

Bathory, Through Blood By Thunder

[For as long as the grass grows
For as long as the stream flows
And the sun shines down unto those
For how long the wind blows
And the sky is blue above us]
O, I am a man and I hold in my hand my fate
Free as the wind as if even
I had wings that carried me
Still in the middle of the night
Even I will need light to guide me
So I turn my face to the sky from
Where he with one eye is watching over me
My fathers' gods - I ride for you
My fathers' gods - I fight for you
My fathers' gods - I die for you
My fathers' gods - I am coming through to you
My fathers' gods - I am yours
Through blood by thunder
Sound of wings in the air and
his ravens fly near to lead me
So I will not fail to ride down the trail
long time destined for me
long before I was born
O, can you not see it is all
carved in the tree of fate
That a son of the north must fulfill
his destined course to
follow the bond of blood
[Bond of blood Bond of blood
Bond of blood Bond of blood
Bond of blood Bond of blood
Bond of blood Bond of blood
Bond of blood Bond of blood]