

## The Torture Fields

Pig Destroyer

I ride a cockroach  
Down your streets of trash  
Baptized in shadow  
Born in a car crash  
I'm headed down to the place  
Where they beg for the blade  
Where the ground weeps blood  
Where the sky cries in pain  
In the distance  
I swear I can hear  
The thumbscrews turn  
In the torture fields  
The thrill of violence  
Is what I seek  
The sweet  
Tension and release  
When I close my eyes  
It's like I can feel  
The countess  
Crack the whip  
In the torture fields  
Hail the wrong  
Praise the obscene  
Death upon  
It's skeletal steed  
Into the fields, I step  
Lit by mounds of burning flesh