Baptised in Fire and Ice

Bathory

Fire and ice
Fire and ice
Fire and ice
Fire and iceBorn a son of Nordic tribe
Early spring morning I arrived
When sails were set, the ships all done
To sail with wind a waves for longDown foreign shores across great waters
Many hundred miles from home
This half a year deep frozen land
Were I on this morning was bornProudly my Father took me in
His arms and walked outside
Where for the first time
Light struck my newborn childEven though told when older
I can almost recall the scene
When he held me high up towards
The most beautiful sky ever seenBaptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and iceOh, with gentle hands he did sway me
Over the flames to strengthen and purify
Oh, with loving words he dab me
With springs last snow for cleansing me his childI grew and learned respectfully
The earth, wind, water and the sky
The powers that decided the weather
And rules both the dark and lightI heard the voices of the spirits
Of the forest call my name
I saw the hammer way up high
'Cause lightning in the rainWatching crystal flakes
Of falling snow on winter nights
Uniting with the pure white flames dance
When reaching for the skyBrings me back to the morning this world
First heard my battle cry
Gently swayed above the flames
And cleansed with snow and iceBaptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and iceOh, having it with me
From the first day of my life
Oh, I always carry them within me

The powers of fire and iceNow I pass unto thee
My son what was given to meBaptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and ice
Baptised in fire and iceOh, having it with me
From the first day of my life
Oh, I always carry them with me
The powers of fire and ice

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