

## 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.