

Nasty Savage, Distored Fanatic

The image has lack of proportion
Changed from the true
Seemingly frozen
Deep inner well of inspiration
Illusions of love

Can't you feel affection
You're breathing faster
You lose your temper
It's a master stroke seduction

Seduce and destroy
And it burns your mind
The burden of indecision
Like the chains of winter
It eats your strength
Foaming out your own shame
Now you know life's no game
But will you ever be the same
The mood now has changed
With greather the power
It cramps and twist
Oh, how you need the pain
Principle of destruction
Kinked up with disquise

Tendency forces
Hysteria
Exposed in this
Tourist Trap

To think you believed you know it all
It was artful keeping you anxious
Ritual of submission
Suffering pain and degradation
With every breath that's drawn
Her gracious blessing
Was erotic cruelty
A perpetual blessfull
The altar of subjection
Stimulate and amuse
Insanity when a person enjoys
Hurting someone else
But it's really hurting himself
You're a distorted fanatic
You love to hurt yourself