

Torture Squad "A Soul In Hell"

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Fanatic for religion
Alone with holy images
She consumes eagerly
Gospels and prayers
Her mind deforms the real
Your fanaticism hits your soul
Screams invade the dawn
Insanity out of control

Crippled in a bed
Waiting the divine death
She agonizes in thoughts
Macabre as the shadows
Altered subconscious
To a catatonic state
A dark room will
Her grave

A soul in hell!

It's so delicious the agony
Embracing the death
Last thoughts of the life
Silence's her scream
Fanatism got to last consequences
Creating pain and disturbance
The flowed mind
For religion in decadence

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