

Bathory

"Baptised In Fire And Ice"

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Fire and ice
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Born a son of Nordic tribe
Early spring morning I arrived
When sails were set, the ships all done
To sail with wind a waves for long

Down foreign shores across great waters
Many hundred miles from home
This half a year deep frozen land
Were I on this morning was born

Proudly my Father took me in
His arms and walked outside
Where for the first time
Light struck my newborn child

Even though told when older
I can almost recall the scene
When he held me high up towards
The most beautiful sky ever seen

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Oh, with gentle hands he did sway me
Over the flames to strengthen and purify
Oh, with loving words he dab me
With springs last snow for cleansing me his child

I grew and learned respectfully
The earth, wind, water and the sky
The powers that decided the weather
And rules both the dark and light

I heard the voices of the spirits
Of the forest call my name

I saw the hammer way up high
'Cause lightning in the rain

Watching crystal flakes
Of falling snow on winter nights
Uniting with the pure white flames dance
When reaching for the sky

Brings me back to the morning this world
First heard my battle cry
Gently swayed above the flames
And cleansed with snow and ice

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Oh, having it with me
From the first day of my life
Oh, I always carry them within me
The powers of fire and ice

Now I pass unto thee
My son what was given to me

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Oh, I always carry them with me
The powers of fire and ice

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