

Drawn and Quartered

Tourniquet

Deliver to me the thieves, the murderers
And those with whom I find no fault
Just give me bodies - and the means to kill
It matters not who is guilty, who is innocent
It only matters where my fancy leads me
I live to please myself as you blood spills out
When you expire - there's a hundred more: All who came to see - the curious, the morbid
Nero decides their fate - the arena becomes an assorted
Spectacle played out en masse
You soul means nothing, your pain even less
As your loved one plead for my forgiveness
Not an ounce of mercy will I give out Bind the ropes, set the horses afoot
Wailing cry, limbs torn out by the root
Entertaining drunken guests as the Christians are martyred
Crimes so petty - the result - drawn and quartered
The result - drawn and quartered How can it be, as my own death is imminent
That you, oh Lord, still love me
A life in the pleasure of torture and murder
I can't understand it - I can't understand

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