

# Rigor Mortis, The Rack

In the dungeon's where it waits  
Locked down in this cold wet place  
For good or bad it has been used  
Many have died to pay their dues  
Made from wood and chains of steel  
Tighten the rope by turning wheel

(Chorus:)

The wheel is turning, it never stops  
Ripping in half ripping apart  
Once turning it cannot stop  
Rip you in half, rip you apart  
The wheel is turning, it never stops  
Ripping in half ripping apart  
Once turning it cannot stop  
Rip you in half, rip you apart  
Muscles snap from pounds of tension  
Arms and legs meet dislocation  
Stretched to then past the breaking point  
Pulling hip bones out of joint  
Don't beg don't plead don't even try  
I've met the rack it's time to die

(Repeat Chorus)

Tied, gagged, and broken separation is complete  
The rack fulfills it's purpose, dividing bone and meat  
For confession or for torture it's grip never releases  
The rack has claimed another life  
My body lies in pieces