



Chapter 1 - Cyanide and Blood
Chapter 2 - Session Sinners
Chapter 3 - To Their Music I Fly
Chapter 4 - Ghost-May

The ghastly funeral cortege:

Herr Goat - Sick strings and Voices in the dark
Master Penetron - Lamentations, four vices and little silver keys

All this tear-stained ink and all these haunted tunes by Herr Goat
Moments of vice and woe were captured and perverted by
Master Penetron as autumn turned to winter in 2010
Images of pain and erotic stains stitched together by Herr Goat

Contact:
Goatron
www.goatron.com
herrgoat@goatron.com

*F*our *C*hapters in *V*ice and *V*ice



Cyanide and Blood

Evening's pleasure has embraced the night
and muted speech and distant sighs
Time to step out of the shadows
Begin their last rites

Two ladies, one libertine
Two sisters, one murder scene
Three dreaming, one foul surprise
Two dead girls and one desperate cry

Cut one throat open
Poison on the lips
Puts the other sleeping beauty
to eternal sleep
Mix the blood and poison
in a silver cup
Now the libertine shall taste...
Cyanide and Blood!

Disgusted by this grotesque sight
The lover pukes, his tongue he bites
One in horror, two in death
Makes three coffins about to be fed

One final drink in the feast of life
Sweet union of poison and bloody knife
Down the throat to calm the pain...
Cyanide and Blood!

Cut one throat open...
Mix the blood and poison in a silver cup
The recipe is now ready to drink...
Cyanide and Blood!

The glamour of the mansion, never-ending feast
Had turned into darkness in the hands of the beast
The blood had slowed the poison and just before he died
He could hear the coffin nailed shut with him inside

Session Sinners

Session sinners... Bring them to me!

The whores and the ladies taking turns on Satan's lap
And me a voyeur in the dark, a failed pupil of blood rehab
All principles are left an apple in their mouth
To witness our true witchery that we once called love

I summon thee to fill my wishes, rid me of my dreams
Act 6 of love with kisses devours us to sleep
Only to awaken still wet of night-side bites
To wed our lips in victory of christian last rites

Session sinners... Bring them to me!

Seeking to release you from the harness of death
In fever enslaving myself, making your deathbed
For all the session sinners that took me so damn near
Damnation's finest cultist seeking to rid fear...
...of bones and flesh and spirit!

I summon them to fill my wishes...
Session sinners... Bring them to me!

To Their Music I Fly

This lonely summer's night with wine
Those naked stars pass me by
And the shadows on the bleeding moon
Are their silhouettes, darkness abloom

I put on my favorite funeral suit
And follow them where evil roots
In awe of the beauty of the night
To their ghostly music I fly

Rising high above His stars
The music scars as we fly
The symphony of the wings of the owls
The wolves they howl below, the ravens sing

To their music I fly
To their music I fly
Each and every night, eternally
To their music I fly

My nights are lonely no more
They guard the windows, they guard the doors
I hear the flapping of their wings
Oh god, the comfort it brings

The restless nights in my cold bed
Feel as though distant smell of death
Just this last glass of blood-red wine
And to their music I fly

Rising high...

To their music I fly...

Ghost-Mary

Here, death has laid its stillborn
The rotten eggs of burning guilt
Hearts hard-boiled and buried deep
Baptised in shallow sewage and filth

Skeletal hands (feel) cold on my shoulder
Rivers of wine down my sore throat
To uphold the masquerade of silence
And keep the tears in the moat

The visions of you with the dagger in your hand
Fly like ghosts around my head
I'm moaning sick in my deathbed
The visions of you with the dagger on the floor
You left so fast and rivers dry
once more would run in red, I cry

Ghost-Mary, please come to me at midnight
Hold me tight and take me to the morning light
The snakes inside your hair shall bleed me dry
Let their poison take me to the midnight skies
To me you're more than shadows from the past
Seduce the dark and make him last
Writhing as two shadows on the walls
Orgastic tortures in our death-masked hall

"Mother of Black Gods, your Urges rejoice
Mary full of grace, your Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou amongst women
and blessed is the fruit of thy tomb
for thou hast given birth to the graveyard of my soul"

One touch... and it all comes back to me
The restless pleasures and the peaceful sins
And your pale reflections in the mirror
needles, razors and the pins

Staring at the image of all your pain
Enough to drive this mind raving insane
I still pick up the shards on the floor
Bleeding hands all in vain

Ghost-Mary, please come to me...

Eat me alive and guide me into your tomb
Release your waters on me, deflower abloom
Take me deeper into the abyss of your despair
The stars reflected in your eyes, in that haunting stare

You sound like death and haunt me with your eyes
Those eyes that make me want you to drown me in your sighs
The depths of all my women combined in fucking pain
Come to me once more, drive me fucking insane!

Ghost-Mary, please come to me...