

possessed (2016/2024)

Chris Webby

Hello, Christian
Are you there?
I've come back to play with you
And this time I've brought some friends with me

I've been feelin' all these demons creepin'
The voices in my head don't need a reason
The only time they speak to me I'm dreamin'
But now they come when I'm not even sleepin'
The devil on my shoulder let some friends in
They promised that they had the best intentions
But now I need to get an exorcism
Speakin' in tongues and then my head is spinnin'
Shit, I think I'm slippin'
Think it's gettin' to me
Losin' my religion
Where the witches brew me
That be what I'm sippin'
Like I'm in the movies
Then I'm hearin', "Christian"
Then they whisper to me
Got an evil plan
See it in my eyes
See the pentagrams lit up in the sky
Got my pen in hand
As I scribble my
Demonic visions written in these lines
Ritualistic, Christian crucifixion
Superstitious voodoo mixed with Buddha's wisdom
Killers, ghouls and gremlins
Sent a crew of villains
Sippin' booze until I'm losin' vision
Now the room is spinnin'
I'm a duce of kissin'
On the loose [?] and clueless women
Stupid sinnin'
Darks, darker hearts
Darker, it's too late to say you're fuckin' our father
I'm just

Losin' my cool
I don't know what to do
My mind slips away and my demons come through
I'm possessed
I'm possessed
Yeah, yeah

Uh, lookin' back at this song in the present
I said some shit but never really meant it
I was just an angry adolescent
Usin' words that I look back at with resentment
'Cause now I've seen the darkness on this planet
Watch these rappers 'round me go satanic
Watch the demons rise to power
And it's taken me some years to fully understand it
But they really do be influencin' people
And they really do be makin' sacrifices

They grew celebrities to do their evil
Sell your soul ain't just the phrase
Its what the price is
You're suicided if you go against it
'Cause once the clause in you there ain't no exit
Just follow orders and you'll get rewarded
All you got to do is spread the devil's message
With their sacrificial goats
Grab and slit their throats
Bleed 'em in a glass to lift and give a toast
Hidden killer slippin' in the cloaks
Television hoes
Politicians and musicians singin' lyrics that the children quote
Influential motives
Rituals and goals
Once they got your soul they'll never give it back
So I took a different path
Back when I was

Losin' my cool
I dont know what to do
My mind slips away and my demons come through
I'm possessed
I'm possessed
Yeah, yeah

Fuck these occult motherfuckers runnin' the entertainment business
Every baby blood drinkin' one of 'em
It'll never be me