

Terminal Choice, Flesh In Chains

Flesh In Chains

Black leather
Cold skin
Warped bodies are moving
Silver chains
Razer blades
Torture, of the flesh
On your knees
Feel the pain
The principles, of lust
Forbidden dreams
Forbidden Dreams
The nightmare
of pleasure, and pain

CHORUS:

You see your flesh in chains
You feel your flesh in chains
You want your flesh in chains
You need your flesh in chains

Fires are burning
Flames of the heart
The smell of blood
in the air
Sweet torture
Sweet pain
Mutilation, of your body
You can't move
You can't cry
tears of pain
in your eyes
You break down
on the floor
Your heart stops beating
Now

CHORUS:

You see your flesh in chains
You feel your flesh in chains
You want your flesh in chains
You need your flesh in chains

(organs playing)

CHORUS:

You see your flesh in chains
You feel your flesh in chains
You want your flesh in chains
You need your flesh in chains

Flesh in chains...You want your flesh in chains
Flesh in chains...You need your flesh in chains