell or peasantry Were present save projected hatred

He knew suspicion, he felt derision And fear like a sharpened stake Pierced his heart, and now the start Of his unknitting began to take

Vain glorious, a Lord, devout? He thought his soul exempt From guilt and doubt, there's no way out Ten leagues beneath contempt

Awaking in a sweat Forsaking pleasure for regret His choired chapel sighed with his laments As accusations reached a roar Investigations breached the door He put up nothing save his favours in defense

The Church stirred in it's Roman lair The grease had long been spent Now all tongues spat at Tiffauges there Ten leagues beneath contempt

[Gilles de Rais:] "Alas, I was happier in the enjoyment of tortures, tears, fright, and blood Than in any other pleasure"

Just one falter One misplaced deed And Gilles would be undone As he teetered on the verge of defeat

Profaning God's altar Bursting in on evening Mass He threatened there to crucify the priest

Drunk on fiery wine With the storm lashing behind He then threw this Philistine To his foulest dungeon

And money owed or not The Priest released or left to rot His blatant sacrilege begot A war machine of papal Rome

They came for him in mourning splendor With the blessing of the Saints His fawning grin in sweet surrender A lesson in enforced restraint

He knew suspicion, he felt derision And fear like a sharpened stake

Pierced his heart, and now the start Of his unknitting began to take

He thought courts bought with golden crowns Rich Bishops he could tempt But traitor's gate was sought and found Ten leagues beneath contempt

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