

Venke Knutson

"Countess Bathory"

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Welcoming the virgins fair, to live a noble life
In the castle known to all - the Count's internal wife
She invites the peasants with endless lavish foods
But, when evening spreads it wings, she rapes them of
their blood
Countess Bathory
Countess Bathory
All day long the virgins sit and feast on endless meals
The Countess laughs and sips her wine - her skin doth
crack and peel
But when nighttime fills the air one must pay the price
The Countess takes her midnight bath with blood that
once gave life
Countess Bathory
Countess Bathory
Living in her self styled Hell, the Countess dressed in
black
Life's so distant - death's so near - no blood to fury
time back
The castle walls are closing in, she's crippled now with
age
Welcomes death with open arms - the reaper turns the
page
Countess Bathory
Countess Bathory

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