

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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