

# Vlad, Son of the Dragon

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Raise up the traitors  
Higher higher  
By order of rank  
Then spark their funeral pyres  
Smelling the sumptuous stench of bowels emptying as my message is sent

String up purveyors of weakness and lie who would seek to betray no pardons eye for eye  
Torture a past time of bloodiest sorts  
I feel I should be thanked for those fiends I abort

They will fear my very name  
I am the dragon's son

High on a stake  
Higher higher  
How shameful a game to've watched such life expire  
Cleansing my own holocaust  
Tremble they will at the feet of their gods

Hang up subversives who question my guile who should seek to oppose man  
an woman beast or child  
Enemies sleep with half open eyes  
I shall reign all Wallachia with god on my side

They will fear my very name Dracula  
I am the devil's son

You will burn how I choose  
You will burn

Kill them all

My righteous hand

Rumor of my cruelties a wildfire through the lands  
To control the fear of your enemy you must bore your way inside their heads

You will burn  
How I choose  
You must burn  
They will learn  
Those like you  
I'll make them learn

Kill them all

My righteous hand