

# The Storyteller

## "Chamber Of Torture"

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[M: Persson, L: Persson]

Terrible screams comes out from these rooms  
Screams out of torture and pain  
The need of confessions to save all their souls  
Without it their souls are condemned

Now confess to me  
And the pain shall pass from thee  
Now confess to me  
And I shall set your soul free

Cause now you have entered the hall of the doomed  
And you are mine to claim  
And if you are smart you will do as I say  
And I shall spare you the pain

Many are those who have entered these rooms  
And all of them begged to get free  
But I can assure you that free you won't be  
Reveal your sins to me  
Without it their souls are condemned

Now confess to me  
And the pain shall pass from thee  
Now confess to me  
And I shall set your soul free

Cause now you have entered the hall of the doomed  
And you are mine to claim  
And if you are smart you will do as I say  
And I shall spare you the pain

Burning iron sticks, sharpened spikes and bricks  
Tools to save your souls  
Needles oh so thin, deep down in your skin  
Salvation is close  
Don't try to fight back, time is all I have  
There's no rush at all  
When my work is done, you've confessed your crimes  
And redeemed your soul

Yes, terrible screams comes out from these rooms  
Screams out of torture and pain  
Cause I need the confessions to save all your souls  
Without it your souls are condemned

Now confess to me  
And the pain shall pass from thee  
Now confess to me  
And I shall set your soul free

Cause now you have entered the hall of the doomed  
And you are mine to claim  
And if you are smart you will do as I say  
And I shall spare you the pain

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