

The Black Dahlia Murder, Warborn

Amidst a swirling din of smoke and
Screaming on the battlefield
Born reared on the teat of my dead mother war
Hardened to stone through abuse mocked beaten and scorned
A bayonet severed umbilical cord

The wind sings its sweet lullaby through
A blackened and hollowed ribcage
I'm to die in battle divine with the flames as my grave

This realm of inhuman carnage
Where the blood eternally rains
To my brothers who've fallen before me
I will walk with you again

This is my demented playground
The horizon is howling ablaze
A skeletal village illuminates the sky
As fire destroys their grains

With glee I rape and torture
My pleasure is inflicting pain
With a vigor unholy I'll fight to my doom
Till I've vanquished the Christian's gods ways

Oh it must be such a different world
To which those on the outside exist
At least I know who loves me here
No delusions all weakness dismissed

An era of inhuman tragedy
To be ushered by my iron hand
The ovens bellowed to crematory highs
To dispose of the god fearing man

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