Lamb Of God, Dimera

With just a flick of the opal banded finger I will throw you into a concentric mental decline. I control your elation, I control your depression. I take as I wish memory, clothed in a raiment noir. (I take you under my black wing.) I take you under my dark wing and nurture you in hate to dwell forever in a Maison Blanche. Purity through corruption, who am I to blame when your basest instincts are realized?