

# 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 high I 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 sky One 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 lie Nobody 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

QUORTHON,-Published by

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