

A Corpse Without Soul

Mercyful Fate

Listen, I'm a corpse, I'm a corpse
I'm a corpse without soul
Satan, he's taken, he's taken
He's taken his toll
And he took it out on me

I, I'm trapped, I'm trapped
I'm trapped in his spell
Tonight, I'm going, I'm going
I'm going to Hell, inside his spell

I was walking down among the graves
I heard a cry, my shadow is gone
Emptiness in my body, I felt so alone
Small black wings on my naked back
Now guess what I saw on one of the stones
I saw my soul, in a magical haze
It was all dressed up as a corpse in a wedding dress
Small black wings on my naked back
Now hear my prayer, beggin' for mercy
I'm living to die

Satan has taken his toll.