

Possessed

Bathory

Witching hour bad moon is on the rise
I can't resist its infernal cold power
When it blaze into my eyes Feel I am slowly changing
Begin to lose my track
Hatred poison my veins
I am cold and my heart turns black
I am POSSESSEDI am trapped in its icecold blaze
It drains the warmth from my soul
Feel the dread and my mind is in torment
And still its eye of death glow so coldI am confused
Feel my strength slowly fading
Oh hear my cries for help and mercy

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