

Deathmask Divine

The Black Dahlia Murder

Removal of the eyes gives my heart a sudden chill. I preserve them in formaldehyde to gaze upon at will. How their greenish flecks befell me that starlit winter's night, how I lost all that I ever was while locked within their sight.

Before you sits a broken man with your fragile pinkish heart in hand. Peculiar how it can hurt so bad while love is only in the mind. I sew the gaping chestwound, each thread is made with love. The bosom where I would rest my face is covered in your blood.

No, this is not the end, you'll live on eternally. Oh, lord, it's not the end, my secret you'll forever be.

I interrupt this transformation, a familiar lust swelling in me - a long and soulful kiss. The shades are drawn, the living world can't see the coil of entrails. How curious the smell so pungent to my eager nostrils, hands further compelled.

No, it's not the end, forever you'll be in my arms. I could never let you go, my darling cold and blue. I wonder, are you dreaming still spread eagle, blood removed. I weave the sucking trocar beneath your bruising skin. Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in necromantic sin.

[Solo]

Pinned to the bed sheets like a prized butterfly, you're mine. I hear your voice so precious echoing deeply inside. I did my best to love you while you did live and breathe. This tender taxi dermy token of the bereaved.

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