

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