

# Spiritual Deception

## Spawn of Possession

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Years have passed since that night  
Still the scars are fresh and alive for those involved  
A mother deep underground  
A father to a cell forever bound, the child nowhere to be found  
Spiritual deception once showed its face, an evil  
passed on through its blood  
A wicked grim incentive that cloudy day when horror stepped through their door  
Journeyed to the east far and  
long ago  
Once a feeble child but now has grown, still black in his soul  
His uncle, the poor man worked hard yet unsuccessful  
To feed his fathers leverage  
Spiritual deception once showed its face, an evil passed on through its blood  
A wicked grim incentive that cloudy day when horror stepped through their door  
Meanwhile, aging in a bedlam,  
innocent still took the blame  
He was sane when he entered but those walls drove him mad  
Conjuring up a grave revenge  
Kept his diary closest when he finally broke out  
Time for them to alas reunite  
Compelled to place his vengeance upon the bastard progeny, his only creed  
As he arrived to the house old Damfee waiting outside  
Gnawed and faint, leaning on his frayed cane  
Damfee  
Why did you come here?  
Father  
Bring him before me, he must die  
I shall have his head, you cannot deny me that  
The old man grinned and whispered  
Things are not all what they seem, I once brought forth a demon  
That had its way with your wife one night, her uterus defiled  
Raped by the demon, befouled all heavens light  
Please close your eyes and come inside my home  
He then followed Uncle Damfee, when he looked there was a  
rancid setting  
Everything was just appallingly dirty, in front of him stood the lost child  
In frustration he attacked the androgynous child of evil  
In the background there stood Damfee chuckling at the whole damned spectacle  
All turned black til he later  
woke up  
In his cell with the padded walls that he once left, was it a dream?  
Ripped out was a diary page  
On it written all that happened in that godless phase, in someone elses  
hand-writing  
Spiritual deception once showed its face, an evil passed on through its blood

A wicked grim incentive that cloudy day when horror stepped through their door

Lyrics provided by  
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