

Torture Killer

"The Art Of Impalement"

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Tearing a hole to your chest
One stab struck in your neck
Deep blue skin, the worms set in
My trophy of impalement
Tearing the soul from your chest
Your headstone is re-written
No disgust when fucking the dead
It's the living I feel resentment

Art of impalement, grace in killing victims
Living or dead, it's all the same
I make them all scream in pain

Tearing a hole... tearing the soul...
Righteous wrath, instant death
Spear driven through the neck
The last remaining seconds of life
In fear of what comes next

Art of impalement
Grace in killing victims
Living or dead, it's all the same
I make them all scream in pain

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