

A Shrine to Madness

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ritual Of Celebration

"Let us go out this evening for pleasure for the night is still young!"
Let us dance skeletally,
The chill of the autumn is stirring in me.
Let us rape, let us murder,
A night to sate thine perverted desires,
A night on which to watch them die,
To see the life whisked from the inside.
A night so black as Satan's hide,
When we ghouls do come alive,
When the masks of mockery shall disguise our wicked eyes.
To the death of all,
Celebrate the empty breath of fall.
The 31st t'will not go silent so long as evil doth dwell in man.
Devil's night t'was a scorcher,
But on this eve we bring hell.

Here in the season of the dead,
Sanity hangs by a thread.
We're descendants of the dark,
Give us back our one true love.
Manifest all hallows eve,
Samhain grim our one true love.
No you shan't kill Halloween,
For we've bore it in our blood.

Embrace ye the brown leafed vertigo,
For this undead night we have sold our souls.
Hoist ye this black flag of blasphemy,
Lift high this emblem of hate,
Return the jack-o'-lantern's smile on this holiday,
For the defiled shed the thorned binds of Christ's denial,
And son let the devil in,
Cultus diabolus,
Laus ut flamma,
Cultus obscurum,
Amplexus fatum.
Rejoice now ye hellions of Earth,
A glimpse of a future not far,
When the dark one is said to return,
Blackening this planet with ire.

[Solo]

Let us rape,
Let us murder,
A night to sate thine perverted desires.
A thrill that cannot be quantified,
To warm one's hands upon arson's fires.
May the spoils of this evening rot our teeth to the gums,
May the treats of our enemies sever their lying tongues.

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