

## Nocturnal

### The Black Dahlia Murder

Between the lies our dead language tongues  
before the dawns our hearts they shall hunt  
the smell of blood excites the nostrils  
at first cut the sanguinary worship of red

spraying punctures a sight so divine  
clutching her carcass face frozen in time  
a distorted dialect for the draining of veins  
to the flooding of bed sheets with sick crimson rain

a warped diction of scriptutres befouled  
traditions steeped within disgraces reviled  
father unholy one to your night realm we bow  
nocturnal majesty sworn to black we'll always be

damnation's diction a deadly disclosure  
our poisons in their goblets drip  
how perfectly hideous so eloquently scribed  
each scripture so skillfully sick

parchments scabbed over with plasmatic prose  
prophesize permanent night  
the words of sheer blackness paint ebony my soul  
and bestow me with infernal might

a warped diction of scriptures befouled  
traditions steeped within disgraces reviled  
father unholy one to your night realm we bow  
nocturnal majesty sworn to black we'll always be  
hatred and persistence destined to see  
a complete eclipse of that hated sphere the sun

by the light unspoken  
this language of brutality  
enraptured I have become unholy  
nights arms welcome me