

# Convulsion

## Torture Squad

The world crosses for hard moments, an increase of pain  
Absolute ideas of peace finish in disdain  
Unnecessary discussions aid this intolerable will  
Living in a sickening world, all the stink we can smell

And once more the earth cries  
Convulsion!  
The land exhales a stinky sty  
Convulsion!

So many deaths in the name of power accelerating the end  
A real deception of this mankind, nobody gets to understand  
A cold wind blow the seeds of discording, black clouds covering  
the sky  
The shaken faith in the heart of the weak, dark ages begin to rise!

Different minds, different thoughts, secluded in a spiritual maze  
Manipulate the facts with mastery, everything to daze  
In a structure made of obscure acts, your pain...you'll be found  
Sentence of death to the world, black forces infect the ground