Ode

Bathory

When I 'm gone and my time had come to shut these eyes of mine
No stones must be erected I will leave but ash behind
Tell no tales about me when you gather around your fire
I 'll be one with mother earth not dining in no hall up highI have no master I swear no oath
The gods may pass me by
I steer the horse I choose to mount
When the storm draws near and the blood rain from the skyOne life hardly a notch made in the bark of tree of time
One death hardly a drop of blood on the reapers shiny scythe
I take not a thing with me where I will go on the day I die
When my star has ceased to shine, but in a shallow hole I 'll lie I 'll lieNobody died for my sins
No faith tied to my name
The path I choose to walk is mine
When the clouds turn red and the horizon as in flames

Songwriters
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