

# Elisabetha

## Darkwell

"Elisabetha.... Elisabetha....  
This is the tale of  
The Blood Countess of Transylvania  
15 years old she realized her true ambitions, inflicting pain  
soon carnal desires called for their fulfillment  
black magic was the key  
after becoming romantically  
involved with a black-clad stranger  
her mouth showed telltale  
signs of blood for the first time."Come to me my sweet young gal  
I need your service for my joy  
follow me to your little hell  
nothing to scare or annoy  
come through this gate  
see my toys they are your fate  
welcome to my torture chamber  
this will be your dismember  
I'll take the liquid out of you  
your virgin blood will be my wine  
Black Magic is what I master  
My Darkness is that what will shine  
My beauty will stop to fade  
for my ointment you are the source  
The shrivelled skin will disappear  
my beauty returns with my force"Elisabetha... you are the countries curse  
your cruelty is divine of calls upon the gods  
my curse is that I can't kill you  
you will be prisoned for eternity."you trapped me in this rotting cage  
my blood burns for revenge  
I'll bring your pain to another stage  
I'll raise myself to your bench  
you won't flee my magic grip  
your heart will be what I rip  
I'll grab your spirit out of you  
annihilation that's what I'll do  
I'll take the liquid out of you  
your virgin blood will be my wine  
Black Magic is what I master  
My Darkness is that what will shine

My beauty will stop to face  
for my ointment you are the source  
The shrivelled skin will disappear  
my beauty returns with my force

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