

## Sex. Murder. Art.

Slayer

Caught, now you're mine  
I am the master of your whipping time  
The smile on my lips  
The look of horror on your face  
Self justification  
Can't rid the sexual fascination  
Can you deny  
My face of pleasure, the gleam in my eye

You're nothing  
An object of animation  
A subjective mannequin  
Beaten into submission  
Raping again and again

Shackled, my princess  
Dangling in distress  
Here to discipline  
My sole purpose never ends  
Bleeding on your knees  
My satisfaction is what I need  
The urge to take my fist  
And violate every orifice

You're nothing  
An object of animation  
A subjective mannequin  
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Slaves to my torments  
Scream to your heart's content  
Time and time again  
Pleasure in inflicting pain  
Power so intense  
Trying to circumvent  
Unadulterated battery  
Manipulated reality  
God is dead I am alive