

The Tortures of the Damned

Virgin Steele

ADAM: I walk...I ride...
Through Streets of Genocide
My Words drip Blood
Like Savage Mist is Love
No choice...no home
Black Thoughts like Rivers run
What Death what grief
Whose voice can slay belief...
What Hope what care
In a world beyond repair...
To Praise what Truth
Who's Flag to now Salute...
What God is this...
Whose people are so dismissed...
No sigh, no tear...
Black Sunset Kiss of Fear...
The Walls remain
The Flesh defies the Brain...
Speak not of Peace
Devour the Well of Grief...
And run like Stone
Embracee your Death alone tonight...
...oh this Night...
What Ancient lie can let my People Die...
I will tear...
...your Fucking Kingdom from the Sky!