

That Which Erodes the Most Tender of Things

The Black Dahlia Murder

Won't you rest your ruined head my weary child
This would t'was not for thee
I send you now the promised land
Not one breath did you heave stilly born

Unto this earth sleeping so soundly in my arms
A slug-like trail of ochre fluids where we've danced
The sun is setting now I hold a modest hand in vain
My lung emit a sigh
What fiend would take these tiny eyes and show them to the dark
Gods just a lie

Never born into this den of sin
That which erodes the most tender of things
After the eve have fallen
The lights are sinking low
Shadows would hide that life
In him could never grow

A hollow gaze peers from the cradle black
Imagining his shining eyes just sockets staring back
Witness the baptism skeletal the world would shun
Reject the purest form of love
A mother to her son

I proceed to nurse him
I could almost smile
I entertain the notion
That he did live this while
But he's dead to this world
Carved out just like my heart
Soaked up and washed so lovingly
Cherished son unconditionally

In our secret world alone
Situation delicate crudely frowned upon
In our sacred love undone

Never born into this den of sin
That which erodes the most tender of things
After the eve has fallen
The lights are sinking low
Shadows would hide that life
In him could never grow

A hollow gaze peers from the cradle black
Imagining his shining eyes just sockets staring back
Witness the baptism skeletal the world would shun
Reject the purest form of love
A mother to her putrid rotting son