

The Black Dahlia Murder "Virally Yours"

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The sound of vomiting to my ears' like singing
Now I'm beginning to become erect
With illness I'm obsessed in the beds of the fallen I rest
A fixation amplified the smell here is what I like best

Feverishly combing the buckets of waste
Wrapping myself in the filth ridden sheets
Raping the shells of the comatose
To fulfill my needs

Photographing bedsores
Cultured by my sick neglect
It's more than a job
It's a love for me to walk this close with death

When you hear a flat line
You know surely I'll be near
To when the reaper's sickle is drawn
I am ever aware

I wish I could pull these strings
In death there are finer things
Malpractice forever be my bitter name

How quickly life does fade away
One flip of the rivers man coin
Could send you screaming to your grave

Grief stricken family watches on
Ceaseless prayers for an only son
I'm afraid that nothing can be done
The moment has finally come

The wrath of a God exemplified
To the pearly gates He'll soon arrive
To leave here his husk in this room of white
I'm quivering at thought

Pull the plug I'm begging you
Take the ride to the cold and blue
The reaper's yellowed lichen finger
Aims ever so true

The origins of disease
I have witnessed in my dreams
The flooding of the blackest blood
To quench my fetid needs

I wish I could pull these strings
In death there are finer things
Malpractice forever be my bitter name
I wish I could pull these strings
In death there are finer things

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