

Bathory

"The Woodwoman"

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Resting by my fire.Looking deep into its flames
My mind must have been somewhere else
Far beyond these plains
I am suddenly aware of a pair
Of eyes staring at me
I urn around and behold the most
Ugly thing I have seen
The woman standing in the glade
Like a shadow in the night
Points her wretched finger at me
With a wretched smile
And she asks me in a voice
That sound as if it's been so long
Since she spoke,if I seek magic
Then I should come along
I'm but a man.Mortal a man.
But she leaves no footprins in the snow
Still I follow on to where she is going
For she has promised me magic if I follow on
She takes me to a part of these woods
Few have ever seen
Where the sun surely won't reach
Still the ground ominously gleams
She says she's seen is coming
And tha she known where I'll go
But before I leave,she says
There is this one thing I should know
She offers me the ability
To take a fatal wound
Every cu by sword or spear will be
Absorded by her tree-womb
This magic will remain until it's
Time for me to part with this mortal world
And all she'll claim is my young heart
I'm but a man.Mortal a man.
And I'll need all the help tha I can get
So I give my heart to the woman of the dark
With or without it... my life is not over yet
Wing of bat and lizzard eye
Dust of a star fallen from the sky
Tears of a virgin and the cum of a god
Thirteen drops of an infant's blood

A twist of a cat's spit and oil of the moon
Stir for a while a very soon
A salve to be applied upon the chest
Close to where the heart beats strong
"No pains will occur when hand is pushed into my flesh
She'll slowly draw my living heart out of my open chest
She'll place my heart in the pit of the snake and behold
the years go by
Hers to keep from the moment when the time has come
for me to die"

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