

# Tormentor

## Propergol

Tor...  
Tormentor...  
Born into the fog of war  
It left a scar  
He watched his family turn to sludge  
He was appalled, they often are  
Because  
Here are the skulls of the vanquished  
Here are the weapons he used  
The more strength you have, the more that he hates you  
You must be consumed  
This is his story  
Festooned with glory  
This is history  
It's not a sin...  
Festooned with finery  
You'll find him in the winery  
Festooned with filigree  
These are the maggots in the wounds...  
Tor...  
He is Tormentor  
Mentor...  
Tormentor  
Attack-or...  
He is Attack-or  
Tor-men-tor  
Tor...Tor...Tor...  
You must retaliate  
He moves  
His armor crinkles  
Like a ferrous dinosaur  
That sound  
Is the sound of his armor  
Here are the skulls of the vanquished  
Here are the weapons he used  
The stronger you are, the more that he hates you  
You will be consumed  
Festooned with filigree

This is history  
This is his story  
An allegory  
Tor...  
He is Tormentor  
Mentor...  
Tormentor  
Attack-or...  
He is Attack-or  
Tor-men-tor  
Tor...Tor...Tor...  
It is said he once cracked a smile  
It was said his blood was made of bile  
It is said his thews are mighty  
It is said his views are righty  
His loins heave with sap  
Tormentor...

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