

## **Ancient Rites** **"Morbid Glory"**

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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

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