

Strappado

Brodequin

Suspended sweat and blood fills the eyes of inquisitor mocks all answers
Hoisted up the pulley cables tighten asked again suddenly dropped shoulders
Near dislocation weights added to the feet ropes tighten around the wrists
Confession for a merciful death denial is a slow execution, the room of questions
Smothers the world, suffering in silence broke by the screams of pain raised
One last time the last chance to confess let go then abruptly stopped the weight
Pulls the legs from their sockets ropes dislocate the shoulders
The body mangled consumed with shock.