

# Baptised In Fire And Ice

Bathory

(Fire and ice  
Fire and ice  
Fire and ice  
Fire and ice)

Born a son of Nordic tribe  
Early spring morning I arrived  
When sails were set, the ships all done  
To sail with wind and waves for long  
Down foreign shores across great waters  
Many hundred miles from home  
This half year deep frozen land  
Where I on this morning was born

Proudly my father took me in  
His arms and walked outside  
Where for the first time  
Light struck me newborn child  
And even though told when older  
I can almost recall the scene  
When he held me high up towards  
The most beautiful sky ever seen

Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice

Oh, with gentle hands he did sway me  
Over the flames to strengthen and purify  
Oh, with loving words did he dab me  
With spring's last snow for cleansing me his child

I grew and learned respectfully  
The earth, wind, water and the sky  
The powers that decided the weather  
And rules both the dark and light  
I heard the voices of the spirits  
Of the forest call my name  
I saw the hammer way up high  
Cause lightning in the rain

Watching crystal flakes  
Of falling snow on winter nights  
Uniting with the pure white flames dance  
When reaching for the sky  
Brings me back to the morning this world  
First heard my battle cry  
Gently swayed above the flames  
And cleansed with snow and ice

Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice

Oh, having it with me

From the first day of my life  
Oh, always carrying them within me  
The powers of fire and ice

Now I pass unto thee  
My son what was given to me

Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice  
Baptised in fire and ice

Oh, having it with me  
From the first day of my life  
Oh, always carrying them within me  
The powers of fire and ice