

Blood In the Ink

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ritual Of Indoctrination

It's time,
Go get the gun,
The one your family's hiding from.
Sleeping in the dresser drawer,
Do pull its trigger I implore,
Shoot your parents then yourself,
Push your life right off the shelf.
Die for metal,
Leave this hell,
Take this oath of blasphamation.

When asked to kill you won't or will.
Cast aside the weak when lord belial your name,
He calls conquer or wallow in defeat.
Blood in the ink.

The unholy writ on contract for your soul,
Of your feeble peasant minds we have control.
We yank these hidden strings,
The ones that make the razors go,
We're cancelling your favorite show.
We've pulled the plug,
We've closed the curtain.

Drinketh deep now this cup of poison,
And drag a blade right through your veins.
Slaughtering every soul around you of mortality,
You'll take the reigns,
You've broken your bones in violent ritual.
Tattooed black your flesh in our name,
We ask you now to wield the razor at our command,
You'll worship pain.

Calligraphy in crimson ink,
Thick and dark each stroke.
I hereby swear my life to him,
Here is the sacred parchment,
Now part your skin and sign below.

[Solo]

When asked to kill you won't or will.
Cast aside the weak when lord belial your name,
He calls conquer or wallow in defeat,
Our blood is Satan's blood,
Blood in the ink.

Drinketh deep now this cup of poison,
And drag a blade right through your veins.
Slaughtering every soul around you of mortality,
You'll take the reigns,
You've broken your bones in violent ritual.
Tattooed black your flesh in our name,
We ask you now to wield the razor at our command,
Let your life drain.