

122 Stab Wounds, The Torture Art

Down The Stairs He Walks
Towards What He Lusts For
The Grim Art on The Wall
Makes Him Want More
A Chamber Full of Hate
Carpets Made of Human Limbs
He Enjoys The Air He Breathes
He Does No Longer Grief
Into The Halls of Pain
Where Death Is The Only Art
Welcome To Those
With Their Torture Hearts
Fascinated By Brutal Deaths
He Continues His Search Alone
In The Eternal Hails of Torture
He Walks Until The Gate Is Open
He Does Not Want To Turn Back
He Has Found His Passion
While The Flowers Rot At Winter
His Mind Grows Sicker And Sicker
All The Gates of Which He Passed
Is Now Sealed In Blood
I Hope He's Found His World of Dreams
I Enjoy The Torture Art
Down The Stairs He Walks
Towards What He Lusts For
The Grim Art on The Wall
Makes Him Want More
A Chamber Full of Hate
Carpets Made of Human Limbs
He Enjoys The Air He Breathes
He Does No Longer Grief
Fascinated By Brutal Deaths
He Continues His Search Alone
In The Eternal Hails of Torture
He Walks Until The Gate Is Open
He Does Not Want To Turn Back
He Has Found His Passion
While The Flowers Rot At Winter
His Mind Grows Sicker And Sicker