

Razor "Tortured Skull"

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Raging vultures approaching the clearing
Forbidden from cultures and ground
Striking to kill with power and glory
It's pain within pleasure they've found
Their fingertips drip with the blood of the foe
But grinning, enjoying the sight
They slash opposition for minding metallics
And scream for their pride and their rights
Hammer the walls with the front of your skull
Pound ancient stone 'til you tear down the wall
Find he who rules and imprisons us all
Search forever and find no one at all, Tortured Skull
Tortured Skull, bruised and beaten
Enslaved with lust and steel
Tortured Skull, skinned alive
Murderous speed to conceal
Begin grinding your teeth, scarring your face
Gripping the strength of belief
Distant aggression, the root of our lives
To bring you the tension relief
To rip and slice from the shine of your eyes
Is the law of intelligent minds
Metal rules with it's rampage and violence
With bastards in death of all kinds

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