

Dissection "Elisabeth Bathory"

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[TORMENTOR cover]

This is a story about Elisabeth Bathory
Her blood is ourselves...
clean, hungarian blood...
Dark castle,
occult carols sound,
woman...crying
... eternally satisfied
Elisabeth did not slept tonight
her gouth ensorcelled through black eyes
The dead girls are courting her
upon deadly magic circles lines
she pierce needles under ladys nails
their frosted bodies buried alive

Oh how I love to feel your breath
I lusted to be the lover of Death
desires become truths
evil prayers are heard
by Elisabet Bathory

The countess of my fire
You 're also her sacrifice
you will give your blood

Because she must have a bath
welcome my youth, a life before...
more complete then ever... by blood
Oh yes by the blood i was encored
Oh I feel the magic...I fly towards the moon..
Countess it is your night
you haunted by your wild desires
possessed by bestial lust
you are the goddess of the love

Oh ,how I love... [REPEAT]

Her mind is insatiable
she craves virgins blood evermore
Her flames will never die...
surrounded by infernal glory

Oh, how I love....[REPEAT]

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