

Tormentor

Throneum

As a little boy he played strange games
No toy he ever touched
But when nobody looked his body cooked
In his soul were burning flames

Oh my son I see your talent
Waiting for such guys like you
Satan's in his throne
In his dark damned doom
His help he'll surely send

Oh little mouse, where is your head
Do you want something instead
Now little bird you see my blade
Now you see I know my trade
Tormentor

He's the master in his own four walls
Lives a life in fun
Cause his only joy
Is a living toy
Somebody to cut off

Oh bloody body, where's your head
Can't find it in this mess
Misused life I can't stand it
But I'll have success
Tormentor