

Moonlight Equilibrium

The Black Dahlia Murder

Ritual Of Transformation

A code embedded deep within,
Encrypted in vaults of bone and skin.
A tug magnetic toward the dark,
The wolf voracious hath witnessed it's mark.
Internal pressure growing behind your eyes,
It's mounting still.
Constant thoughts of evil are coming to a head inside you,
Humanity decreasing.
Blood is strong upon the passing winds,
To forsake would be a sin,
Let the night entrance you.

You'll feel the pull of the moonlight equilibrium,
Pitch black transmission of the soul.
Instincts from within rise,
We're all but beasts that hunger from inside,
Cannot escape this longing.

These symptoms don't remit for death,
Becoming sick.
The long hairs,
Feel them stand,
The nightworld calls again.
Your existence turning black,
There'll be no coming back.
A desire to tear and hack,
It's growing lord,
Please help us.

You'll feel the pull of the moonlight equilibrium,
Pitch black transmission of the soul.
Instincts from within rise,
We're all but beasts that hunger from inside,
You must subdue this yearning to feast.

That very eve the devil cameth and his will did force thine idle hands.
Open his heart of molten darkness,
Floweth forth foul rivers of the damned.

[Solo]

Blood of the lycan within thee,
Enthroned heir to their cosmic fathers unknown,

Who traileth not far from where death would increase,
Seek they to murder,
To rid the world,
Clean a curse by the ancients of bloodline befouled.
The clouds they are parting,
The moon has come out.

Internal pressure growing behind your eyes,
It's mounting still.
Constant thoughts of evil are coming to a head inside you,
Humanity decreasing.

Blood is strong upon the passing winds,
To forsake would be a sin,
Let the night entrance you.

You'll feel the pull of the moonlight equilibrium,
Pitch black transmission of the soul.
Instincts from within rise,
We're all but beasts that hunger from inside,
Cannot repress these urges to kill,
To taste the red your only will,
There's no salvation.