

## Black Dahlia Murder, The "Warborn"

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amidst a swirling din of smoke and screaming  
on the battlefield born reared on the teat of my dead  
mother war  
hardened to stone through abuse mocked beaten and  
scorned  
a bayonet severed umbilical cord  
the wind sings its sweet lullaby through  
a black and hollowed ribcage  
I'm to die in battle divine with the flames as my grave  
this realm of inhuman carnage  
where the blood eternally rains  
to my brothers who've fallen before me  
I will walk with you again  
This is my demented playground  
the horizon is howling ablaze  
a skeletal village illuminates the sky  
as fire destroys their grains  
with glee I rape and torture  
my pleasure is inflicting pain  
with a vigor unholy ill fight to my doom  
till I've vanquished the Christian's gods ways  
oh it must be such a different world  
to which those on the outside exist  
at least I know who loves me here  
no delusions all weakness dismissed  
an era of inhuman tragedy  
to be ushered by my iron hand  
the ovens bellowed to crematory highs  
to dispose of the god fearing man  
the wind sings its sweet lullaby through  
a black and hollowed ribcage  
I'm to die in battle divine with the flames as my grave  
this realm of inhuman carnage  
where the blood eternally rains  
to my brothers who've fallen before me  
I will walk with you again

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