

Ode

Bathory

When I'm gone and my time has 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 My blood my heart my soul my hands my feet
My hair and eyes my head my lips and teeth
My arms my legs my cock my choice and life
My lungs my tongue my mind till the day I die

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