

# 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.