

# The Possession Process

Carach Angren

Followed by footsteps, whispers, scratching and faint voices  
Startled by slamming doors, knocking and otherworldly noises  
I can sense that something is wrong, a feeling of being watched  
There's no soul here but me and this witchery  
I can smell the scent of death, the feeling of being touched  
This is my home and I am not alone

White noise, black shapes dance in the corners of my eyes  
Flickering lights and electronic equipment  
And the perfume of decay attracts the flies

Haunted

All senses increased and intensified  
The shadows twitch and distort, I'm weak and terrified  
I doubt I'm insane, yet something's calling my name  
From the crevices and corners tonight

"No one seems to believe my story, not friends nor family  
They think I'm fucking crazy"

I don't enjoy this life as before  
I never leave this house anymore  
Scratches, bruises and cuts mark my skin  
My own self now a monument to unspeakable sin

That which haunts me has taken control  
Corrupted my senses and poisoned my soul  
No foul medication or feeble priest  
My god is silenced, my possession's complete

Breached by evil  
My body now possessed by a malevolent source  
Breached by evil  
My body now possessed by a demonic force  
Breached by evil  
My soul ripped apart in a torturous place  
Breached by evil  
A black hell-raising angel, wearing