

The Ravens

Bathory

Steadily on jagged wings
Feather black against the burning sky
Spread your wings and ride the wind
Gaze down on me with blackest eyes.

Fly my ravens, fly ahead.
Over the mountains and endless sky
Fly my ravens, fly ahead
Over the mountains over my head.
Let the wind carry you up high.

Fly my ravens, it's time to fly,
And for me maybe to die.

Valley of Death in the land of no return...
The moment of glory or death...