A Fine Day to Die

Bathory

Orgy of silence
Conspiracy of peace
Only the master
Of the cold northern breezeTwinsun sink fading
Behind the black lake
Asleep is the mountains
Yet the night is awakeStrange is the night
Now black stars rise
And many moons circle
Through silent the nightAhh
AhhAhhAhhAlong the black mountainside scattered
By the campfires awaiting the dawn
Two times a hundred men in battles
Tried by the steel in the arrow
Axe and the swordBy battle worn hunger torn awaitening
For the sun to break through the cold haze
And for the banners of Ebal to appear
On the hill in the sun's first warm raysThe elder among the men
Looked deep into
The fire and spoke loud with pride
Tomorrow is a fine day to dieNow the morning advance from far east
Now the sun breaks through dust clouds and haze
Now a forest of spears appears on the hill
And the steel shines bright in the sun's first raysDieDie
Die
Die

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