

The Revenge of the Blood on Ice

Bathory

Fifteen years have passed
Every day the woods have cried
The words of vengeance and revenge
The Gods have watched him day and night
By the Northern stars bring light
Growing stronger.Coming nearer
Upon a stees as white as snow
He is riding through this land of no return
His hair blowing in the wind
A sword in his hand.And his eyes they burn
Guide me,my Ravens.Find the way
Through the woods and snow
Let your eyes be mine seeking
For the valley of death
Come this far I am willing
To face the twin-headed beast`s breath
Let your wings be my heart
In the air,black as the night
I have steel at side.Powers of thunder
The Gods with me ride
I trust on my Ravens,watching from above
Black as night swift as lighting
Ang graceful as the doves
I trust on my stallion.Born by the wind
Taking me through the valley
Where this world ends and the shadows begins
I trust on my Sword.Forget in fire and ice
Its sharp blade shall be baptised in blood
As I take the Beast`s life
Cry,old crow,cry...
Come out of darkness,you best of Hel,face me
Out on this field of moonlit snow
I will not be deterred by your ugliness
Before my sword your two heads will row
I will not let my sword rest until its steel
Has sung for your ugly twin head
I`ll wipe the sweat off my face with your bloody scalp
And watch your four eyes telling me that your dead
Gathering speed.Charging forward
Collision is close now
The sword are drawn,held high
They flash in the pale blue moonlight
Aiming a throats bare.The moment is so near
The time seems to halt for a while
Even the stars in the sky hold their breath
This is a moment of glory or death...
The moment to maim or to be put to rest...
So close now I almost can hear the black blood
In the beast`s thick veins pumping
I am swining my sword.May the Gods be with me
I ride out through the vast portals of Hel
I swing my sword in the air
And the dead beast`s wo bloody scalps attached to a spear
Now is come the moment for me to set free
Those,along time ago,brought far north
By the twin-headed beast
On that daybreak when old crow did cry...

That hard winter when I still a child...
By my Father was told of a hall way above the clouds
Gates open wide for the one who dies
With sword in hand