

# The Black Dahlia Murder, To a Breathless Oblivion

the chair's been kicked a rope tied to the rafters  
blue faced and broken necked I sigh  
relieving my vision from the sick mocking stare  
of that hated sun burning the sky  
slumped like a headless scarecrow  
cold and limp against the wall  
blood paints a pattern of rorschach's design  
thawing the winter that burdens this heart  
shit stained and shameful  
an exit in disgrace  
not a splash but just a ripple left  
I end this life in vain  
in vain  
in the dead of the darkness I breach the still lake  
toward the reflection of the moon  
the night colored liquid arresting my lungs  
finally at peace in this watery tomb  
destroy this fragile body  
to be gorged upon by worms  
not a splash just a ripple is left  
in the wake of my merciless scorn  
beyond those cursed stars above  
lies the answer that I seek  
on the backs of bullets rides my name  
longing to kiss my cheek  
resentfully decline  
retire this hated life  
without guilt I break these veins  
carved with salvation's knife  
turn not away avert not your face  
this is how it was meant to be  
in silence found hanging there 'bove a pool of waste  
the beautiful workings of mortality  
no one can truly touch another parallel never to cross  
pointless fumbling sad mistake only capable of pain