

The Accursed

"Misfortunes Of Virtue"

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And you dare to question my right?
You, fucking wretch that you are
My right to crush you, scar you,
Cast you aside
In this night, this atrocity made
My cock so fucking hard
And you turn towards me
That smile on your face again
And I twist the knife slowly in your heart

And heaven wept to see what you were
Subjected to
And the aftermath

Whips and chains, pleasure, pain
Welded into one seamless fucking whole

Weeping at the end of this bitter road
Know that you will only be forgotten.

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