

# Architect of Pain

## Exodus

Let me paint you a portrait of a man  
whose very name would define in times to come all things profane  
Born unto privilege child of aristocracy,  
so tender the young mind, yet so unclean  
His was a heart of darkness that beat within his chest  
Breasting life into the crimes he'd manifest  
Imp of the perverse on a bloody path he trods  
Scribe of the unthinkable the marquis de sade  
Outraging the laws of hate and narcissism  
That to fight the incubation's but in vain  
Nature inspires our tastes bizarre  
She paints them only as they are  
From the darkest corners of the mind as real  
as the morning sun shall rise, just the same

He wove his written word with threads of flesh throughout  
He promised things so frightening they'll turn you inside out  
When terror's grip has set your soul is set aflame  
Behold the architect of pain  
Unearthing fantasies too savage to reveal  
Twisting your world with visions centuries concealed  
Was he philosopher or was he just insane?  
Behold the architect of pain

Each tale black as pitch dressed in the colors of hell  
Your dreams will fill with the sounding of the knell  
Feel the looming shadow of the hungry guillotine  
And you'll be blinded by the blade's fatal gleam  
Outraging the laws of both nature and religion  
Subjugation in behalf of her domain  
Or so he believed with all his hate and narcissism  
That to fight the inclination's but in vain  
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Nature cannot bind you, you only need to serve unto her  
Harming without stint or cease at the expense of whosoever may be  
Their pain becomes your paradise, your lust their demise

Forced you to recognize  
The beast within, he helped you to visualize  
No desire to torment flesh and bone  
The mind can cause far greater destruction alone  
When the seed has taken root  
It grows impure, your thoughts pollute  
All things please nature, she has need of our misdeeds  
We serve her as we sin  
The bloodier our opus  
The greater her domain and her esteem for us

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