

Satyricon, Possessed

Mourning the decay
Bitter ungodly enemy
cast into heavy woe
Left in the corner of the world (we are possessed)

Out of the maze, with clear sight - at the brink of one's abyss
Out of the maze, with clear sight - cold eyes at the world
Out of the maze, with clear sight - disbelief and scorn
Out of the maze, with clear sight - not poisoned by your fraud (we are possessed)

The realisation of the position
No longer vulnerable
Having played the music no one could understand
Serenade to the devil's den - He, the final frontier!

Defaming judgement
upon the starving souls
mourning self-made pestilence
Cannon fodder for the
apocalypse

A haunt for every unclean spirit
Lord of the flies or kingdom of death
Circle the prey, show them your eyes,
they bear witness of centuries of might

Predecessor who blessed us with grace
in sempiternal fight
Excessive aggression -
Fire is the definite sign of rebirth!

The elders' electrons channelled through you
carried by thy night Supremacy
Born to win this battle, defeat is the tongue
of the whore