

# House of the Whpcord

## Carpathian Forest

In this house that I built  
Of cold emotions  
Through years of oppression  
The suffering which I obey  
An unbearable suffering  
The rope  
The strangulations  
The whip  
Total submission  
In this room that I built  
Of devilish lust  
A tyrant's possession  
Unleashed at dusk  
Chained at dawn  
Deprivation, solitude  
Perfection, lust  
In this world that I built  
Of no emotions  
I whip the skin  
I taunt the angel  
Forever  
And ever  
Again  
And again

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