

Hymn for the Wretched

The Black Dahlia Murder

We are the blackness of the night
Cold wind that cuts your flesh
We are the enemy praying for your certain death
We are what was, will be forevermore
In the stillest hours we awaken, enshrouded in the dark

Children of the blackest seed
Reared on murder and deceit
We are the thorns of human woe
His will be done

To the humble maggots
To the putrid flies
Where death and hatred lurk
We shall survive

To the diseases
To the sharpest knives
When daybreak no more comes
We shall arise

We are the sickness, the stench of the deceased
Your father's secret shame
Our violent wrath shall be unleashed
We feast on blood and the weakness of your kind
From the haunted depths we have arisen to slither as the snake

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Lurking legion of the obscene
Unheard forever in between
Unbound
The liars in wait
Our being you forsake

Whispers upon the winds, profane
Unheard, the wretched and the insane
Unbound, forgotten, ignored
The ugliness abhorred

[solo]

The razor; the bullet; the length of rope
Our tools are numerous, our hatred overflows

The razor; the bullet; the length of rope
A lapse of sanity plummets to earth below

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We are the sliver in your god's feeble hand
During the silent hours, the shadows we command
We're the undying insect, from the deepest cracks we came
For aeons we have lurked and for aeons we shall remain!