

What a Horrible Night to Have a Curse

The Black Dahlia Murder

This twisted wretched place shadowed by the utmost darks of hell
l
in dreams of black beyond the bounds of a withered witch's spell
l
where the doors surely are locked when the sun threatens to wane
e
where shamblers dwell in dim moon light beyond the warmth of day
y

liars line the roads at dawn watchful eyes are upon you held
sacred weapons to the sacred revealed to be unleashed upon the
council of hell
blood flows down the streets at night where wolves cry out for
flesh
where a horrible curse taints the woodlands nearby with the forms
of the walking dead

unholy inversion of hope twisting the faith of the meek into hate
te
driven insane by the dark one to bring forth the foul biddings
he speaks
the undead are among us at dawn they shrink back to their silken
beds
they dance by night and drink the blood of a child's broken neck
k

his spires are growing taller still their shadows stretching throughout
the land
freeing the evils that sleep within the weaker minds of man

into the tower never go the horrors multiply
gears can mince the strongest ones leaving heroes paralyzed
the rivers flow with poison the sands swallow you whole
the ghouls that roam this darkened wood are thirsting for your
throat