

Carbonized In Cruciform

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ritual Of Conjuraton

The circle of bones has been sealed,
Prepared for these most ancient rites.
Three virgin cunts arrested by chains,
Gut them like pigs,
Let their filthy blood drain.
Dark astral sigils brand their bruised backs with eyes disembodied,
Enshroud them in black.
Moaning, defeated, mere inches from death,
We reach out to you, master, with this offering ov flesh.

Cremation of the captured,
Inhaling the funeral plumes.
Torches besoaked and then set ablaze,
Accept now this token of drek, death, and doom.
Observing communion satanic elite,
Nails through the midst of the lamb's hands and feet.
Affixing with hammers,
A spear through the side,
Staked with conviction as if it were Jesus Christ.
Impaled and hung up there,
Three of their most rotten thieves,
In a black recreation, so hideous and foul,
Of when this sickening lie was so deftly conceived.

Unearthly ritual,
Bloodlet thine human sow.
In flames his face appears,
Black intentions crystal clear.
Darkly the mass has encircled in silence,
The hooded look on the skies they are threatening terrible storms,
Protesting this crucifixion.

So hear me now and rise up from the flames.
Twisting leviathan,
Our path left handed,
We bear the bestial markings spelling doom.
O master rear your horned head,
Master exhale your acrid breath,
We are your humble servants,
We bow before your blackened essence true.

[Solo]

Unearthly ritual,
Bloodlet thine human sow.
In flames his face appears,
Black intentions crystal clear.
Accept our sacrifice,
Their blood will giveth voice.
Carbonized in cruciform,
Black inversion of the one called lord.