

Miscarriage

The Black Dahlia Murder

The language of the lie
Barbed and callous tongues shall lick
Behind the thinnest doors
A web of falsehood so unfolds

Humility
Pride dissected, maliciously
A mockery
Bonds dissolve in endless mimicry

Cruelly illuminated
Subject of shallow spectacle
Inherent weaknesses revealed
Contact withers to a lull

Once perfect pictures
Now stained with fingerprints
Tragedy fucks jealously
The human heartstrings bend and break

Vultures with human eyes
Can you feel them circling?
Prey on tender moments
The failures of purest dream

Our selfish means
Are the means to this fucking end
A knife for every spine
Of every blood

Nails scratching into the flesh
Until the fibers are broken
Something's got to give

The bottoms of bottles
No longer ease the pain
And the bathroom mirror
Reflects the face of autonomy

Man must invert
Internalize the pain
Sequence replays in the mind
The human heartstrings bend and break

Vultures with human eyes
Can you feel them circling?
Prey on tender moments
The failures of purest dream

Our selfish means
Are the means to this fucking end
Alright, knife for every spine
Of every man, of every man

Lot of the ugly answers
Lie somewhere in between
Intrinsic disregard

The burden of weakness

They're sharpening

The knives are always sharpening

A life now stained with fingerprints

Something's got to give