Possessed

Satyricon

Mourning the decay
Bitter ungodly enemycast into heavy woe
Out of the maze, with clearsight - at the brink of one's abyss
Left in the corner of the world (we are possessed)
Out of the maze, with clearsight - cold eyes at the world
Out of the maze, with clearsight - not poisoned by your fraud (we are possessed)
Out of the maze, with clearsight - disbelief and scorn
The realisation of the positionHaving played the music no one could understand
No longer vunerable
Serenade to the devil's den - He, the final frontier!Defaming judgement
mourning self-made pestilence
upon the starving souls
Cannon fodder for theapocalypse
A haunt for every unclean spirit
Circle the prey, show them your eyes,
Lord of the flies or kingdom of death
Predecessor who blessed us with grace
they bear witness of centuries of mightin sempiternal fight
Excessive aggression -
Fire is the definite sign of rebirth!
The elder's electrons channeled through youBorn to win this battle, defeat is the tongue
carried by thy night Supremacy
of the whore

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