

The Grave Robber's Work

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ritual Of Desecration

The grave robber's work is never done,
It's up all night and sleep all day,
The hours are shit with hell to pay.
Pockets are brimming from our unique brand of sinning,
When the ladies claw my back at night,
I know I'm doing something right.
I deliver the goods as long as they don't ask,
Deny, deny, deny
I'm a working stiff like dear old dad,
And to you and yours nothing but curses,
You'll slave your life away,
And for what?
You're just as dead as these old fucks.
They'll never get me,
I'll never run out of stock,
With every second that ticks past,
The bodies are still stacking up.

So I've clipped a few fingers off to get that gold for which I lust from the
deadman's bank and trust,
To the depths of hell or bust.
The blackened bits of exhumed evidence embedded neath my fettered fingernail
s,
It's but a smallish part of what our dirty work entails.

Come dance with me,
This graveyard planet that you've called Earth you hold in such a high regard,
It's but as worthless as a turd.
Will you follow me into the dark?
Will you follow me into the dark?

[Solo]

I rob the dead for what they're worth,
Jewels, wealth, clothing, sex.
When the mood prefers to carve a sullen path through life,
Within the fallen's shoes you'd turn your nose at me,
Although I smell of sheik perfumes.

So I've clipped a few fingers off to get that gold for which I lust from the
deadman's bank and trust,
To the depths of hell or bust.

I'm Haunted by faces when I try to close my eyes,
So deeply it festers,
The guilt is murder.

The blackened bits of exhumed evidence embedded neath my fettered fingernail
s,
It's but a smallish part of what our dirty work entails.
May the gods have mercy
May the gods have mercy.