

## 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