

# That Cannot Die Which Eternally Is Dead

## The Black Dahlia Murder

We've come again to end my friends  
The winds of change shall swirl up a din  
The beast is shifting shapes again  
Weaponized to the teeth while we grin

The years go by in the blink of an eye of an old withered man,  
Our dreams lost to the sands of bastard time what was our crime  
?  
But to exist? We'll be sent before the devil hell we're on his  
list

Onto the gates of pearl we piss our tribute  
Open your flesh and let the beast flow through you  
Your abysmal heart  
Black as pitch and dead right from the start  
This century the nightworld is ours

That cannot die which eternally is dead  
Two in the place of a once severed head  
Hydra of bone and its swirling dance  
Hypnotizing the weak in its trance

The years they fleet like the words of the meek  
In the face of the storm bear witness as this hell is born

Unto this earth we are their curse we are truth  
If you seek eternal life we are its living proof

The gates glided in gold our blackened entrance  
Open your veins and pay the demon penance  
From your abysmal heart  
Black as pitch and dead right from the start  
The century the nightworld is ours

Deliver us relentless deliver us the damned  
The dead we're still here walking with blood upon our hands

Deliver us intention deliver us the true  
The movers of this world who'll shake the very life from you

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Black as pitch and dead right from the start  
This century the nightworld is ours.