

# Bathory

## "Ode"

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When I'm gone and my time had come to shut these  
eyes of mine  
No stones must be erected I will leave but ash behind  
Tell no tales about me when you gather around your  
fire  
I'll be one with mother earth not dining in no hall up  
high

I have no master I swear no oath  
The gods may pass me by  
I steer the horse I choose to mount  
When the storm draws near and the blood rain from  
the sky

One life hardly a notch made in the bark of tree of time  
One death hardly a drop of blood on the reapers shiny  
scythe  
I take not a thing with me where I will go on the day I  
die  
When my star has ceased to shine, but in a shallow  
hole I'll lie I'll lie  
Nobody died for my sins  
No faith tied to my name  
The path I choose to walk is mine  
When the clouds turn red and the horizon as in flames

My blood my heart my soul my hands my feet  
My hair and eyes my head my lips and teeth  
My arms my legs my cock my choice and life  
My loungs my mind till the day I die

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