

# Confession Saves Blood

Metal Inquisitor

A pain like buzz saw, crawling through my neck  
My brain like lightning, flashing to be back  
Sparks are coming out at every side  
A frozen dead one, owner of the night

Here between, the silent line, I'm wounded to the core  
Seeding crime, possessing time, to reach the final score

Medieval Torture, accusers from beyond  
The Age of Faith's over, is it still in front?  
Dark night shadows falling, right down from the sky  
Methods for a bloodshed, I dread until I'll die...  
Confession saves blood!

My oppressed body, hanging by the wrists  
My maltreat face, adapted by their fists  
Not even ready, my bones are still all right  
My lips will talk now, I've lost the fight

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