

# Dissection, Elizabeth Bathory

"This is a story about Elizabeth Bathory

Her blood is ourselves...

clean, Hungarian blood..."

Dark castle,

occult carols sound,

woman...crying

... eternally satisfied

Elizabeth did not sleep tonight

her gouth ensorcelled through black eyes

The dead girls are courting her

upon deadly magic circles lines

she pierce needles under ladies nails

their frosted bodies buried alive

Oh! how I love to feel your breath

I just to be the lover of Death

desires become truths

evil prayers are heard

by Elizabet Bathory

The countess of my fire

You're also her sacrifice

you will give your blood

Because she must have a bath

welcome my youth, a life before...

more complete then ever... by blood

Oh yes by the blood I was encored

Oh I feel the magic...I fly towards the moon..

Countess it is your night

you haunted by your wild desires

possessed by bestial lust

you are the goddess of the love

Oh! how I love to feel your breath

I just to be the lover of Death

desires become truths

evil prayers are heard

by Elizabet Bathory

The countess of my fire

Her mind is insatiable

she craves virgins' blood evermore

Her flames will never die...

surrounded by infernal glory

Oh how I love to feel your breath

I just to be the lover of Death

desires become truths

evil prayers are heard

by Elizabet Bathory

The countess of my fire