

# Kings of the Nightworld

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Enshrouded in ebony mystery  
Blacker than the darkest pitch  
A bond of blood to death and drek  
Seeking to defile everything which bears his name

In hate we will destroy you all the same  
Suckling each vein

We shall corrupt and dismantle  
Waging a war without end  
Until the head of the one fettered Christ  
Doth sate our lust for revenge

We are the kings of the nightworld  
Those looming unseen in the gloomy between  
We are the bringers of darkness  
Our blades cut the throats of the weak as they sleep

Haunted by our disposition  
Disgusted by their foul belief  
A brotherhood in violence  
To microscopic dust we'll grind the bones of their deceit

Behold this rite of mutilation  
Rack stretches limbs beyond reprieve  
The rope it bores into their flesh  
To test the meddle, subhuman his skeletal integrity

Just try our blackened hand and you will see  
So painfully

We are the seekers of vengeance

Turning plowshares into swords  
Dreaming of days beneath the godless sun  
Free of their crestfallen lord

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Unfurl a wrath upon his planet here  
One truer than the straightest blade  
Death to all and all to death  
Until the bitter end it comes  
We'll soldier to our destiny

When the moon is shown  
We'll live again, vampirically  
Like weeds we will grow  
From cracks and crevices to creep

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Black are the hearts of our willful  
To ribbons the flesh of who'd stand in our way  
Black is our maelstrom of chaos  
The pride of Sathanas is burning in me  
It burns in me