

## The Curse of Medea

Battleroar

I am a wretched suffering woman  
Oh how I wish that I could die  
This agony that I have suffered  
Deep enough to make even gods cry

Sons of a mother doomed  
What gain is life to me  
Oh to die and win release  
Quitting this loathed existence

I did bind that accursed one  
By these strong oaths to me  
Oh to see him and his bride  
Brought of utter destruction

The fierce black fury of my wrath  
A bitter cry of mortal lamentation  
I call on to the cursed traitor  
You'll pay for this humiliation

A coward at the sight of steel  
With deadlier thoughts than mine  
No heart is filled  
No deadlier thoughts than mine

Poor children your blood is mine  
Poor children your mortal blood is mine