

Into The Crypt Of Rays

Cradle of Filth

Years of plead, behind the walls
Chambers and vaults, Scenes of fright
Unspoken Words, in pain and dread
140 lives passed his hands

Gilles De Ray's...
The perverted son
The holy man...
Into Crypts of Rays...
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Alluring children for his masses
Robbing and buying young souls
Sacrifice to morbid demons
Satisfy his repulsive sexual lust

Gilles De Ray's...
The perverted son
The holy man...
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"So this is for the morbid one,
The braveless and sick
Shivering laughter shrilled through the tombs
Sexual offence and perverted rites
Watching them limp and die...
Wizards and darkness, Gilles' dreams
Halfway came true..."

As a late medieval's French marshall
Unrestrained, with endless ambitions
Personal guard for Jeanne D'Arc
...the rising of his soul to god...

Gilles De Ray's...
The perverted son
The holy man...
Into Crypts of Rays...
Into Crypts of Rays...
Into Crypts of Rays...

Overdone Mystism and
Desperate Satanism
Are just one small step apart
There's no human scheme in the beyond...