

Elizabeth

Ghost

Underneath the moonlight of old Hungarian skies
Buried in the blood-drenched earth
These barren lands of ice
She was an evil woman with an evil old soul
Piercing eyes emotionless
A heart so black and cold

Elizabeth, in the chasm where was my soul
Forever young, Elizabeth Báthory in the castle of your death
You're still alive, Elizabeth

Her pact with Satan
Her despisal of mankind
Her acts of cruelty and her lust for blood
Makes her one of us

Our ancient countess was refused her desires will
To bathe in pure fresh blood
She'd peasant virgins killed

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