Black Death

Nocturnal Rites

The countess was laughing
She looked out the plague from her throne
By the gate in the darkness
The crowd was screaming in pain
Cursed of sickness by starving
People dying slow
They are burning their bodies, the victims
The plague got in holdThe plague is getting in its hold
There is no way to escape
The old man conquered her throne
So it's been toldA new day was rising
The unknown came riding along
An old man with power and strength
To conquer the throne
In shelter of darkness
The people were standing strong
By their leader the old man
They are hunting the countess down

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