

## 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