

In my playroom windows shut
Purple carpet, smell of slaughter
Waiting for the game to start
Setting all the toys in order
Shadows dancing on the walls
Weird sounds drill my ears
Playing with my pretty toys
Seeing death in their tears
Moony circle, yellow hole
On the blackened midnight curtain
What about your mortal soul
Is it still remain uncertain?
Death is just an open gate
Dive inside it, cross the border
Welcome to another state
Welcome to the Empty Quarter
Door is open, please come in
Toys are waiting for you coming
Join my endless suffering
Feel how slowly time is running
Would you like to have some drink?
Take a seat in rocking chair
Blood is colder than you think
Taste a bit and don't beware
So much horror you will feel
Noone felt so much before you
You will see how I can kill
Locked inside my paranoia
Thoughts and fears all hide away
Bloody stains on dirty ceiling
This is how I like to play
Having fun I like this feeling...