

Bathory, Sadist (Tormentor)

I love to see you writhe in throe
The more you suffer my lust grows
I slit your throat and tear your flesh
My desire will be your death
SADIST (Tormentor)
I welter in blood I rape and slay
Stab sliver lacerate
so many lusts to satisfy
To still my hunger another must die
SADIST (Tormentor)
"But now the sand of time is running out"
I feel old (so cold)
Can hear the bell toll
So weak (must sleep)
Can hear my victims shout
Can't stand their cries their call
I gotta pay for my lusts...
They're dragging me down...