I feel I'm reaching a crisis A prisoner and a slave of lust Drinking evil out of a chalice A voice keeps telling me I must

They can't see my awful face So I'm discovering a new pleasure That of a sin wrapped in lace Which bans any leisure

A place of relief for lovers Whom I watch through the mirror Tasting orgy and all sorts of fevers They all will be mine forever

Behind the mirror \square I'm slave to fantasy Behind the mirror \square Everything seems so easy