

# 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 wide A stare to pierce six feet of soil  
A love beyond this mortal coil As 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 me I 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 inside Now you will sing the song of the deceased  
The ones whose souls will never rest in peace The 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 night From this night achieved a morbid truth  
Love's bounds post-mortally removed As 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 me In 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 suicide I 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 life Well that was interesting or that was disgusting  
It's your call

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