

Tearstained "Possessed"

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Witching hour bad moon is on the rise
I can't resist it's 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 POSSESSED

I am trapped in it's icecold blaze
It drains the warmth from my soul
Feel the dread and my mind is in torment
And still it's eye of death glow so cold

I am confused
Feel my strength slowly fading
Oh hear my cries for help and mercy

I am POSSESSED

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