

The Black Dahlia Murder, Nocturnal

Between the lies
our dead language tongues
before the dawns
our hearts they shall hunt
the smell of blood excites the nostrils at first cut
the sanguinary worship of red spraying punctures a sight so divine clutching her carcass face froze
a distorted dialect for the draining of veins
to the flooding of bed sheets with sick crimson rain
a warped diction of scriptures befouled
traditions steeped within disgraces reviled
father unholy one to your nightrealm we bow
nocturnal majesty sworn to black we'll always be
damnation's diction a deadly disclosure
our poisons in their goblets drip how perfectly
hideous so eloquently scribed each scripture so skillfully sick parchments scabbed over with plasm
prophesize permanent night
the words of sheer blackness paint ebony my soul and bestow me with infernal might
a warped diction of scriptures befouled
traditions steeped within disgraces reviled
father unholy one to your nightrealm we bow
nocturnal majesty sworn to black we'll always be
hatred and persistence destined to see
a complete eclipse
of that hated sphere the sun
solo
by the light unspoken
this language of brutality
enraptured i have become
unholy nights arms welcome me
nocturnal majesty sworn to black we'll always be
hatred and persistence destined to see
a complete eclipse
of that hated sphere the sun