

Ritual Carnage

"Room 101"

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Into a windowless building he is lead
Consumed within 4 walls
Strapped onto a bed of coils
The brainwashing begins

Dealing in the pain
As the needle starts to rise
Flood the body with current
Grinds his teeth and snaps his spine

Beat into submission
Questioned til' the truth revealed
Sleep depravition
Reality becomes surreal

Intense torture
Defective memory
Torn between 2 identities
To the edge of lunacy

For who controls the present
Will manipulate the past
War is peace
Your freedom is slavery

Where does the past exist
If it exists at all
In records it is written
In the mind, human memories

The thought police
Big brother is watching you
All your worlst fears lie
Beyond the doors of room 101

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