

In Blood Remained

Nothgard

As I wandered through darkest dale
A blood-red weeping victim of betrayal
Sighs all scars be gone the countess young
And then she died within my arms

I took a look and saw real doom
An old dark lock in the light of moon
Bathory of Ecsed, owner of estate
An old cruel bitch fraught with hate

A frisson thrilled my mind
A remote cry filled the sky
A trace of death