

# Blood Queen

Carach Angren

Fifteen-hundred-thirty-six  
Her age has come the crown affixed  
Her only wish is to conceive  
Whilst burning those that shun belief

Countless years of blood thirst  
And hundreds sacrificed  
All hanged, quartered, cauterised  
The queen's still longing to give birth

Endless years of madness!  
Death-fatigue, the cruel intrigue  
Is the despair and the sadness  
Of a royal womb still fruitless

Blood Queen  
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Like a beggar 'fore the altar  
It seems Lord has eased her plight  
Yet miscarriage still comes swiftly  
Like a thief in 'midst of night

Ascending her stairs backwards  
Clutching a mirror and candle  
"Show me my future and show me what's mine"  
And the mirror shows her a new-born child

She reaches for the infant, so sweet  
But the mirror cracks

And its eyes start to bleed  
A thick mist descends  
Suddenly down the stairs  
She drops the ghastly mirror  
Screaming in despair

Blood Queen  
A shape appears in the mist  
And throws her to the floor  
The child, now floating in the air  
She screams, "No more!"

The eyeless child then reaches out  
She grabs its little arm  
But a surge of mist pulls her back  
The sudden force breaks the infant's neck

Blood Queen  
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She comes through the mirror  
Blood Queen  
She comes through the mirror  
Blood Queen  
She comes through the mirror  
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