

A Transylvanian Funeral "Chthonic Possession"

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The burning dead have haunted me...
I've heard their whispers in my dreams...
They curse my soul to thirst for blood...
Change my form and curse the sun...

Now I stalk these darkened streets...
A wretched thing, I am the thief...
No one's safe in the dead of night...
Hearts of men turn cold with fright...

As the night grows dark my eyes are dead...
The pit of my stomach is filled with dread...
As the night grows cold my flesh will crawl...
The mighty lord of hell has heard my call...
As the night grows dark my corpse will rise...
Under the influence until the end of time...
As the night grows cold I feel no pain...
An empty shell without a name...

My soul is now a shadow...
Since life has passed me by...
Forever bound by unholy law...
I shall never die...

Enslaved by chains of misery...
Unseen force controlling me...
Possessed by black magic spells...
Walk with death in living hell...

Listless thing in human form...
Purge the wrath of hellish scorn...
I am the eternal fiend...
Stolen soul, in hell, unclean...

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The pit of my stomach is filled with dread...
As the night grows cold my flesh will crawl...
The mighty lord of hell has heard my call...
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