

London After Midnight, The Bondage Song

Innocent child, how you thought you knew me
understood my ways, my dark needs
the hunt is not the thrill I'm after
I want the kill, the conquest, to be your master
wrap your arms around my pale skin, it's too late to back out you're in,
on your knees and praise your new lord, deeper now,
and here's your reward, take me to bed and rip me apart...