

Halloween, Mr. Torture

Welcome to the torture chamber
Said the sign above the entrance
Laughing as he taked you by the hand
Looking like a maniac savage
Inside you can sense the anguish
Theatre of pain has just begun

Mr. Torture gives pain
With his whips and his chains
He knows just what you crave
Mr. Torture
If you're feeling alone
Then just pick up your phone
Dial 18 double 0
Mr. Torture
Mr. Torture sells pain

Only sixty cents a minute
For his special brand of sinning
Phone guaranteed to blow your mind
You can catch him on the website
Has a live chat every weeknight
Cyber-torture soon coming your way

Mr. Torture sells pain
To the housewives in Spain
He knows just what they crave
Mr. Torture
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Mr. Torture sells pain

Handcuffed, bound, chained, and blinded
Body, soul, and mind ignited
Every sense is torn and ripped apart
He's been banned in twenty countries
Though he does it for money
He gets pleasure from hearing you scream

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