

It seems I destroy what I have, what I've created
Then could I wish what doesn't exist, doesn't exist... no more?

It has never been perfect and never will be
Disdainful death I come to demand you
All the life you have stolen, every piece you have taken
I want it now, I wish for it now

You have chosen to be touched by these cold hands,
Indeed
Touched by misery, feel the doom while I embrace you
I am king sadiM, blessed by infection
Every thing and every being will be withered and soiled by me

While you turn your beauty to grimness
I cum on your immaculate white skin
As you lose your faith violently
I have failed again

It seems I soil all I touch, all I've loved
Then could I hate what doesn't exist, doesn't exist... no more?