

Convulsion

Torture Squad

The world crosses for hard moments, an increase of pain
Absolute ideas of peace finish in disdain
Unnecessary discussions aid this intolerable will
Living in a sickening world, all the stink we can smell

And once more the earth cries
Convulsion!
The land exhales a stinky sty
Convulsion!

So many deaths in the name of power accelerating the end
A real deception of this mankind, nobody gets to understand
A cold wind blow the seeds of discording, black clouds covering
the sky
The shaken faith in the heart of the weak, dark ages begin to rise!

Different minds, different thoughts, secluded in a spiritual maze
Manipulate the facts with mastery, everything to daze
In a structure made of obscure acts, your pain...you'll be found
Sentence of death to the world, black forces infect the ground