

Ad mala patrata haec sunt theatra parata.  
Trick mortis, trick mortis, sick mortis  
Ask me; you question me.  
Why must our pleasure always be in restraint?  
no pain, no pleasure  
Restraint, restraint  
Ad mala patrata... In my slick black world.  
Trick... Mortis... Sick... Mortis... In my slick black world.  
Where senses crave to enslave... In my slick black world.  
Deprive all senses; control all defenses.  
Where sighs breed like flies.  
Do you know, it's where perversion hides.  
Bet you've never seen me ache as the panic melts away.  
Bet you'll never waste... Could you take another taste of me?  
To accompany every penetration with a death rattle.  
Feel it prick... Pleasure in restraint.  
Feel it stick.  
It is divine in restraint.  
Ask me; you question me.  
Why must our pleasure always be in restraint?  
Where sighs breed like flies.  
It's where perversion hides... In my slick black world.  
Deprive all senses; control desire.  
Bet you'd never see me... Wake in a most unnerving way.  
Bet you'd never ache... Could you take another taste of me?  
It is divine.  
Control... Decide  
Feel it prick...  
Pleasure in restraint mortifying the flesh  
Feel it stick  
Ask me; question me.  
Why must our pleasure always be in restraint?  
Pleasure in restraint  
Such a sinful seed in my slick black world.  
Is it such a dreadful deed in my slick black world.  
Where treasured sighs breed like flies... In my slick black world.  
Such a sinful seed... Says you're cumming in my slick black world.