

## Torture "Blood Portraits"

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It all started long ago  
When I was locked away  
There were little voices in my head  
I talked to every day  
They knew of some place far away  
Where I could be instead  
And they promised they would take me there  
If I did as they said  
They said

Close your eyes  
And dream of happy things  
Like wonderful waterfalls  
And colorful rainbows  
They said  
Follow us  
And do what's best for you  
And join this horrible fantasy  
Where all of your dreams will come true  
And yes it is time  
Dwell into surreality  
A magical visit  
To mental brutality  
These desperate visions  
Of beautiful streams  
And far away castles  
Are no longer dreams  
And yes it is time

So we drift off to our destiny  
Between the falling stars  
I now can see the other side  
I know that we're not far  
Welcome to surreality  
The little voices said  
Now pass beyond the ivory gates  
And see what lies ahead  
They said

Close your eyes  
And dream of happy things  
Like wonderful waterfalls

And colorful rainbows  
They said  
Follow us  
And do what's best for you  
And join this horrible fantasy  
Where all of your dreams will come true  
And yes it is time  
Dwell into surreality  
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To mental brutality  
These desperate visions  
Of beautiful streams  
And far away castles  
Are no longer dreams  
And yes it is time

Why do they laugh?  
What is this place?  
This is not like they said no

I see these twisted faces  
Pressed against the glass  
They cry to me to free their souls  
From the burning clouds that pass  
The voices have all gone away  
And left me all alone  
I'm trapped here for eternity  
There's no place like home

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