

# Torture

GWAR

Down in syntho-mine number nine  
Me and the mutants are doing quite fine  
We received the stimu-spray, cold as ice  
It keeps us going nice, then they come for us at night  
With their gleaming metal teeth  
Tendrils from the pulsing control rod  
Enters my brain, gives pleasure, gives pain  
What could it be except a god?

I remember the surface world like a dream  
I remember...green  
Now the flesh has been shredded from my arms  
And been rewoven with steel  
Now my body is mutilated  
But still my mind can feel  
They wanna study why I cry when I kill  
And what they must do before I will

Torture-Torture-Torture  
They apply (2x)  
Torture of the mind  
Torture of the soul  
Torture of the body (2x)

The alarm is exploding it's time for the arena  
But all I know truly is that I still live  
Decided by only the death that I give  
Or receive, decided by games  
Sensors record and reflect on the pain  
If my body rejects my implanted slay-mits  
They'll burn me alive and recycle the bits

It's like a mental tractor beam-  
Tearing at my mind can't you hear it scream  
until the night, and their delight  
They gave me a woman then turned off the lights  
Upon a glowing screen, images are seen  
They watch us suck and fuck  
They think that it's obscene  
They took her away,  
We'll meet again one day  
But not that way (4x)  
Tearing at the tractor beam  
Piling on the pressure let the protons scream  
Simulated cyber-slay  
No purpose, just another day...  
Of...

Torture-Torture-Torture  
They apply (2x)  
Torture of the mind  
Torture of the soul  
Torture of the body (2x)

They lost their souls  
They gained - control!

Whirling metal fest of knives  
Driving needles into eyes  
Again I've come out alive  
But always they are in my mind  
With drugs and sex they gild my cage  
By brutish acts I pay with rage  
But always I feel inside  
They watch my thoughts  
And see through my eyes

In the gladiatorial hives  
I fight to stay alive

tearing at the tractor beam  
Images without a screen  
Piling on the power let the protons scream  
Could it be a dream - something so obscene

One day I'll die  
And when I do I'll try  
To somehow become free  
And take one of the things to hell with me  
They made me kill my sister  
They made me fucking fist her  
They made me have sex with her corpse  
They noted my remorse  
In the realm of the Perfects (8x)  
They noted my remorse