## The Black Dahlia Murder "Their Beloved Absentee"

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Alpha omega I am the creator, deemer of all that shall be Hypothesis human destruction imminent, transpiring accordingly Alpha omega the giver and taker, the paradox of life and death The world is my oyster, my powers I bolster, I'll gamble 'til nothing is left The human invention created dissention, disrupter of poor mother earth For my sick entertainment, I'll ring that ole' rag squeezing her for what she's worth

Lo and why they worship me their beloved absentee Not even as their god can the answer I find

Not just hands but a will Not just hearts but could feel With such weight it's no wonder they've killed Driven mad by the power I've instilled With the hands to create They could only unmake With the potential to love Man's emotion soured by hate

Alpha omega, the broken and breaker, I am the one of law bereft How petty their prayer, an annoyance their voices, my goblet spills forth as I laugh The human invention evaded abortion, but's damned himself before his birth For my sick entertainment I'll lend not a nod, gawking from safety in jovial mirth

Lo and why they worship me, their corrupted absentee Though they've called me their god, there's no truth I can find

More than instinct a fire More than guts a desire With such a burden it's a shame they can't deal Gone insane from insatiable will With the eyes to behold They only wanted a lie With the potential to grow unrestrained They cast a bullet to promptly put straight through their brains

Humanity A notion poisoned, gone astray Creatively paved Their ashen ways to early graves Like the rats they have raced In an endless gluttony for pain Oh I know that it hurts

But your sadistic voyeur of a god is entertained Like a high heeled shoe, crushing the praying mantis form To the taking of life I've been desensitized, by unending waves of unfathomable automated porn Their life is a disease, I've created the damnedest of plagues I await now their end with a most bated breath, remorseless I am for the monster I have made

Humanity A notion poisoned, gone astray Creatively paved Their ashen ways to early graves Like the rats they have raced In an endless gluttony for pain Oh I know that it hurts But your sadistic voyeur of a god is entertained

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