

Xyster "Inquisition"

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Hunter and hunted gasping for breath, the inquisitors
closing in
Crimes against church and crimes against crown are
your deadly sins
Surrounded by many, protected by few, you throw your
weapons to the ground
You feel like a fox at the end of a hunt, wishing that you
were the hound

[Chorus:]

Pathetic and wounded on your knees, what can you say
To the evil inquisitors of Auto de la Fe?

Bound and gagged, roughly treated, taken to your cell
Where body and mind are tortured in your private hell
Waiting for your day of death, wishing it to arrive
Who said there'd be Purgatory while you're still alive

[Chorus]

A thousand cuts shred your skin, writhing on the
ground
A tourniquet crushes your neck, eyes blood-swollen
round
Your brain explodes, death is here, not a moment soon
Travel to your heretic master, Hell's piper calls your
tune

[Chorus]

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