

The Black Dahlia Murder, Miscarriage

the language of the lie
barbed and callous tongues shall lick
behind the thinnest doors
a web of falsehood so unfolds

humility
pride dissected maliciously
a mockery
bonds dissolve in endless mimicry

cruelly illuminated the subject of shallow spectacle
inherent weaknesses revealed
contact withers to a lull

once perfect pictures now stained with fingerprints
tragedy fucks jealousy
the human heartstrings bend and break

vultures with human eyes, can you feel them circling?
preying on tender moments
the failures of purest dream
our selfish means are the means to this fucking end
a knife for every spine of every man

nails scratching into the flesh until fibers are broken
something's got to give

the bottoms of bottles no longer ease the pain
and the bathroom mirror reflects the face of autonomy

man must invert
internalize the pain
the sequence replays in the mind
the human heartstrings bend and break

vultures with human eyes, can you feel them circling?
preying on tender moments
the failures of purest dream
our selfish means are the means to this fucking end
a knife for every spine of every man

away a lot ugly answers lie somewhere in between
intrinsic disregard and the burden of weakness

they're sharpening
the knives are always sharpening
a life now stained with fingerprints
something's got to give!