

# 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?