

# Samael, Flagellation

Pleasure in pain  
Desire of mortification  
To achieve the extreme  
To know the ultimate

To be a slave for a moment  
The body offered up to cruelty  
To the lash which whips on the skin  
Which slashes the flesh, lacerates the back

To feel the blood, thick and warm  
Flow over my wounds

Flagellation...

To thrust aside the limits  
To say &&quot;Yes&&quot; to death  
Without fear, without remorse  
To give up oneself to torture

Punishment and reward  
The whip is ambiguous  
It distills vice  
In a perverse refinement

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