

Carpathian Forest, House Of The Whipcord

In this house that I built
Of cold emotions
Through years of oppression
The suffering which I obey
An unbearable suffering
The rope
The strangulations
The whip
Total submission
In this room that I built
Of devilish lust
A tyrant's possession
Unleashed at dusk
Chained at dawn
Deprivation, solitude
Perfection, lust
In this world that I built
Of no emotions
I whip the skin
I taunt the angel
Forever
And ever
Again
And again