Requiem

Bathory

Watch me, I bleed now no more My wounds one thousand and crisp as life itself it drips away a smile upon my lips

Cutting, slicing, carving the blade slides deep in me running warm blood leaving my corps to be

Convulsions shatters my carved limbs I now begin to feel the chill the smile remains upon my lips because likewise I die I kill

Crimson vision, inspiration now it is time to ink my pen and to summon my last strenght to write my requiem

Covered in my own blood words and music comes to me now more dead than living I compose in harmony

My blood forms notes on paper splattered up and down the lines creative even in death I still smile as I die