

Crest Of Darkness, Substitute Lover

Screams of pain.
Like music in my ears.
Dead meat.
Sweet taste of blood.

All I need is satisfaction.
My heart is cold as ice.
In slow motion
I want to see you die.

Substitute lover.
My possession.
Substitute lover.
Made for me.

Give me pleasure!
I'm drinking from your open veins.
Give me pleasure!
In my hands you're gonna die.

My sex-slave.
A result of human needs.
No brain.
No feelings.

Don't you want to understand?
Don't you want to know the truth?
There is no beauty left.
There is only emptiness.

Give me pleasure!
I'm drinking from your open veins.
give me pleasure!
In my hands you're gonna die.

Without care!
Without love!
Without passion!

...making all my wishes 'come true!