## Black Dahlia Murder, The ''Of Darkness Spawned''

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pretenders to the throne kneel before him appalling wretched demon king praise be to us his children spawns of evils reckoning doomed from the inception claiming fire as our home licked by flames our steel grows stronger to be honed in hate forevermore a hellish scorn quickly approaches violent climax infernal legions the time nears when we'll strike shadows serving to enshroud us our blackened hearts those forgotten looming just beyond their sight the blood of pariahs through our veins sin and hell our mainstay forever to remain o to ve wicked ones and o to blood a reapers song demons born of mans sickest desire those of the darkness spawned fires of hell I stoke thee high through the open gates ever so wide bury me in sin the daggers have been raised now lets begin the margins of sanity blur into night as one will move beyond the light murder effortlessly without a tear our motives to them never clear damn this liars world we are the truth you've all awaited impaling holy fallacy the filthy blood of Christian seed akin to the looming the serpent we've patiently anticipated the time to rise is upon us my lord I kneel before you now paint me bloody red bathing in blasphemy I beat the path that's traveled less

the forgotten your minions our souls of black we are thousands in the darkness waiting to attack infernal legions their heads shall be your prize trophies to our dominions of conquests only fantasized o to ye wicked ones and o to blood a reapers song demons born of mans sickest desire those of the darkness spawned fires of hell I stoke thee high through the open gates ever so wide bury me in sin the daggers have been raised o the dance of death she's a sweet one to victory we shall drink

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