

Possessed

Bathory

Witching hour bad moon is on the rise
I can't resist its infernal cold power
When it blaze into my eyes

Feel I am slowly changing
Begin to lose my track
Hatred poison my veins
I am cold and my heart turns black

I am POSSESSED

I am trapped in its icecold blaze
It drains the warmth from my soul
Feel the dread and my mind is in torment
And still its eye of death glow so cold

I am confused
Feel my strength slowly fading
Oh hear my cries for help and mercy

I am POSSESSED