

## 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