

Massacre

Bathory

Down the vast hills in morning mist cold
Into the peaceful deep valley below
Twothousand stallions foaming with hate
Carrying their masters towards their fate
Into the battle they ride
Twothousand men too young to die
Massacre...Coming from each side prepared for attack
Covered in dustclouds now there is no turning back
Once so peaceful valley echoes with cries
Cascades of blood and brains as the midday sun rise
Under a bloodred sky
None will live to face the night
Massacre...Amidst the scattered limbs dead bodies finally comes to peace
While the stench of blood grows strong in the mild midday breeze
Circling the sky the vultures wait to play their part
To descend of wings of death and feast from human hearts
The battle is lost still someone always wins
And now they descend on death's black wings
Massacre...

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