Black Dahlia Murder, The "Miscarriage"

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the language of the lie barbed and callous tongues shall lick behind the thinnest doors a web of falsehood so unfolds

humility pride dissected maliciously a mockery bonds dissolve in endless mimickery

cruelly illuminated the subject of shallow spectacle inherent weaknesses revealed contact withers to a lull

once perfect pictures now stained with fingerprints tragedy fucks jealousy the human heartstrings bend and break

vultures with human eyes, can you feel them circling? preying on tender moments the failures of purest dream our selfish means are the means to this fucking end a knife for every spine of every man

nails scratching into the flesh until fibers are broken something's got to give

the bottoms of bottles no longer ease the pain and the bathroom mirror reflects the face of autonomy

man must invert internalize the pain the sequence replays in the mind the human heartstrings bend and break

vultures with human eyes, can you feel them circling? preying on tender moments the failures of purest dream our selfish means are the means to this fucking end a knife for every spine of every man

away a lot ugly answers lie somewhere in between intrinsic disregard and the burden of weakness

they're sharpening the knives are always sharpening a life now stained with fingerprints something's got to give!

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