

# Bathory

## "The Sword"

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This sword of steel that I hold in my hand  
Ore of this mountain. A sword of this land.  
Made for a king when the elders were young.  
To guard us and to guide us in an age since long gone.  
A sword to protect the peace in troubled times.  
A sword made to battle and to take a life.  
This sword is the backbone of the life that I know.  
Here among the mountains and snow.  
This sword will be one with me. Body and soul.  
All of me will be delivering each blow.  
Slung on my back. Oh it's powers I feel.  
I can hardly wait to try it's steel.  
A sword to protect the peace in troubled times.  
A sword made to battle and to take a life.  
This sword is the backbone of the life that I know.  
Here among the mountains and snow.  
Behold it's sharp beauty. Just look at it's shine.  
This sword was forged in fire and ice.  
This sword is the backbone of the life that I know.  
Here among the mountains and snow.  
Now I am ready  
To let this old sword sing again.  
Atop a snowcovered hill...  
Just before sunset...  
["Waiting atop a snowcovered hill, the two standing  
silent, facing the]  
[sunset in the west. The one eyed old man mumbling  
strange words into the]  
[cold air. The haze spreading fast across the purple  
and blue vault. The]  
[winds taking up speed, bending the trees down the  
valley, throwing the snow]  
[crystals up and against the mountainside into gigantic  
sparkling clouds]  
[high in the sky. The voice of the one eyed old man  
becoming stronger. The]  
[words now spoken with increased intensity as if he  
was calling someone or]  
[something. And so a hazy white figure appears on the  
horizon, blazing]  
[across the sky with the speed of the winds... a part of  
the wind. A horse]

[as white as snow,

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