

## Drawn And Quartered

Tourniquet

Deliver to me the thieves, the murderers  
And those with whom I find no fault  
Just give me bodies - and the means to kill  
It matters not who is guilty, who is innocent  
It only matters where my fancy leads me  
I live to please myself as your blood spills out  
When you expire - there's a hundred more...

All who came to see - the curious, the morbid  
Nero decides their fate - the arena becomes an assorted  
Spectacle played out en masse  
Your soul means nothing, your pain even less  
As your loved ones plead for my forgiveness  
Not an ounce of mercy will I give out

Bind the ropes, set the horses afoot  
Wailing cries, limbs torn out by the root  
Entertaining drunken guests as the Christians are martyred  
Crimes so petty - the result - drawn and quartered  
The result - drawn and quartered

How can it be, as my own death is imminent  
That You, oh Lord, still love me  
A life lived in the pleasure of torture and murder  
I can't understand it - I can't understand