

Morbid Glory (gilles De Rais 1404-1440)

Ancient Rites

As a hero into battle
At the side of Joan of Arc
Glorious Marshalls of France
Gilles de Rais
You were the one to insult
An important priest
Never afraid to face the enemy
However when the night longs
For Him shadows on the wall
Reflect scenes which cannot
Bare the light of day
Appreciating aesthetic art and Alchemy
But the most vile thoughts
And desires poison his mind
As a true Emperor of Lust
Raping and slaughtering little boys,
Like a romance of Death kissing
A decapitated Child's head
But his end was approaching
(So was) Execution but no fear
He showed as (once) into battle