

Black Dahlia Murder, The "Necropolis"

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Father, I know that you've witnessed a darkness in me

'Twas spawned in shadows of the old gallows tree

I'm but a sad depraved reflection of our inhumanity

The warped exaggeration of the lost and darkest of
dreams

Bring forth a wrath of cleansing fire

Here now in mankind's bleakest hour

Born of a casket I'm the heir to a corpse

I've eyes that see maggots through the thin flesh they
bore

I shall bloody my hands 'til the last breath be torn from
me

So blindly we walk the winds of these plagued streets

Dead, the once feeling part of me

Oh lord divine, please break this silence

Destroy your race of faceless liars

At the edge of existence

We the clays of intention have ripened in your image

Ah, the binds of tradition

Your archaic deception numbs our empty beings

City that stands on a million graves

In a world full of hatred to fear enslaved

Countless the dead slaughtered in your name
Not a utter of your voice have you once repaid
No above, no below, just a man letting go
When all my earthly desire is disowned
No screaming sirens should sound
No revelations profound
Simply lowered into the ground
That's just what I'll be dead in the dirt
So blindly we walk the winds of these plagued streets
Dead, the once feeling part of me
Bring forth a wrath of cleansing fire
Here now in mankind's bleakest hour
Oh lord divine, please break this silence
Destroy your race of faceless liars
Necropolis

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