

Of Darkness Spawned

The Black Dahlia Murder

Pretenders to the throne kneel before him
Appalling wretched demon king
Praise be to us his children
Spawns of evil's reckoning

Doomed from the inception
Claiming fire as our home
Licked by flames our steel grows stronger
To be forged in hate forevermore

A hellish scorn quickly approaches violent climax
Infernal legions, the time nears when we'll strike
The 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
Oh to ye wicked ones and oh to blood a reaper's song
Demons born of man's 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 let's 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 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
Oh to ye wicked ones and oh to blood a reaper's song
Demons born of man's 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

Oh the dance of death, she's a sweet one
To our victory we will drink