

Conspiring with the Damned

The Black Dahlia Murder

Conspiring with the damned,
Contact the other side,
Converse with the deceased,
Corrupt your virgin mind,
We cannot comprehend.
A cold dead in between the roaming spirit world where the living do not
See.
"It's just a game."
Revealing horrid secrets,
Identity unknown,
What started out in innocence,
With evil it has grown.

The opening of gateways obscene,
The ancient horror on this evening will unfold,
A wretched curse on thine own family,
You'll wish the dead you'd never sought to know.

Decrypting the words of the deceased,
Of molestations of murder and disease.
Hatred fueled by a searing jealousy,
Forever fleshless,
Enshamed they long to be.
The secrets of our fate the dead have seen.
Masquerading as a friend initially,
Profane possession,
Nightmare reality.
Just place your hands upon the planchette and believe.

Don't look now, the walls are bleeding,
Crucifixes are inverting,
Candles black are sickly burning,
Throughout the air are pages whirling,
You'll pray to God to see you through the night,
You'll embrace a God,
Feeling threatened for your life,,
A twisting demon's face you'll come before in a dream.
The damned abhorrent dead find refuge in your screams,
Witness them speak.

[Solo]

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