

Torture

GWAR

Down in syntho-mine number nine
Me and the mutants are doing quite fine
We received the stimu-spray, cold as ice
It keeps us going nice, then they come for us at night
With their gleaming metal teeth
Tendrils from the pulsing control rod
Enters my brain, gives pleasure, gives pain
What could it be except a god?

I remember the surface world like a dream
I remember...green
Now the flesh has been shredded from my arms
And been rewoven with steel
Now my body is mutilated
But still my mind can feel
They wanna study why I cry when I kill
And what they must do before I will

Torture-Torture-Torture
They apply (2x)
Torture of the mind
Torture of the soul
Torture of the body (2x)

The alarm is exploding it's time for the arena
But all I know truly is that I still live
Decided by only the death that I give
Or receive, decided by games
Sensors record and reflect on the pain
If my body rejects my implanted slay-mits
They'll burn me alive and recycle the bits

It's like a mental tractor beam-
Tearing at my mind can't you hear it scream
until the night, and their delight
They gave me a woman then turned off the lights
Upon a glowing screen, images are seen
They watch us suck and fuck
They think that it's obscene
They took her away,
We'll meet again one day
But not that way (4x)
Tearing at the tractor beam
Piling on the pressure let the protons scream
Simulated cyber-slay
No purpose, just another day...
Of...

Torture-Torture-Torture
They apply (2x)
Torture of the mind
Torture of the soul
Torture of the body (2x)

They lost their souls
They gained - control!

Whirling metal fest of knives
Driving needles into eyes
Again I've come out alive
But always they are in my mind
With drugs and sex they gild my cage
By brutish acts I pay with rage
But always I feel inside
They watch my thoughts
And see through my eyes

In the gladiatorial hives
I fight to stay alive

tearing at the tractor beam
Images without a screen
Piling on the power let the protons scream
Could it be a dream - something so obscene

One day I'll die
And when I do I'll try
To somehow become free
And take one of the things to hell with me
They made me kill my sister
They made me fucking fist her
They made me have sex with her corpse
They noted my remorse
In the realm of the Perfects (8x)
They noted my remorse