

# The Black Dahlia Murder, Virally Yours

The sound of vomiting to my ears like singing  
now I am beginning to become erect  
with illness I am obsessed in the beds of the fallen I rest  
a fixation amplified the smell here is what I like best

feverishly combing the buckets of waste  
wrapping myself in the filth-ridden sheets  
raping the shells of the comatose  
to fulfill my needs

photographing bedsores cultured by my sick neglect  
it's more than a job it's a love for me to walk this close with death  
when you hear a flat line you know surely I'll be near  
to when the reaper's sickle is drawn I am ever aware

I wish I could pull these strings  
in death there are finer things  
malpractice forever be my bitter name

how quickly life does fade away  
but a flip of the river mans coin  
could send you screaming to your grave

grief stricken family watches on ceaseless prayers for an only son  
"I'm afraid that nothing can be done" his moment has finally come  
the wrath of a god exemplified to the pearly gates he'll soon arrive  
to leave here his husk in this room of white I'm quivering at thought

pull the plug (I'm begging you) take the ride (to the cold and blue)  
the reapers yellowed lichen fingers aims ever so true  
the orgins of disease I have witnessed in my dreams  
the flooding of the blackest blood to quench my fetid needs

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