

## Possessed

Satyricon

Mourning the decay  
Bitter ungodly enemy  
cast into heavy woe  
Left in the corner of the world (we are possessed)

Out of the maze, with clear sight - at the brink of one's abyss  
Out of the maze, with clear sight - cold eyes at the world  
Out of the maze, with clear sight - disbelief and scorn  
Out of the maze, with clear sight - not poisoned by your fraud (we are possessed)

The realisation of the position  
No longer vulnerable  
Having played the music no one could understand  
Serenade to the devil's den - He, the final frontier!

Defaming judgement  
upon the starving souls  
mourning self-made pestilence  
Cannon fodder for the  
apocalypse

A haunt for every unclean spirit  
Lord of the flies or kingdom of death  
Circle the prey, show them your eyes,  
they bear witness of centuries of might

Predecessor who blessed us with grace  
in sempiternal fight  
Excessive aggression -  
Fire is the definite sign of rebirth!

The elders' electrons channelled through you  
carried by thy night Supremacy  
Born to win this battle, defeat is the tongue  
of the whore