

Old Man's Child, Demoniactal Possession

Sick is my spirit for I am bound to possess,
sweet is my vengeance for i can taste it's blood
blessed are my sins and all I with evil do,
strong I will pray for the end of morrow
day I belive the devil and I will burn in hell
those who he possess shall walk the final way
my heart belongs to evil my thoughts are truly black
nothing lasts forever and I will soon attack... Death attack
Spelled by the magic from the sound of the harness bells,
I must confess... I curse you the human fall
O'master confront my sins and grant us your existence
release me from this mortal life and dominate my sprirtual world