

## Elisabeth Bathori

### Dissection

This is a story about elisabeth bathory  
her blood is ourselves...  
clean, hungarian blood...  
Dark castle,  
occult carols sound,  
woman... crying  
... eternally satisfied  
elisabeth did not slept tonight  
her gouth ensorcelled through black eyes  
the dead girls are courting her  
upon deasdly magic circles lines  
she pierce needles under ladys nails  
their frosted bodies buried alive  
Oh how i love to feel your breath  
i lust to be the lover of death  
desires become truths  
evil prayers are heard  
by elisabet 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  
posessed by bestial lust  
you are the goddess of the love  
Oh, how i love... Her mind is insatiable  
she craves virgins blood evermore  
her flames will never die...  
surrounded by infernal glory  
Oh, how i love...[repeat]