

# Necropolis

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Father I know that you've witnessed a darkness in me  
Twas spawned in shadows of the old gallows tree  
I'm but a sad depraved reflection of our inhumanity  
The warped exaggeration of the lost and darkest of dreams

Bring forth a wrath of cleansing fire  
Here now in mankind's bleakest hour

Born of a casket I'm the heir to a corpse  
I've eyes that see maggots through the thin flesh they bore  
I shall bloody my hands til the last breath be torn from me  
So blindly we walk the winds of these plagued streets  
Dead the once feeling part of me

O lord divine please break this silence  
Destroy your race of faceless liars

At the edge of existence  
We the clays of intention have ripened in your image  
Ah the binds of tradition  
Your archaic deception numbs our empty beings  
City that stands on a million graves  
In a world full of hatred to fear enslaved  
Countless the dead slaughtered in your name  
Not a utter of your voice have you once repaid

No above no below just a man letting go  
When all my earthly desire is disowned  
No screaming sirens should sound  
No revelations profound  
Simply lowered into the ground  
That's just what I'll be dead in the dirt  
So blindly we walk the winds of these plagued streets  
Dead the once feeling park of me

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Here now in mankind's bleakest hour  
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