# Elisabeth Bathory (Tormentor cover)

## Dissection

[TORMENTOR cover]This is a story about Elizabeth Bathory
Her blood is ourselfs...
clean, hungarian blood...
Dark castle,
occult carols sound,
woman...crying
... eternally satisfied
Elizabeth didn't sleep tonight
her gouth ensorcelled through black eyes
The dead girls are courting her
upon deasdly magic circles lines
she pierce needles under ladys nails
their frosted bodies buried aliveOh how I love to feel your breath
I lust to be the lover of Death
desires become truths
evil prayers are heard
by Elisabet BathoryThe countess of my fire
You 're also her sacrifice
you will give your blood
Because she must have a bath
welcome my youth, a life before...
more complete then ever... by blood
Oh yes by the blood i was encored
Oh I feel the magic...I fly towards the moon..
Countess it is your night
you haunted by your wild desires
posessed by bestial lust
you are the godess of the loveOh ,how I love... [REPEAT]Her mind is insatiable
she craves virgins blood evermore
Her flames will never die...
surrounded by infernal gloryOh, how I love....[REPEAT]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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