

## House of the Whipcord

Carpathian Forest

In this house that I built  
Of cold emotions  
Through years of oppression  
The suffering which I obey  
An unbearable suffering  
The rope  
The strangulations  
The whip  
Total submission

In this room that I built  
Of devilish lust  
A tyrant's possession  
Unleashed at dusk  
Chained at dawn  
Deprivation, solitude  
Perfection, lust

In this world that I built  
Of no emotions  
I whip the skin  
I taunt the angel  
Forever  
And ever  
Again  
And again