

Sympathy For The Monster

Torture Garden

Baby it's bitterly cold outside
So come warm yourself by
my fire
You may be misunderstood
But that's something I've come to admire
In spine-chilling cathedrals of frost

Through the blood-stained glass pane
They could see you shiver and shake
But cast you out all the same
I've got such sympathy for the monster
The wretched daemon seed inside of you
I've got such sympathy for the monster
For they turned and turned me into a monster too