

Disciples of Discipline

Morbid Saint

You know you cannot survive
the eternal pain within
join Satan's following
your 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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