

## Disciples of Discipline

Morbid Saint

You know you cannot survive  
the eternal pain within  
join Satan's following  
you now a disciple of discipline

Awakened by the sounds  
of blood curdling screams  
shackled to the wall  
the pain it is extreme  
Outside the door  
the chanting of the vicious beasts  
The primal cries they bellow  
before they start to feast

Come to see the face  
of the demons gathered around  
Horror builds inside  
you can only hear the sound  
The screams inside your head  
The fear within your soul  
Disciples of discipline  
At Satan's control

The hours pass like days  
slipping in and out of consciousness  
Unsure of your destiny  
or what this really is  
Thoughts of what's to come  
is torture in itself  
Aware of this they wait  
as you remember somewhere else

Ripping bits of skin their  
feasting on your flesh  
Looking at yourself  
see there's not much left  
Why your still alive  
is the thought running through your head  
They smile because they know  
You cannot kill the dead

After many years  
your feelings start to change  
you cannot understand why  
you now invite the pain  
Feeling you've become  
some horrid beast within  
They welcome to me now  
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