

Broken On The Wheel

The Gates of Slumber

An angel of scorn, the lord of the lash. To be ripped and
torn, to gore and to gash.
Vengeance is born and must sever and slash. All traitors
shall mourn in anger and ash.

They break your bones, you suffer and moan. Into hell
fire you're hurled.
Daggers of pain rip at your brain. Soon to be leaving
this world.
Gasping and crying tortured and dying...

The leather caress you give out your last breath. Broken
on the wheel.
The blood lays in pools beneath the torturer's tools.
And flies feast as flames lick the sky.
Die

Break him