

Black Dahlia Murder "Deathmask Divine"

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

Before you sits a broken man with your fragile pinkish
heart in hand. Peculiar how it can hurt so bad while love
is only in the mind. I sew the gaping chestwound, 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 soulfull 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 eagle, blood
removed. I weave the sucking trocar beneath your
bruising skin. Tonight I'll lay beside you, darling, in
necromantic sin.

[Solo]

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 token of the bereaved.

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wonder, are you dreaming still spread eagle, blood
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