

Baphomet, Torn Soul

solve the key you will pay
torn apart with huge hooks
shredded up human slop
they will come the masters
pinhead and the chatlers

Trapped inside their gore world
feel the pain in your head
try to hide they'll find you
tear you apart in their fun

Escape for now but they still lurk
smell is foul the blod flows
he returns from beyond
decapitates in the ward
runaway into a room
there they hide feel your doom
hooks will fly through your flest
eyes fall out, smash your head

Feel your self come apart in there
rotting flesh hurts through the air now
splashing guts fall on the floor there
mind explodes there is gore everywhere
suol is trapped inside their world now
you will pay for what you will done
your suffering will be eternal
tear you apart ih their fun