

The Rack

Rigor Mortis

In the dungeon's where it waits
Locked down in this cold wet place
For good or bad it has been used
Many have died to pay their dues
Made from wood and chains of steel
Tighten the rope by turning wheel[Chorus:]
The wheel is turning, it never stops
Ripping in half ripping apart
Once turning it cannot stop
Rip you in half, rip you apart
The wheel is turning, it never stops
Ripping in half ripping apart
Once turning it cannot stop
Rip you in half, rip you apart
Muscles snap from pounds of tension
Arms and legs meet dislocation
Stretched to then past the breaking point
Pulling hip bones out of joint
Don't beg don't plead don't even try
I've met the rack it's time to die[Repeat Chorus]Tied, gagged, and broken separation is complete
The rack fulfills it's purpose, dividing bone and meat
For confession or for torture it's grip never releases
The rack has claimed another life
My body lies in pieces

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