

The Black Dahlia Murder, Of Darkness Spawned

pretenders to the throne kneel before him
appalling wretched demon king
praise be to us his children
spawns of evils reckoning
doomed from the inception
claiming fire as our home
licked by flames our steel grows
stronger to be honed in hate forevermore
a hellish scorn quickly approaches violent climax
infernal legions the time nears when we'll strike
shadows serving to enshroud us
our blackened hearts
those forgotten looming just beyond their sight
the blood of pariahs through our veins
sin and hell our mainstay
forever to remain
o to ye wicked ones
and o to blood a reapers song
demons born of mans sickest desire
those of the darkness spawned
fires of hell I stoke thee high
through the open gates ever so wide
bury me in sin
the daggers have been raised
now lets begin
the margins of sanity blur into night
as one will move beyond the light
murder effortlessly
without a tear
our motives to them never clear
damn this liars world
we are the truth you've all awaited
impaling holy fallacy
the filthy blood of Christian seed
akin to the looming the serpent
we've patiently anticipated
the time
to rise
is upon us
my lord I kneel before you now paint me bloody red
bathing in blasphemy I beat the path that's traveled less
the forgotten your minions our souls of black
we are thousands in the darkness waiting to attack
infernal legions their heads shall be your prize
trophies to our dominions of conquests only fantasized
o to ye wicked ones
and o to blood a reapers song
demons born of mans sickest desire
those of the darkness spawned
fires of hell I stoke thee high
through the open gates ever so wide
bury me in sin
the daggers have been raised
o the dance of death she's a sweet one
to victory we shall drink