

## **Impaled Nazarene "Die Insane"**

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Place the hand on it's throat  
Feel the fragile windpipe  
Slowly tighten your grip  
Watch closely it's eyes  
When they are rolling over  
Then release your grip

I have sworn to make your life a living hell  
Torture knows no boundaries

Now it is gasping for air  
Great moment to throw it at a wall  
Shrieks of pain at an empty hallway  
Death has never come so slow

I have sworn to make your life a living hell  
Torture knows no boundaries

Die insane  
I will you to die insace  
In the end you will die insane

Watch it crawl back to it's hole  
Laugh as it fights for it's live  
That fuck seems to have nine lives  
Eight are spent now fucking die

I have sworn to make your life a living hell  
Torture knows no boundaries

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