

Bathory, One Eyed Old Man

O ye one eyed old man., You who see it all.
You who see the past and all to be
Say, ye one eyed old man. For I need to know.
Tell me which path fate has chosen for me.
Say does the Northstar still shine on me.
Say will I set my loved ones free.
O ye one eyed old man. Of ye our elders told.
You have been since land and sky was one.
And if you really know all that will be, tell me,
what the future wants with this young no-one's son.
Say does the Northstar still shine on me
What do you see in store for me....
Questions, questions. Many you ask.
About the future and some of the past.
Few have seen what I see. Fewer still will ever know.
I gave an eye to see better.
And your thirst for knowledge grows.
But you, my child, who treads the road of pain.
Who have felt such anger. Such that bears no name,
Thee shall I nurse as if you were my own son.
And this very night your training will already have begun.
For I have seen you come for a thousand years or so.
And the gods have told me to teach you all that I possess and know
And though my eye no longer sees my hand held out in front of me,
I still gaze crystal clear at all that mortal man cannot see.
And I see you riding up on a stallion as white as snow.
With the speed of the winds and endurance untold.
And you wield a sword of steel forged in fire and ice.
And the cry of a warrior you sound
and victory is in your eyes.
Hear me my son, for you are the chosen one....