

The Curse of Medea

Battleroar

I am a wretched suffering woman
Oh how I wish that I could die
This agony that I have suffered
Deep enough to make even gods cry

Sons of a mother doomed
What gain is life to me
Oh to die and win release
Quitting this loathed existence

I did bind that accursed one
By these strong oaths to me
Oh to see him and his bride
Brought of utter destruction

The fierce black fury of my wrath
A bitter cry of mortal lamentation
I call on to the cursed traitor
You'll pay for this humiliation

A coward at the sight of steel
With deadlier thoughts than mine
No heart is filled
No deadlier thoughts than mine

Poor children your blood is mine
Poor children your mortal blood is mine