

# Closed Casket Requiem

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Dear diary,

Tonight will be our last.  
My hands are itching for razors.  
My angel, this knife shall carve thee wings.

Consumed by sickness, I ache to see your blood.  
The hour approaches, when I shall lay a nest inside of you.

Sliced open I lay waste to my desires.  
Sweet entrails are scooped onto the tile.

And in my dreams I hold your head beneath the waves.  
After you've died I kiss the nape of your porcelain neck  
You enter me in death's perpetual embrace.  
My skin tightens in the throes of lust.

And in my dreams I cut your mouth from ear to ear.  
Dissecting your angelic body in the quiet of your room.  
How splendidly I carve into your tender heart.  
I'm shuddering between the sheets.

For weeks I've watched you.  
Perched 'bove your sleeping form.  
As I caress your perfection.  
My angel, I'll tear your insides out.

My mind is flooding with the marrow of your bones.  
I cannot subside 'til I have suckled every inch of you.

Your features, now glazed in your own blood.  
My fingers find home amongst your guts.

And in my dreams I hold your head beneath the waves.  
After you've died I kiss the nape of your porcelain neck.  
You enter me in death's perpetual embrace  
My skin tightens in the throes of lust.

And in my dreams I cut your mouth from ear to ear  
Dissecting your angelic body in the quiet of your room.  
How splendidly I carve into your tender heart.  
I'm shuddering between the sheets.

Whisper your name as you awaken.  
Your throat gasps your skin recoils.  
We shall be intertwined entangled in our love  
Murder beckons as time stops for your voice

"I'll love you forever."  
And forever it shall be.  
The knives begin singing.  
Weeping for your flesh.

The pinnacle of obsession is clawing at the fibers of my mind.  
The rampant state of elation heightened by the paleness of your cries.  
With a promise of absolution, my thoughts are tangled in my creations.  
With a promise of unequalled pleasure, reason is twisting. The knives are cro

oning.

For this perfect end.

For weeks I've watched you perched 'bove your sleeping form.  
As I caress your perfection.  
My angel, I'll tear your insides out.

My mind is flooding with the marrow of your bones.  
I cannot subside, 'til I have suckled every inch of you.

I feel the fibers stretch and tear.  
Unbridled climax is achieved.  
I have waited so long for this moment.  
The euphoric act of suicide.