

## Twist, Nail, Torture

Astarte

Deliver your madness descent the grace  
Suffer the darkness with joyful hate  
All devotion a fusion of madness

Twist, Nail, Torture

No pain or sign of sorrow  
No age or narrow death  
No ending or coming evil

Deliver your madness descent the grace,  
Suffer the darkness with joyful hate  
All devotion a fusion of madness

Twist, Nail, Torture

Epilogue:

my thoughts rest in silence  
myself fall into emptiness  
into delirium's nights  
It goes where midnight frosts my eyes