

Black Dahlia Murder, The "Miasma"

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in between, insidious vapor shall teem
looming so loathesome
and it seems to me like I'm dead inside
bloated corpse, propped out of tradition

I can never recall what it was I had ever to strive for as
a youth
was it just to exist, autonomously?

no, we don't wanna work
we just wanna fuck,
swallow pills and forget our curses

no, we don't need pigs like you
we'll follow the laws of our emptying veins

in this world of nothing for me
I'd be sooner destroyed
vampire youth, raise your cups to the ne'er waning
moon,
let its visage ring true!

to the hearts cold and blue
we're dying each moment, FREE
we're all animals here
flesh and blood, bone and dream!

we're just impulses here
another piece of shit in the storm

JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF SHIT

from the smelling of things it appears this shit has
come to a boil
the night-time we shall rule as our own
while the hollow shall sleep
we shall bark at the moon

in this world of nothing for me
I'd be sooner destroyed
in this world there is nothing for us but the sound (but

the sound)

vampire youth, raise your cups to the ne'er waning
moon,
let its visage ring true!

to the hearts cold and blue
we're dying each moment

we'll never sleep again
we'll be going fucking mad
sin and hell is all we will ever know
just another piece of shit!

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