

Black Dahlia Murder, The "What A Horrible Night To Have A Curse"

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This twisted wretched place shadowed by the utmost
darks of hell
in dreams of black beyond the bounds of a withered
witch's spell
where the doors surely are locked when the sun
threatens to wane
where shamblers dwell in dim moon light beyond the
warmth of day

liars line the roads at dawn watchful eyes are upon you
held
sacred weapons to the sacred revealed to be
unleashed upon the council of hell
blood flows down the streets at night where wolves cry
out for flesh
where a horrible curse taints the woodlands nearby
with the forms of the walking dead

unholy inversion of hope twisting the faith of the meek
into hate
driven insane by the dark one to bring forth the foul
biddings he speaks
the undead are among us at dawn they shrink back to
their silken beds
they dance by night and drink the blood of a child's
broken neck

his spires are growing taller still their shadows
stretching throughout the land
freeing the evils that sleep within the weaker minds of
man

into the tower never go the horrors multiply
gears can mince the strongest ones leaving heroes
paralyzed
the rivers flow with poison the sands swallow you whole
the ghouls that roam this darkened wood are thirsting
for your throat

