

Die Insane

Impaled Nazarene

Place the hand on its throat
Feel the fragile windpipe
Slowly tighten your grip
Watch closely its eyes
When they are rolling over
Then release your grip

I have sworn to make your life a living hell
Torture knows no boundaries

Now it is gasping for air
Great moment to throw it at a wall
Shrieks of pain at an empty hallway
Death has never come so slow

I have sworn to make your life a living hell
Torture knows no boundaries

Die insane
I will you to die insace
In the end you will die insane

Watch it crawl back to its hole
Laugh as it fights for its live
That fuck seems to have nine lives
Eight are spent now fucking die

I have sworn to make your life a living hell
Torture knows no boundaries