

Down To The Bone

Rage

Shut up your foolish laugh
The man is only hides your fear of being destroyed
Your body aches, your mind collapses
The executioner smiles, as if he enjoys

The fortune chamber's filled well
The rock's the place you'll go to hell, indeed
So do your prayer, prepare to die
Don't ask if they got the night to make you bleed

They'll punish you
Down to the bone
Put to the rack
Down to the bone

The sweet is running down your spine
You're chained up tight, no way to move away
So do your prayer, prepare to die
Don't ask if they got the night to make you bleed

They'll punish you
Down to the bone
Put to the rack
Down to the bone

Screams of pain resounding through the halls
Streams of blood are flowing from the walls
Your flesh is burning, your brain is tearing up
They take away what they couldn't give back

So, now your will to be is gone
You're friend of pain so rest your soul and die
You're not the first and not the last
As long as satan's seed flourishes they die

They'll punish you
Down to the bone
Put to the rack
Down to the bone