

Frank's Enemy, Torturer

Things I've assembled
To be torn apart
It seems the essence
This lava in my heart
The same old story
Handed by a woman and a snake
Jokes about purgatory
Seems a long wait

One more day with the torturer
One more day with the torturer

Love is a mask
Donned by many things
Fighting juggernauts
Destroying everything
A life of retreat
With its outstretched hand
Slapped down by me
That rule-playing man

One more day with the torturer
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One more day with the torturer
One more day with the torturer

Wrinkles where there were pimples
Grey and gone hair in my brown
Soon I will be muzzled
Soon I will die down
Years between me and God's face
As fleeting as dust and smoke
Every day be good in this place
If only for the hope