

Dimera

Burn the Priest

With just a flick of the opal banded finger
I will throw you into a concentric mental decline.
I control your elation, I control your depression.
I take as I wish memory, clothed in a raiment noir. I take you under my black wing. I take you
under my dark wing
and nurture you in hate to dwell
forever in a Maison Blanche. Purity through corruption.
Who am I to blame when your basest instincts are realized?

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>