

# **The Black Dahlia Murder**

## **"Miscarriage"**

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The language of the lie  
Barbed and callous tongues shall lick  
Behind the thinnest doors  
A web of falsehood so unfolds

Humility  
Pride dissected, maliciously  
A mockery  
Bonds dissolve in endless mimicry

Cruelly illuminated  
Subject of shallow spectacle  
Inherent weaknesses revealed  
Contact withers to a lull

Once perfect pictures  
Now stained with fingerprints  
Tragedy fucks jealously  
The human heartstrings bend and break

Vultures with human eyes  
Can you feel them circling?  
Prey on tender moments  
The failures of purest dream

Our selfish means  
Are the means to this fucking end  
A knife for every spine  
Of every blood

Nails scratching into the flesh  
Until the fibers are broken  
Something's got to give

The bottoms of bottles  
No longer ease the pain  
And the bathroom mirror  
Reflects the face of autonomy

Man must invert  
Internalize the pain  
Sequence replays in the mind

The human heartstrings bend and break

Vultures with human eyes  
Can you feel them circling?  
Prey on tender moments  
The failures of purest dream

Our selfish means  
Are the means to this fucking end  
Alright, knife for every spine  
Of every man, of every man

Lot of the ugly answers  
Lie somewhere in between  
Intrinsic disregard  
The burden of weakness

They're sharpening  
The knives are always sharpening  
A life now stained with fingerprints  
Something's got to give

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