

Control

The Black Dahlia Murder

My struggle for complete control
has transcended the boundaries of what man has known
I'd die sooner than be alone
Welcome to my nightmare, feel free to make yourself at home

A world of prurience, salaciously I experiment
Driven by fear of abandonment to lobotomize a dead stare in the
ir eyes

No return from 213!
Within these walls I own your soul
Surrender now, succumb to me

Suspended in vegetative throes
Animated fuckdolls, warm bodies with holes
All pleasures of flesh I now own
Their past is forgotten, eroded from the frontal lobe

Kingdom of arrogance, hideously I am collecting them one by one

No return from 213!
Within these walls I own your soul
Surrender now, Zombie to be

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