

# The Strangulation Chair

## Cannibal Corpse

Trapped in this prison awaiting my death  
Condemned to die by draconian means  
An eye for an eye is the rule of this land  
But the victim in question did not die by my

Hand  
A mockery of justice  
Inequity  
The murderer will live but I will die

Strapped to a chair unable to breathe  
Other condemned have died before me  
Constrained in the chair I saw fear in their eyes  
The executioner smiled as he took their

Lives  
Crushing their windpipes  
Garroted  
Throttled with iron they succumb to death

The Strangulation Chair  
Constriction of the throat  
No air for the lungs, no blood for the brain

A death I don't deserve  
Blameless of this crime  
Only I know this is true

The Strangulation Chair  
The spinal column breaks  
Then my life will cease, my final release

A death I have not earned  
But still have to face  
They are the murderers now

My day has come now it's my turn to die  
Hands tied they lead me away  
The executioner collars my neck  
In terror I wait for my strangulation  
my strangulation, my strangulation

Death  
My mind slips to darkness  
Unconscious forever  
The crime they committed they will not know

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