

# The Black Dahlia Murder, Hymn For The Wretche

we are the blackness of the night  
cold wind that cuts your flesh  
we are the enemy praying for your certain death  
we are what was, will be forevermore  
in the stillest hours we awaken, enshrouded in the dark

children of the blackest seed  
reared on murder and deceit  
we are the thorns of human woe  
his will be done

to the humble maggots  
to the putrid flies  
where death and hatred lurk  
we shall survive

to the diseases  
to the sharpest knives  
when daybreak no more comes  
we shall arise

we are the sickness, the stench of the deceased  
your father's secret shame  
our violent wrath shall be unleashed  
we feast on blood and the weakness of your kind  
from the haunted depths we have arisen to slither as the snake

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lurking legion of the obscene  
unheard forever, in between, unbound  
the liars in wait  
our being you forsake

whispers upon the winds, profane  
unheard, the wretched and the insane  
unbound, forgotten, ignored  
the ugliness abhorred

(solo)

the razor; the bullet; the length of rope  
our tools are numerous, our hatred overflows  
the razor; the bullet; the length of rope  
a lapse of sanity plummets to earth below

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we are the sliver in your god's feeble hand  
during the silent hours, the shadows we command  
we're the undying insect, from the deepest cracks we came  
for aeons we have lurked and for aeons we shall remain!