

Perverse Perfection

Guardians of Time

Hey baby, I'm your kind. A perverted twisted mind.
Tempting like an open wound.
I'm the dragon of my kind. Pure corruption set align.
Roaring at a blood red moon.

I love resistance. I hate you. Perverse perfection.
Dead, dead you.

Forbidden thoughts are released. I succumb to them with ease.
A perfect midnight crime.
I'm a monster of a man and soon to Hell I will descend.
But now I feel alive.

I love the begging. I hate you. I love the hunting. I loathe you.
I love resistance. I hate you. Perverse perfection.
Dead, dead you.

Such a shame to be caught in my prime when there were so many others, just waiting in line.

I won't go away. I won't let you sleep sound and safe.
I will always be there. Haunting your mind night and day.

Now I'm sitting in the chair. No perfection for me to share.
I'm guessing this is the end.
But, baby, we had so much fun. Too bad you managed to run.
No matter. To hell with me you'll descend.

I love resistance. I hate you. Perverse perfection.
Dead, dead you.