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 mineThis 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 mineEight legged stallion of mine
Run with the speed of the winds
Eight legged stallion I stride
Run as if you carried wingsRun, run, run, runI paint with blood from my veins
Images of origin long lost
I adorn your white mane and tail
With the stars that fell from the sky

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