

Vlad, Son of the Dragon

The Black Dahlia Murder

Raise up the traitors
Higher higher
By order of rank
Then spark their funeral pyres
Smelling the sumptuous stench of bowels emptying as my message is sent

String up purveyors of weakness and lie who would seek to betray no pardons eye for eye
Torture a past time of bloodiest sorts
I feel I should be thanked for those fiends I abort

They will fear my very name
I am the dragon's son

High on a stake
Higher higher
How shameful a game to've watched such life expire
Cleansing my own holocaust
Tremble they will at the feet of their gods

Hang up subversives who question my guile who should seek to oppose man
an woman beast or child
Enemies sleep with half open eyes
I shall reign all Wallachia with god on my side

They will fear my very name Dracula
I am the devil's son

You will burn how I choose
You will burn

Kill them all

My righteous hand

Rumor of my cruelties a wildfire through the lands
To control the fear of your enemy you must bore your way inside their heads

You will burn
How I choose
You must burn
They will learn
Those like you
I'll make them learn

Kill them all

My righteous hand