

Innocent child,
how you thought you knew me,
understood my ways,
my dark needs,
the hunt is not the thrill I'm after,
I want the kill, the conquest,
to be your master,
wrap your arms around my pale skin,
it's too late to back out you're in,
on your knees and praise your new lord,
deeper now, and here's your reward,

take me to bed and rip me apart...