

Torturous

Nosferatu

We are burning all the nightmares,
We are rising with the sun,
Now we all stand and face tomorrow,
For too long we've stood alone.
We are coming through the windows,
We are kicking down the doors,
Now we'll no more embrace your darkness,
Your superstition's yours alone.

So torturous,
The blade cuts deep, your tongue still bleeds,
Torturous, Remaining where you hang your prayer.

We are laughing in reflection,
We are setting fire to fear,
Now we'll put our faith in no one,
We don't your second chance.

We are giving rhyme not reason,
We don't need to settle scores,
Now you can take or leave tomorrow,
Your superstition leaves you cold. Leaves you cold.

So torturous,
The blade cuts deep, your tongue still bleeds,
Torturous, Remaining where you hang your prayer.