

## Born for Burning

Bathory

Haunting the cloudless black sky  
Braver at night  
Hidden as the lips of her cunt  
She is keeping out of sight

Dark as her closed eyelids  
Her secret  
She comes to you with a serpent's kiss  
She has the power to foresee

She don't fear the flames  
She smile at the fire  
Whisper the words of spell  
Without fear without fright

BORN FOR BURNING...  
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BORN...

She can't feel the pain  
She gaze at the sky  
In the greedy flames  
She will burn tonight

The beauty burning  
Like the moon at harvest  
Her seared flesh falling apart  
And feed the hungry flames

Where the flame still bite her thigh  
She is not afraid to die  
She will burn again tonight  
(she will always burn)  
But her spirit shall survive...

Dedicated to the witch Marrigje Ariens  
Born 1521, Burned 1591 in Schoonhoven, Holland