Flagellation

Samael

Pleasure in pain
Disire of mortification
To achieve the extreme
To know the ultimate
To be a slave for a moment
The body offered up to cruelty
To the lash which whips on the skin
Which slashes the flesh, lacerates the back
To feel the blood, thich and warm
Flow over my wounds
Flagellation ...
To thrust aside the limits
To say "yes" to death
Without fear, without remorse
To give up oneself to torture
Punishment and reward
The whip is ambiguous
It distills vice
In a perverse refinement
[repeat second verse]

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