

## Threat Level No. 3

### The Black Dahlia Murder

Society I beg of thee  
Open your hateful arms to me  
For now I am just like you  
You see my balls rattle in a jar

'neath smiling mask remains a past  
As I recant couldn't help but laugh  
Was that really me who had sipped from the glass wrought of all pedophilic s  
in?

Merely the calm thrust between the two most violent storms man's seen or a l  
ibido guillotined forevermore?

They dangle bait right in my face  
That once did make my heart so race  
But hormonally my desire replaced to quell all but the faintest roar

Merrily o mother let them play  
The boogeyman he has gone away  
The slender one who would make his prey from the good little girls and boys

Come tempt the fates I do implore  
For I am not He anymore  
Subject to all parental scorn  
Demon exiled

Threat level number three  
A badge to my reign of depravity  
If it's only my death that can set us all free then what is it we're waiting  
for?

My crimes of sick lust they've secured me a space  
In a man's most befearred and respected of place  
In the home of the horned and His torturing flames  
I deserve all of this and more

Thwarting the raping beast  
That deep inside me sleeps  
In a hope that this history will never repeat  
My dick my gun now obsolete

Are we all here just grasping at straws?  
Is the Devil's will absolute is it stronger than laws?  
Can I walk freely down darkened streets that I've stalked?  
Is there truly a hope left for me?

Down her leg blood trickled  
I remember her every breath  
Chemically castrated  
Normality is mandated for now

Lead the weight of this arms they could not bear  
Gonadal atrophy a product of their care  
Reclusive enemy inside me he dwells  
Guilt swells abysmally unequaled my hells

Society I truly beg of thee

I should remain behind silver lock and key  
Feeling the rip of young tissues 'round my meat  
Now a fading dream to this pitch-blackened sheep

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Is there truly a hope that is left for poor pathetic fucking me?