

Lich King

"Grindwheel"

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Thieving villain in my house
You've come to rob me blind
Weren't careful, I've found out
And now it's time to grind
Drag you down unlighted steps
Across the sodded floor
Bind your limbs in leather straps
And close and lock the door

There's no court or judge for you
There's no hope for appeal
You've been caught and sentenced to
Grind beneath the wheel

Eyes adjust in torchlit gloom
A chill sets in your bones
A guest in my most private room
New grain for my mill's stone
Struggle tight against the bonds
Beg mercy on your soul
I turn the crank and sing my song
The wheel begins to roll

There's no holy man for you
There's no final meal
You've been caught and sentenced to
Grind beneath the wheel

You're screaming now, the curses come
The begging, then the tears
I save this pleasure for the ones
Who've robbed me all these years

Feet are crushed and mashed and you
Begin to howl and squeal
You've been caught and sentenced to
Grind beneath the wheel

You're a thief condemned and you will
Grind beneath my wheel

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