

## Virgin Steele

### "The Tortures Of The Damned"

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[ADAM:] I walk... I ride...  
Through Streets of Genocide  
My Words drip Blood  
Like Savage Mist is Love  
No choice... no home  
Black Thoughts like Rivers run

What Death what grief  
Whose voice can slay belief...  
What Hope what care  
In a world beyond repair...

To Praise what Truth  
Who's Flag to now Salute...  
What God is this...  
Whose people are so dismissed...

No sigh, no tear...  
Black Sunset Kiss of Fear...  
The Walls remain  
The Flesh defies the Brain...

Speak not of Peace  
Devour the Well of Grief...  
And run like Stone  
Embrace your Death alone tonight...  
... oh this Night...

What Ancient lie can let my People Die...  
I will tear...  
... your Fucking Kingdom from the Sky!

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