

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
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

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

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
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