

## Dawn of Rats

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Blood of our revenge awash  
None sweeter to the taste  
Flagellate the liar  
Our verminous desire it must be

Slaked these walls don't talk  
But we've seen more than our piece  
When you'd felt you're being watched  
You were indeed we rats have seen

When the silken robes of sodomy  
Fell vacant at your feet  
Did your god he cough into his sleeve

The guilt how it hangs  
Like chains an albatross of shame  
Smell the reek of lie  
The dawn at which you'll die has come today

These walls don't talk  
But we hear most everything  
When your hand covered their mouths  
Your ecstasy their stifled screams

No truth so fucking vile  
As the one you must face

When the silken robes of sodomy  
Fell vacant at your feet  
Did your god he cough into his sleeve

Did he toast with you  
To their innocence  
So fleeting and so sweet

The dawn has come of your defeat  
We the rats must have our feast

Verminous legions attack  
Devour in frenzy this unsacred flesh  
We gorge at the raped ones behest  
Leave nary a bone unpecked

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Fell vacant at your feet  
Did your god he cough into his sleeve

Did he toast with you  
To their innocence  
So fleeting and so sweet

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