

# Grandier's Funeral Pyre

Elvenking

A blissful maid has pierced my heart  
She's feasted on my soul  
A banquet made of flesh and bone  
So I was dethroned  
Like kings without shields and swords  
Like bards without their chords  
Now call the Ravens, light the fire  
To rot in hell my curse

Besieged by the flames - By the church declaimed  
Unholy will - Pagan I die, as a pagan I lived

The sons of Grandier bade command  
Hither to bring all the people from afar  
The rich, the poor and the sick were gathered  
Countless quite! As the priest was a hero to their eyes  
The wood smoke rose black over blaze  
And blend was the roar of the fires in the sky  
In heavy mood, misery they moaned  
As the sky was devoured by the funeral pyre

"Mephistopheles bring wrath  
Upon the ones who insult and stain the name of God  
with vileness and greed  
Upon the ones who torture and their cursed breed"

Before Decay's abismal fingers  
Brush against my brow  
And sweep the lines where beauty lingers  
I will pledge my vow  
Of all the villains claimed to live  
In chastity and need  
"A thousand times into the fire"  
The oath I now decree

Besieged by the flames - By the church declaimed  
Unholy will - Pagan I die, as a pagan I lived

A false diabolical pact was written  
In the name of Grandier and all the spawn of Hell  
"The love of women, the flower of virgins  
The respect of Kings, honors, lust and charming spells"  
"He will join us in our crusade  
And sin by sin he'll become the Devil's blade"  
In noble mood, dignity he owned  
As the sky was devoured by the funeral pyre

(Guitar solo: Raphael)

His eyes were fiery and yet so hollow  
Sixteen pints of water he was forced to swallow  
But he did not kneel, and vauntingly swore:  
"In thy gaze I see the eyes of Satan"

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Les Démons de Loudun