

Bathory, The Revenge of the Blood on Ice

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 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 Gods with me ride
I trust in my ravens, watching from above
Black as night. Swift as lightning,
and graceful as 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 baptised 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 Gods be with me.
I ride out through the vast portals of Hel.
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.