

Countess Bathory

Macabre

Welcoming the virgins fair, to live a noble life
In the castle known to all, the Counts infernal wife
She invites the peasants with endless lavish foods
But when evening spreads its wings, she rapes them of their blood
Countess Bathory
All day long the virgins sit and feast on endless meals
The Countess laughs and sips her wine, her skin doth crack and peel
But when nighttime fills the air, one must pay the price
The Countess takes her midnight bath with blood that once gave life
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Living in her self-styled Hell, the Countess dressed in black
Life's so distant, death's so near, no blood to turn time back
The castle walls are closing in, she's crippled now with age
Welcomes death with open arms, the Reaper turns the page
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