

Matriarch

The Black Dahlia Murder

Two pairs of headlights
Cut a night as black as coal
I chase predatorily my prize
Down these old darkened roads
Panic stricken, hapless mother
Fearful for her pregnancy
In a grave miscalculation
She wildly yanks the wheel into a tree

See that big old god up there?
Well he don't see me
I've prayed and prayed
And gone to church incessantly

In a daze I find our newly bleeding host
Never goes quite as planned this much I know

In violence absolute
I vault atop my gasping victim
She screams in fear for two
My knife, it's drawn so deadly sharp
In the backseat of her car
An infant is carved into this world
Not sacredly
Not carefully
The child in hate belongs to me

See that damned old stork up there?
He won't hear my calls
He won't read my letters, man
In this womb no life at all!
That what the doctors said
Said why even try?
I'm shut down and I'm broken deep inside

Tonight I'll use this blade
To get exactly what I want:
The child within you
Incubating for nine hardshipped months
The hopeful little angel
Bet he looks just like his mom
Targeted so carefully
In this lottery of sickness you have won

The smell of entrails wrestling the nose
Gutted and splayed to hell sweet mommy goes

In violence absolute
I vault atop my gasping victim
She screams in fear for two
My knife, it's drawn so deadly sharp
In the backseat of her car
An infant is carved into this world
Not sacredly
Not carefully
The child in hate belongs to me

Oh no, the life it's leaving mother's eyes
Aren't we surprised, but a mere expense of this night

I've been watching you for weeks
I know what sex the child will be
Know it's the perfect time for me
To seize control!

In violence absolute
I vault atop my gasping victim
She screams in fear for two
My knife, it's drawn so deadly sharp
In the backseat of her car
An infant is carved into this world
Not sacredly
Not carefully
This child in hate belongs to me

In this heart so destitute
There is a void that's lying stillborn
On the ground, discarded husk
I thank thee for your work
Second to none

You'll never know my name
You'll never meet your son
Your seed is mine and mine alone
In death this deed be sickly done

See that big old god up there?
Well he don't see me... he don't see me