

Sex. Murder. Art.

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
You're nothing an object of animation
A subjective mannequin
Beaten into submission
Raping again and again
Shackled, 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
Nothing, an object of animation
A subjective mannequin
Beaten into submission
Raping again and again
Slaves to my torments
Scream to your heart's content
Time, time again
Pleasure in inflicting pain
Power so intense
Trying to circumvent
Unadulterated battery
Manipulated reality, God is dead, I am alive

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