

# Axis Of Advance, The Torture

Blood soaked despair  
Creating an air of paranoia  
Where brothers fear each other  
And kill without question  
Shooting in all directions

Trampling each other, cudgeling deaths  
The sickness grips right at the throat  
Diabolical means, proving the point  
Of human weakness

Tactically implemented paradigm  
Designed in the laboratory  
Men losing control of their minds  
Hallucinating horrific distortions

Flesh feeding the military machine  
Bringing troops to their knees  
Begging for relief  
That will only come in some form of death

Choking on blood, ripping apart  
Gutted corpses, stale the stench  
Of powder and rot, loud the sound  
Of endless bombs, horrific the sights

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Not one stands still  
Researchers examine  
Remains they created  
By subjecting these poor souls  
To the torture