

## **Bathory**

# **"Blood On Ice"**

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The old crows cry the first warning  
The rumbling frozen ground the last  
Hooves thundering on the three feet snow  
The icy dawn yet to begin  
"Bursting through the icy morning  
four times five black shadows a horse.  
Seel glimmering in the awakening sun's light.  
And blood colours the white snow red.  
Cries echoes through the dark deep woods.  
Open wounds steam in the cold morning air.  
And the new day was greeted with a burden  
both raped and dead."  
Long golden scalps hung by the old twin headed  
beasts standard black  
Women and children brought far north into the land of  
no turning back  
The burning village speared by the wind across the  
tundra  
Cry old Crow cry  
Long tall beautiful people fallen lifeless to the ground  
Headless scattered still graceful bodies  
Blood coloured the white snow all around  
Through the dark deep woods to the mountains  
towering to the sky  
The wind carries the quest for revenge  
and the tale of Blood on Ice

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