

Torture Squad "Spiritual Cancer"

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Fire and Sulphur, reign of horror
Empty doctrines feeding the tomorrow
Black horizon with strange forms
Ruins of death, desolation so worn
Leave your soul to rest in pain
Into the lake of fire... you are slain!
Tears of blood fall on your face
Your dark spirit in an unholy embrace

Feel my spiritual cancer
This is my sickly manner

Sitting on his throne is the lord of the flies
He gets a lot of names, here you come lie
Drinking the chalice of the human sores
With your slaves and unholy whores

Black sky, forgotten land
Human carcass rotting in the sand
As the night rules eternally
The evil grows in obscurity
Kingdom of tolerance, dismal and vile
Chambers of molestation of the king of wiles
The dark side of the human soul
Fallen angel are ready to go

Feel my spiritual cancer
This is my sickly manner

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