

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 "Yes" 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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