

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 frozen in time
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 night realm 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 plasmatic prose
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 night realm 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

by the light unspoken
this language of brutality
enraptured I have become unholy
nights arms welcome me