

Disinter

"Tortures Of The Damned"

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Wings of death
Carry them away
The sky is black
For the tortured prey

Filled with sorrow
Laugh in disgust
Cry with hate
Determine their fate

Slugs of cold flesh fill the air
Waiting to be worked on by the hands of doom

As the embalmer cries at what he sees
The eerie surroundings; no one leaves
Trapped between life and death as your soul begs for
mercy
The demons of air and night find the light for your time

Tonight
Tortures of the Damned
Die!
Tortures of the Damned
Die!

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
Autopsy cremation, land of lust
Burning flesh fills the air
Showing no mercy, no lives to spare

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