

Sunless Empire

The Black Dahlia Murder

Down deeper than you'd go
Into the pest-ridden mire of the tunnels below
Where our primordial claim is staked
With the rats and the snakes, our underworld

Down here we never change
Septic intentions of ours always remaining the same
As your pathetic diluted world
Is constantly rearranged, we are the verminous

In hate abstain
Cremating our former selves in a funereal blaze
Against your grain
Our subterranean realm of decay

We'd sooner die of ashen cancer
Our teeth black from the soot
This kingdom's our excremental answer
To the fecal world you've built

Follow the fetid stench
Into our sunless empire, only the strong will descend
That's where our anachronistic ways
Will evade the ending of days, the end times

Below your graves
Exists our wretched domain
To which the weak are our slaves
Call us depraved sick and deranged We're the ones who're sane

Legions ye foul bearers of disease
In death's devotion we descend
The mold was broken, so why change the perfect beast
Reigning below down in the dark and pestilent

A hidden world beyond your grasp
This throne of skulls was built to last
Embrace the death

We haunt the land of evernight
Where human nightmares never end
The things that slither, things that fright
That raise hair on your skin

Legions ye foul bearers of disease
In death's devotion we descend
The mold was broken, so why change the perfect beast
Reigning below down in the dark and pestilent
Reigning below down in the dark and pestilent
Their end