Holy Terror, Debt of Pain

(Kilfelt)
Walking the streets at night alone
Thoughts in dementia keep you going
No outlet you can't seem to find
A place to rest your head tonight
Feeling down and out
Feeling there is no doubt
Someone must pay the Debt of Pain
Nothing will stand in your way
Infected by the power that preys
On feelings driving you insane
And when it all becomes clear
That you must conquer you fear
No matter who or what's to blame
Feeling down and out
Feeling there is no doubt
You know just what you've got to do
Assault the weak and those who dare defy
The anger of a sick and violent mind
Nothing will stand in your way
Infected by the power that preys
On feelings driving you insane
And when it all becomes clear
That you must conquer your fear
No matter who or what's to blame
The answer to your fears
Lies many suffered years
Ahead of bitter unrestraint
Turn from hate that holds you in control
Escape the bondage, free your tortured soul