

## Intro

Bathory

[instrumental]

[The snow covered plains...]

[Early dawn...]

["As the village greets a new day, the old Crow cries atop the pine.]

[Spiritually bounded with nature and all creatures, great and small, the]

[hunting families sense danger as the cry of the old Crow continues. A]

[rumble, at first loud enough to a human ear, grows into a deafening storm]

[of hooves thundering across the frozen tundra. Then bursts into the]

[village, four times five riders clad in in armour black. Swords drawn]

[glimmering into the awakening sun's light. Cries echoes. Throats are slit.]

[Beautiful bodies fall to the frozen ground and limbs of able men are stewn]

[across the snowcovered plains. The blood colours the white snow red. Women]

[and children are brought far north. Hidden under the foliage of a majestic]

[tree, a ten year-

old boy. When the shadows a horse can no longer be heard,]

[he crawls out from his hideout to seek his loved ones. Not a sound. Not a]

[movement. No sign of life...]

[And thus begins the saga of Blood On Ice..."]