

Grab hold of the godsend pride
Try to swallow his solar life
A giver is so gentle to be
But have to have something to give
An icon so strong
A dark feeling so bloody cold
A day without light
A greeting never told
Give me pleasure, have no faith
Give me more I feel true pain
Give me pleasure I am not insane
Give me more for once be straight
I have faith in my life
Where's your bloody smile
I am the burning aureole in the sky
Where's your moral pride
I can't stand looking at these eyes
I am truly paralysed
All these words, the secrets that you hide
All in all being victimized
Right through, right through I tell you
Lock the target, deep breath, shout it loud, let it out
You've got the victim in control
You are the master you are the lord