

# Barathrum, Countess Erzebeth Nadasdy

Six hundred and sixty six bloodless virgins  
They were found from under the melting snow  
The youth of those tormented pale maidens  
Was stolen for the purposes of black magic witch  
No blood traces were seen on the snow  
Only those corpses like empty shells on the ground  
Limbs in chaos without order on the ground  
Macabre was that view after offerings were done  
Wicked lady, Countess Erzebeth Nadasdy  
Wicked lady, Countess Erzebeth Nadasdy  
The dark lady of her castle  
Invented the secret of everlasting youth  
Accidentally she made a wound for a chamber maid  
Maid bled drops of blood on the hand of countess  
And behold that drop of blood  
Changed dramatically the surface of her skin  
And her skin looked like a young girl's peach cheek  
Every time when it was washed by virgin's blood  
Wicked lady, Countess Erzebeth Nadasdy  
Wicked lady, Countess Erzebeth Nadasdy  
Countess baths in blood  
With the help of her servants  
Countess baths in blood  
Countess Erzebeth Nadasdy  
Countess of everlasting beauty  
Countess baths in virgin gore  
Countess of everlasting beauty  
Countess baths in virgin blood