

Bathory

"The Revenge Of The Blood On Ice"

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Fifteen years have passed
Every day the woods have cried
The words of vengeance and revenge

The gods have watched him day and night
By the northern stars bright light
Growing stronger, coming nearer

Upon a steed as white as snow
He is riding through this land
Of no return

His hair blowing in the wind
A sword in his hand
And his eyes they burn

Guide me, my ravens
Find my the way through the woods and snow
Let your eyes be mine seeking for the valley of death
Come this far, I am willing to face the twin-headed
beast's breath

Let your wings be my heart
In the air, black as night
I have steel at side
Powers of thunder the god's with me ride

I trust in my ravens watching from above
Black as night, swift as lightning
And graceful as the doves

I trust in my stallion, born by the wind
Taking me through the valley
Where this world ends and the shadows begin

I trust in my sword forged in fire and ice
It's sharp blade shall be baptized in blood
As I take the beast's life

Cry, old crow, cry

Come out of the darkness you beast of hell, face me

Out on this field of moonlit snow
I will not be deterred by your ugliness
Before my sword your two heads will roll

I will not let my sword rest until it's steel
Has song for your ugly twin heads
I'll wipe the sweat off my face with your bloody scalps
And watch your four eyes telling me that you're dead

Gathering speed, charging forward
Collision is close now
The swords are drawn, held high
They flash in the pale blue moonlight

Aiming at throats bare
The moment is so near
The time seems to halt for a while
Even the stars in the sky hold their breath

This is the moment of glory or death
The moment to maim or to be put to rest

So close now I almost can hear the black blood
In the beast's thick veins pumping
I am swinging my sword
May the god's be with me

I ride out through the vast portals of hell
I swing my sword in the air
And the dead beast's two bloody scalps
Attached to a spear

Now is come the moment for me to set free
Those, a long time ago, brought far north
By the twin-headed beast

On that daybreak when the old crow did cry
That hard winter when I, still a child

By my father was told of a hall way
Above the clouds
Gates open wide for the one
Who dies with sword in hand

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