

## **Bathory**

# **"Massacre"**

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Down the vast hills in morning mist cold  
Into the peaceful deep valley below  
Twothousand stallions foaming with hate  
Carrying their masters towards their fate  
Into the battle they ride  
Twothousand men too young to die  
Massacre...

Coming from each side prepared for attack  
Covered in dustclouds now there is no turning back  
Once so peaceful valley echoes with cries  
Cascades of blood and brains as the midday sun rise  
Under a bloodred sky  
None will live to face the night  
Massacre...

Amidst the scattered limbs dead bodies finally comes  
to peace  
While the stench of blood grows strong in the mild  
midday breeze  
Circling the sky the vultures wait to play their part  
To descend of wings of death and feast from human  
hearts  
The battle is lost still someone always wins  
And now they descend on death's black wings  
Massacre...

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