

Kings of the Nightworld

The Black Dahlia Murder

Enshrouded in ebony mystery
Blacker than the darkest pitch
A bond of blood to death and drek
Seeking to defile everything which bears his name

In hate we will destroy you all the same
Suckling each vein

We shall corrupt and dismantle
Waging a war without end
Until the head of the one fettered Christ
Doth sate our lust for revenge

We are the kings of the nightworld
Those looming unseen in the gloomy between
We are the bringers of darkness
Our blades cut the throats of the weak as they sleep

Haunted by our disposition
Disgusted by their foul belief
A brotherhood in violence
To microscopic dust we'll grind the bones of their deceit

Behold this rite of mutilation
Rack stretches limbs beyond reprieve
The rope it bores into their flesh
To test the meddle, subhuman his skeletal integrity

Just try our blackened hand and you will see
So painfully

We are the seekers of vengeance

Turning plowshares into swords
Dreaming of days beneath the godless sun
Free of their crestfallen lord

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Unfurl a wrath upon his planet here
One truer than the straightest blade
Death to all and all to death
Until the bitter end it comes
We'll soldier to our destiny

When the moon is shown
We'll live again, vampirically
Like weeds we will grow
From cracks and crevices to creep

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Black are the hearts of our willful
To ribbons the flesh of who'd stand in our way
Black is our maelstrom of chaos
The pride of Sathanas is burning in me
It burns in me