

## **The Gates Of Slumber "Broken On The Wheel"**

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An angel of scorn, the lord of the lash. To be ripped  
and torn, to gore and to gash.  
Vengeance is born and must sever and slash. All  
traitors shall mourn in anger and ash.

They break your bones, you suffer and moan. Into hell  
fire you're hurled.  
Daggers of pain rip at your brain. Soon to be leaving  
this world.  
Gasping and crying tortured and dying...

The leather caress you give out your last breath.  
Broken on the wheel.  
The blood lays in pools beneath the torturer's tools.  
And flies feast as flames lick the sky.  
Die

Break him

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