

# 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 POSSESSED

I 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 cold

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

I am POSSESSED