

The Stallion

Bathory

Tendons and [Incomprehensible] of steel
And the blaze of lightning in its eyes
White as the snow on the hills
And its reins that I hold, they are mine This stallion and sword in exchange
For my heart and both of my eyes
The ravens of swift wings my sight
Surely now victory must be mine Eight legged stallion of mine
Run with the speed of the winds
Eight legged stallion I stride
Run as if you carried wings Run, run, run, run

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