

Elisabeth Bathory

Tormentor

This is a story about Elisabeth Bathory
Her blood is ourselves
Clean Hungarian blood...
Dark castle, occult carol sounds
Women are crying, but they are satisfied
Elisabeth didn't sleep tonight
She exorcised her youth by her own eyes
Dead girls are chaperoning her
On her deadly magic-circle's lines
She pricks needles under the ladies' nails
Their frosty bodies are buried alive
Oh how I love to feel your breath
I'd love to be the lover of death
Desires come true, evil prayers are heard
By Elisabeth Bathory - the countess of my fire!
You are also sacrifice
You will give your blood
Because she must
Have a bath...
"Welcome my youth
Alike before...
More enormous than ever!
By the blood, by the blood everything are cleaned...
Oh yes I've got the magic... Yes I feel I fly
I fly towards the Moon!"
Countess it is your night
You are haunted by your wild desires
Possessed by bestial lust
You are the goddess of the love
She's got insatiable mind
She needs virgins blood anymore
Her flames never die away
She is surrounded with never-fading glory