

# Shat Out of Hell

## Cradle of Filth

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 Faerytale  
A deathshard in 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 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 faerytale  
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

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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 faerytale  
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

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Perverse, seductive, cruel as skin  
An egotist, he mourned  
Both war and glory, schooled to win  
Whatever bored imagination spawned.