

Nocturnal

The Black Dahlia Murder

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
Night's arms welcome me
Nocturnal majesty, sworn to black we'll always be
Hatred and persistence, destined to see
A complete eclipse of that hated sphere, the sun

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