

Countess Bathory

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Welcoming the virgins fair, to live a noble life
In the castle known to all - the Count's internal wife
She invites the peasants with endless lavish foods
But, when evening spreads its wings, she rapes them of their blood

Countess Bathory
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All day long the virgins sit and feast on endless meals
The Countess laughs and sips her wine - her skin doth crack and peel
But when nighttime fills the air one must pay the price
The Countess takes her midnight bath with blood that once gave life

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Living in her self-styled Hell, the Countess dressed in black
Life's so distant - death's so near - no blood to buy time back

The castle walls are closing in, she's crippled now with age
Welcomes death with open arms - the reaper turns the page

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