

## **Black Dahlia Murder, The "That Which Erodes The Most Tender Of Things"**

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Won't you rest your ruined head my weary child  
This would twas not for thee  
I send you now the promised land  
Not one breath did you heave stilly born

Unto this earth sleeping so soundly in my arms  
A slug-like trail of ochre fluids where we've danced  
The sun is setting now I hold a modest hand in vain  
My lung emit a sigh  
What fiend would take these tiny eyes and show them  
to the dark  
Gods just a lie

Never born into this den of sin  
That which erodes the most tender of things  
After the eve have fallen  
The lights are sinking low  
Shadows would hide that life  
In him could never grow

A hollow gaze peers from the cradle black  
Imagining his shining eyes just sockets staring back  
Witness the baptism skeletal the world would shun  
Reject the purest form of love  
A mother to her son

I proceed to nurse him  
I could almost smile  
I entertain the notion  
That he did live this while  
But he's dead to this world  
Carved out just like my heart  
Soaked up and washed so lovingly  
Cherished son unconditionally

In our secret world alone  
Situation delectate crudely frowned upon  
In our sacred love undone

Never born into this den of sin  
That which erodes the most tender of things

After the eve has fallen  
The lights are sinking low  
Shadows would hide that life  
In him could never grow

A hollow gaze peers from the cradle black  
Imagining his shining eyes just sockets staring back  
Witness the baptism skeletal the world would shun  
Reject the purest form of love  
A mother to her putrid rotting son

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