

The Black Dahlia Murder "Deathmask Divine"

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Removal of the eyes gives my heart a saddened chill
I preserve them in formaldehyde to gaze upon at will
How their greenish flecks befell me that starlit winter's
night
I lost all that I ever was while locked within their sight

Before you sits a broken man, your fragile pinkish
heart in hand
Peculiar how it can hurt so bad while love is only in the
mind
I sew the gaping chest work, each thread is made with
love
The bosom where I would rest my face is covered in
your blood

No, this is not the end
You'll live on eternally
Oh Lord, it's not the end
My secret you'll forever be

I interrupt this transformation, a familiar lust swelling in
me
A long and soulful kiss, the shades are drawn, the
living world can't see
The coil of entrails, how curious the smell
So pungent to my eager nostrils, hands further
compelled

No, it's not the end
Forever you'll be in my arms

I could never let you go, my darling, cold and blue
I wonder, are you dreaming still, spread eaged, blood
removed
I weave the sucking trocar beneath your bruising skin
Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in necromantic sin

Pinned to the bed sheets like a prized butterfly, you're
mine
I hear your voice so precious, echoing deeply inside
I did my best to love you while you did live and breathe
This tender taxidermy, trophy of the bereaved

I could never let you go, my darling, cold and blue
I wonder, are you dreaming still, spread eagled, blood
removed
I weave the sucking trocar beneath your bruising skin
Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in necromantic sin

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