

Disinter "Twisted Soul"

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Death himself comes walking through the street
Flesh enslaved, walking dead alive
Collects our souls with voodoo magick black
Invades our dreams, no one hears the screams

Possessed, each night I await his arrival
Possession comes, through my skin he takes my soul

With the night, eternally I walk
Dead not yet, I'm lost without a soul
Dreams, each night he appears
Screams are what he needs to hear
Possessed, each night I await their arrival
Possession comes, through my skin he takes my
Twisted, Tortured soul
Twisted, Tortured soul

The battle is fought within my mind
Possession now my body dies, tortured soul
Twisted, Tortured soul

Buried but my mind still alive
My soul, evil spirits now controls
Remember that whatever happens
Death is not the end for your
TWISTED, TORTURED!

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