

# What a Horrible Night to Have a Curse

## The Black Dahlia Murder

This twisted wretched place shadowed by the utmost darks of hell  
In dreams of black beyond the bound of a withered witch's spell  
Where the doors surely are locked when the sun threatens to wane  
Where shamblers dwell in dim moon light beyond the warmth of day  
Liars line the roads at dawn  
Watchful eyes are upon you held  
Sacred weapons to the sacred revealed to be unleashed upon this council of hell  
Blood flows down the streets at night where wolves cry out for flesh  
Where a horrible curse taints the woodlands nearby with the forms of the walking dead  
Unholy inversion of hope twisting the faith of the meek into hate  
Driven insane by the dark one to bring forth the foul biddings he speaks  
The undead are among us at dawn they shrink back to their silken beds  
They dance by night and drink the blood of a child's broken neck  
His spires are growing taller still their shadows spreading throughout the land freeing the evils  
that sleep within the weaker minds of man  
(solo) Into the tower never go the horrors multiply  
The gears can mince the strongest ones leaving heroes paralyzed  
The rivers flow with poison  
The sands swallow you whole  
The ghouls that roam this darkened wood are thirsting for your throat  
Unholy inversion of hope twisting the faith of the meek into hate  
Driven insane by the dark one to bring forth the foul biddings he speaks  
The undead are among us at dawn they shrink back to their silken beds  
They dance by night and drink the blood of a child's broken neck  
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