

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