

The Pit And The Pendulum

Dawn of Tears

The cruel crowd of the monks
spoke the word to choose my destiny
Sentence! Condemn me to the sufferings
Victim of their sadism

My flesh lost in darkness, deepest one of the
obscurities that I've ever seen
Consider[ing] my dungeon as my crypt, 1000
inquisitorial eyes watching me
I couldn't see nothing, between the
nightmares, Am I dead or alive?
I felt down and my face touched the void of
the abyss that I've found down on me.

Cold, humid, square cell in the middle, [not?]
circle
Death could be so sweet but no[t] this way
Later muzzled in a [wooden?] [illegible]
Gleam of the blade that [is] hanging above
The rats liberated my bonds
As the pendulum slowly descends onto me
I'll be free! But no[t] for long...

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Down in me...

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But [illegible] I'm free!