

## Lake of Fire

Bathory

Twinkle bright Aldebaran, the star of solitude  
Somewhere there is a lake of fire, pity all the fools  
Sorry are the desolate, the unfree and obedient  
For this is not the spring of love, it is the winter of discontent  
Standing at the shore of lake of fire

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Blood mooney, for thirty pieces of silver  
You shall buy yourself the time

The quivering meat conception, deflorate the virgin fair  
Succumb to your own passion, receive the garland made from angel's hair  
Crown yourself, the thorns will cut you, bleed your majesty  
But by dawn it will all satisfy no more, dethrones you weep  
Dumped along the shore of lake of fire

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So you've been left in chains to rot away in your own stinking rest  
You'll hang till death in your own entrails

What you're gonna do, peasants with nukes  
But death you'll see shall make us free