

[Music-Dave]
[Lyrics-Ron]

The image has lack of proportion
Changed from the true
Seemingly frozen
Deep inner well of inspiration
Illusions of love
Can't you feel affection
You're breathing faster
You lose your temper
It's a master stroke seduction

Seduce and destroy
As it burns your mind
The burden of indecision
Like the chains of winter
It eats your strength
Foaming out your own shame
Now you know life's no game
But will you ever be the same

The mood has now changed
With greater the power
It cramps and twists
Oh how you need the pain
Principle of destruction
Kinked up with disguise
Tendency forces
Hysteria
Exposed in this
Tourist trap

[SOLO-Dave]
[SOLO-Ben]

To think you believed you knew it all
It was artful keeping you anxious
Ritual of submission
Suffering pain and degradation
With every breath that is drawn
Her gracious blessing
Was erotic cruelty
A perpetual blissful Hell

The altar of subjection
Stimulate and amuse
Insanity when a person enjoys
Hurting someone else
But it's really hurting himself
You're a distorted fanatic
You love to hurt yourself