

White Rose Movement

"Tortura"

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I was forced to confess a guilt
That I have never committed
Thirty minutes of fear
My executioner is here
Every time he starts again
And he tries to know the truth
[chorus]
Torture time to save the soul
There's no blood to give the words
Many times you've heard the screams
Innocents haven't left the signs
Flat-nose pliers incandescent
To tear the flesh without blood
The wheel begins to stretch
The water in my throat
Every time he starts again
I feel the pain across my body
[chorus]

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