

Bathory

"Dreaming of Atlantean Spires"

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All witches fly to me...

I have torn the veil of dreams,
Enraptured by (the gleam of) moon-frost's caress,
My heart is held in icy thrall,
The horned moon's sweet enchantment,
The topaz throne is beckoning,
The jewelled sword awaits my grasp,
The dreaming gods now grimly brood in
The silence of atlantean spires.
The sky is black with chaos-fiends,
Spellcraft rides with witch-storm's wings,
Beneath the vaults of time-lost tombs,
Sorcerers summon the shadow-kings.

All witches fly to me!

Witch of heather, moor and sea,
Come lay with me as twilight falls,
Grant me the black elven sword
And the draught of immortality,
The scent of night about your flesh,
Enfold me in this mist of lace,
Your lips grow red by candlelight,
My beloved is raven-tressed.
The sky is black with chaos-fiends,
Spellcraft rides the witch-storm's wings,
Beneath the vaults of time-lost tombs,
Sorcerers summon the shadow-kings.

And now the blossoms fade,
Lost within your dark eyes (I drown within those ebon
eyes)
The sweetest tears I taste (glistening upon your lips),
This ichor of your kisses...

Weave thy dark spells,
'neath the bright moon,
Witch-fire is glimmering through
Sunken marble halls.

The black gate opens...

Blood sates the ebon blade...

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