

Mercyful Fate, A Corpse Without Soul

Listen, I'm a corpse, I'm a corpse

I'm a corpse without soul

Satan, he's taken, he's taken, he's taken his toll

And he took it out on me

I, I'm trapped, I'm trapped, I'm trapped in his spell

Tonight, I'm going, I'm going, I'm going to Hell, inside his spell

I was walking down among the graves, I heard a cry, my shadow is gone

Emptiness in my body, I felt so alone, Small black wings on my naked back

Now guess what I saw on one of the stones, I saw my soul, in a magical
haze

It was all dressed up as a corpse in a wedding dress

Small black wings on my naked back, now hear my prayer, beggin' for mercy

I'm living to die, Satan has taken his toll.