

Black Dahlia Murder, The "A Vulgar Picture"

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now the funeral grounds are at last AWASH
with the blackness of this frigid autumn night
I've lurked into the graveyard with pick and spade in
tow
this night shall birth forth our reckoning
hell's jaws, now open wide

a stare to pierce six feet of soil
a love beyond this mortal coil

as though you'd never left my side,
I hold your stiffened body so close to me
for years I've lived in a dream
awake, I felt as dead as my cold and bloodless bride to
me

I can barely suppress my elation!
MY BLOOD IS RACING AS I STRIKE THE LID
a quick pry of the casket reveals her body, paralyzed
so long I've waited for this moment,
to thrust my fingers deep inside!

now you will sing the song of the deceased
the ones whose souls will never rest in peace!

the throes of necromantic lust
possess my mind
cries of my precious frozen angel beckon from inside

I feel alive! for once I'm feeling so alive
my skin is crawling,
I'm completed on this resurrection night

from this night achieved a morbid truth
love's bounds post-mortally removed

(chorus)

in rapture my mind is lured by my own knife
to join this frrrragile being who sleeps below
the reflection of a razor reveals the moon, so perfectly

along my impatient veins its steel does graze
WITH THE KISS OF SUICIDE!

I feel no pain as I am entwined with my lovely bride
the silk lining now stained with my offering
I embrace the end of MY NOW WORTHLESS LIFE

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