

# The Blackest Incarnation

## The Black Dahlia Murder

I awaken deep in the grasp of frozen pines.  
Not a shred of clothing yet I feel no cold.  
The woods envelope my soul perception multiplies.  
My senses heighten to extremes.  
My heart beat ever increasing.  
The only sound aside from the wailing of the wind through the trees.

I know no fear.  
The boundaries of mortal human flesh have abandoned me, as I am renewed.  
I have dreamt of such a mutation for countless winter nights.  
My essence became that of a beast.  
I gracefully cut through the forest shedding my former husk.  
Unfettered by the hindrances of past.

My purpose manifests.  
I am void of delusion.  
I am born into this wolfen form in seek of human flesh.

Lead by vampiric hunger.  
I will to feast upon the bones of the meek, the marrow of my enemies.

Lusting to be bathed in the blood of a child.  
To quench my maw with shreds of virgin flesh.  
To tear apart he who I once was.  
To rid the world of his feeble lies.

For days I travel north, leaving a trail of hollowed bodies in my frigid wake.  
Finding my way back home to stalk amongst the feeble mortals in the clothing of a sheep.  
Envenomed, I am the blackest incarnation. The end of their disease.  
On my arrival, vengeance swings a heavy hand. Crushing the will of God.

For countless winter nights I have dreamt of such a day.  
I'd watch the humans crawl 'neath a swirling din of pain.

The plight of all creation - the fall.  
The fall of their existence - extinction.  
The will of humanity forsaken by my hand.  
'O weep the angels shall - destroyed.  
As claws remove their wings.  
Jaws sodden in the purest blood - in the purest fucking blood I bathe.  
This blackened hand shall reap - shall reap.  
Insurmountable - undying.  
Cleaving the sickly hearts of mortals true.

Earth falls as heaven shall - crumbling.  
As God has taken knee.  
And felt his creation's pain - the human's fucking pain.

Our lord has birthed the perfect evil unto this fragile earth.  
The sands of time now weigh against you, pounding your weathered backs.  
Impending dread is cast upon you, to swallow whole your faith.

The boundaries of your mortality are the only remorse you'll be shown.  
I arrive unwritten to blacken the work of your lord.  
Your God, so feeble, allowed for this end to be born.

Your God, so feeble, crushed beneath my wrath.

To die, trampled neath our wrath.  
To fall, as heaven shall.

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I am born into this wolfen form.  
In seek of human flesh.