

Burn The Priest, 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?