

## Possession of the Reaper

Sabbat

The shadow without a smile,  
My real sight is fading away  
Riding on blind horse, I hear  
The mad screams of the damned  
When depression speaks through me,  
Crucified? Nightmare?  
I feel I hear the revelation, delight?  
Final agonies?

Caught in illusions, I'm screaming, in torture  
Possession of the reaper  
Awaiting me, the creaking door, of my coffin  
Possession of the reaper

Dancing zombies, intolerable darkness helms me  
Swinging round, hell scythe,  
My body connects with pain  
Wrath from above, falling needlessly downward  
Dying to be release from it all, pleasure?  
Final agonies?

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