Tormentor

SÃ³lstafir

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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