

Confession Saves Blood

Metal Inquisitor

A pain like buzz saw, crawling through my neck
My brain like lightning, flashing to be back
Sparks are coming out at every side
A frozen dead one, owner of the night

Here between, the silent line, I'm wounded to the core
Seeding crime, possessing time, to reach the final score

Medieval Torture, accusers from beyond
The Age of Faith's over, is it still in front?
Dark night shadows falling, right down from the sky
Methods for a bloodshed, I dread until I'll die...
Confession saves blood!

My oppressed body, hanging by the wrists
My maltreat face, adapted by their fists
Not even ready, my bones are still all right
My lips will talk now, I've lost the fight

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