

# Pestilence

Bathory

Death once walked this relic land  
He came while all would sleep  
Death held up his bony hand  
And with it death did sweep  
Across all land and water  
With one gesture he did take  
The lives of all man woman child  
And deafening silence followed in his wake

Like stub before a shiny blade  
All man fell by his scythe  
Once the fever got you in its grasp  
There is but one more day left of your life

Black Death  
Pestilence  
Black Death  
Pestilence

The Lord has all forsaken  
All must cleanse themsleves from sin  
Then rid oneself from lust  
And take the holy spirit in  
To redeem your pity selves  
You all must flog your filth away  
With nightfall cometh the shadows  
Gather all the children of the Lord and pray

The shadow heavy upon this land  
And still the stale air sway  
In great numbers all around  
The fallen lie as they fell to rot away

Black Death  
Pestilence  
Black Death  
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