

# The Torture Never Stops

## Frank Zappa

Frank zappa (guitar)  
Captain beefheart (harmonica, vocals)  
Napoleon murphy brock (saxophone)  
Bruce fowler (trombone)  
Denny walley (slide guitar)  
George duke (keyboards)  
Tom fowler (bass)  
Terry bozzio (drums)Flies all green and buzzin'  
In this dungeon of despair  
Prisoners grumble and piss their clothes  
And scratch their matted hair  
A tiny light from a window-hole  
A hundred yards away  
Is all they ever get to know  
About the regular light in the dayAnd it stinks so bad the stones been chokin'  
Weepin' greenish drops  
In the room where the giant fire puffer works  
And the torture never stops  
The torture never stopsSlime and rot and rats and snot and  
Vomit on the floor  
Fifty hill billy soldiers man  
Holdin' spears by the iron door  
Knives and spikes and guns and the likes  
Of every tool of pain  
And a sinister midget with a bucket and a mop  
Where the blood goes down the drainAnd it stinks so bad, the stones been chokin'  
Weepin' greenish drops  
In the room where  
The giant fire puffer works  
And the torture never stops  
The torture never stops,  
The torture  
The torture  
The torture never stopsFlies all green and buzzin'  
In this dungeon of despair  
An evil prince eats a steamin' pig  
In a chamber right near thereHe eats the snouts and the trotters first  
The loins and the groins are soon dispersed  
His carvin' style is well rehearsed

He stands and shouts  
All men be cursed (4x)  
And disagree, hell no one durst  
He's the best of cause of all the worst  
Some wrong been done  
He done it first And he stinks so bad his bones been chokin'  
Weepin' greenish drops  
In the light of the iron sausage  
Where the torture never stops  
The torture never stops  
The torture  
The torture  
The torture never stops Flies all green and buzzin'  
In the dungeon of despair  
Who are all those people  
That he's locked away down there  
Are they crazy  
Are they sainted  
Are they zeros someone painted  
That had never been explained  
Since at first it was created  
But a dungeon like a sin  
Requires not much lockin' in  
Of everything thats ever been  
Look at her  
Look at him  
Thats whats the deal we're dealin in  
Thats whats the deal we're dealin in  
Thats whats the deal we're dealin in

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>