

Countess Erszabeth Nadasdy

Barathrum

Six hundred and sixty six bloodless virgins
They were found from under the melting snow
The youth of those tormented pale maidens
Was stolen for the purposes of black magic witch
No blood traces were seen on the snow
Only those corpses like empty shells on the ground
Limbs in chaos without order on the ground
Macabre was that view after offerings were done
Wicked lady, Countess Erszabeth Nadasdy
Wicked lady, Countess Erszabeth Nadasdy
The dark lady of her castle
Invented the secret of everlasting youth
Accidentally she made a wound for a chamber maid
Maid bled drops of blood on the hand of countess
And behold that drop of blood
Changed dramatically the surface of her skin
And her skin looked like a young girl's peach cheek
Every time when it was washed by virgin's blood
Wicked lady, Countess Erszabeth Nadasdy
Wicked lady, Countess Erszabeth Nadasdy
Countess baths in blood
With the help of her servants
Countess baths in blood
Countess Erszabeth Nadasdy
Countess of everlasting beauty
Countess baths in virgin gore
Countess of everlasting beauty
Countess baths in virgin blood

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