

Requiem

Bathory

Watch me, I bleed now no more
My wounds one thousand and crisp
as life itself it drips away
a smile upon my lips

Cutting, slicing, carving
the blade slides deep in me
running warm blood
leaving my corps to be

Convulsions shatters my carved limbs
I now begin to feel the chill
the smile remains upon my lips
because likewise I die I kill

Crimson vision, inspiration
now it is time to ink my pen
and to summon my last strenght
to write my requiem

Covered in my own blood
words and music comes to me
now more dead than living
I compose in harmony

My blood forms notes on paper
splattered up and down the lines
creative even in death
I still smile as I die