Cradle of Filth, The Death Of Love

"Gilles de Rais monologue: "
"""Her penultimate sighs
Called softly on the kindling wind
Her saintly eyes filling with tears
Lifting with truth

And then, a golden flash like the onset of Heaven
Leaving her screams breaking my heart
And in the grip of fire I knew the death of love"""

Where will you be they tense for warfare?
What will you see with your innocent stare?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be they tense for warfare?

Where will you be when God is glorifying?
There we will be between the dead and dying
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when God is calling for me?

Prophecies of glory forge a massive disdain
For lying passive in the shadows whilst the enemy reigns
Devoted to the votive, holy standard above
By command of the king of Heaven
Came the death of... love

Where will you be when they're vilifying?
How will they see when the truth is blinding?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when they vilify me?

Where will you be when the dark is rising?
How will you keep from its terrorizing?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when the dark is rising?

Burning was the sunset like a portent of doom
On the saintly iron maiden as she fell from her wound

But visions and ambition
Never listened to submission
And she was on a mission from the highest above
To Lord upon the slaughter
Like a sword through hissing water
She arose where archers sought her
For the death, the death of love

The righteous death of love

Gilles adored her drama
Her suit of pure white armor
Blazed against the English in a torrent of light

And as they rallied onto night
A cancer fled his soul
Dissolving

Framed amidst the thick of fire
Aflame, a Valkyrie
She made him click without desire
And in his eyes she swam a Goddess

And even when they caught her breath
Her words would leave a scar

"For only in the grip of darkness
Will we shine amidst the brightest stars"

How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?
How will you know if the sky is burning?
Where will you be my darling?
How will you breathe when their wheels are turning?

Where will you be when Babel builds my fire?
Will you not flee and label me pariah?
Where will you be my darling?
Where will you be when they light my pyre?

Aligned with Joan in all that was enthroned and divine
He swore to score the crimes
Jackdaws poured on this dove
Crimes he knew alone derived from minds of the blind
The church unfurled for murder perched upon the death of love

Framed amidst the thick of fire
Aflame, a Valkyrie
She claimed the sky was lit with spires
And in his eyes she swam a Goddess

And even when she fought, for breath
Her words would leave a scar

"For only in the grip of darkness
Will we shine amidst the brightest stars"