

Sex. Murder. Art. (Live In California 05/98)

Slayer

Caught, now you're mine
I am the master of your whipping time
The smile on my lips
The look of horror on your face
Self justification
Can't rid the sexual fascination
Can you deny
My face of pleasure, the gleam in my eye[Chorus:]
You're nothing
An object of animation
A subjective mannequin
Beaten into submission
Raping again and againShackled, my princess
Dangling in distress
Here to discipline
My sole purpose never ends
Bleeding on your knees
My satisfaction is what I need
The urge to take my fist
And violate every orifice[Chorus]

Songwriters

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