A Vulgar Picture

The Black Dahlia Murder

Now the funeral grounds are at last awash
With the blackness of this frigid autumn night
I've lurked into the graveyard with pick and spade in tow
This night shall birth forth our reckoning
Hell's jaws now open wideA stare to pierce six feet of soil
A love beyond this mortal coilAs though you'd never left my side
I hold your stiffened body so close to me
For years I've lived in a dream
Awake, I felt as dead as my cold and bloodless bride to meI can barely suppress my elation
My blood is racing as I strike the lid
A quick pry of the casket reveals her body, paralyzed
So long I've waited for this moment to thrust my fingers deep insideNow you will sing the song of the deceased
The ones whose souls will never rest in peaceThe throes of necromantic lust possess my mind
Cries of my precious frozen angel beckon from inside
I feel alive! For once I'm feeling so alive
My skin is crawling, I'm completed on this resurrection nightFrom this night achieved a morbid truth
Love's bounds post-mortally removedAs though you'd never left my side
I hold your stiffened body so close to me
For years I've lived in a dream
Awake, I felt as dead as my cold and bloodless bride to meIn rapture, my mind is lured by my own knife
To join this fragile being who sleeps below
The reflection of a razor reveals the moon, so perfectly
Along my impatient veins its steel does graze
With the kiss of suicideI feel no pain as I am entwined with my lovely bride
The silk lining now stained with my offering
I embrace the end of my now worthless lifeWell that was interesting or that was disgusting
It's your call

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