

Elisabeth Bathori

Dissection

Elisabeth Bathori (Tormentor cover)

[Spoken]: This is the story of Elisabeth Bathori

Her Blood is Ours...

Pure, Hungarian Blood....

Dark Castle / Occult Carols Sound / Women... Crying / Eternally Satisfied / Elisabeth did not rest this night /
Her youth ensorcelled through bleak eyes / The dead girls are courting her / Upon deadly mystic circles lines /
Pricking needles under ladys nails / Their frozen bodies buried alive

[Chorus]: Oh, how I love to feel your breath / I lust to be the lover of death / Desires become truths / Evil
prayers are heard / By Elisabeth Bathori / The countess of my fire / You are her sacrifice / You will give your
blood / She bathes in your essence

[Spoken]: Welcome my youth, alike to before / More complete than ever... by blood... / By blood all is cleansed
/ Oh I feel the magic... I fly.... / Fly towards the moon.... / Countess, it

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