

The Stallion

Bathory

Tendons and muscles of steel.
And the blaze of lightning in its eyes.
White as the snow on the hills.
And it's reins, that I hold, they are mine.

This stallion and sword in exchange
for my heart and both of my eyes.
The ravens of swift wings my sight
Surely now victory must be mine.

Eight legged stallion of mine.
Run with the speed of the winds.
Eight legged stallion I stride.
Run as if you carried wings.

I paint thee with the blood from my veins
Images of origin long lost.
I adorn your white mane and tail
With the stars that fell from the sky.

A glade in the Eternal deep dark Woods...
Midnight hours...

["Sitting by his campfire alone one night, the young man is approached by]
[the Woodwoman. She asks him to follow her to her den where she promises him]
[magic for the price of his young heart. Eager to win the upcoming duel, he]
[entrusts his heart into her wooden hands for the ability to survive every]
[cut or slit by his adversary.]
[And thus he had met the Woodwoman..."]