

# Of Darkness Spawned

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Pretenders to the throne kneel before him  
Appalling wretched demon king  
Praise be to us his children  
Spawns of evil's reckoning  
Doomed from the inception  
Claiming fire as our home  
Licked by flames our steel grows stronger  
To be forged in hate forevermore  
A hellish scorn quickly approaches violent climax  
Infernal legions, the time nears when we'll strike  
The shadows serving to enshroud us our blackened hearts  
Those forgotten looming just beyond their sight  
The blood of pariahs through our veins  
Sin and Hell our mainstay, forever to remain  
Oh to ye wicked ones and oh to blood a reaper's song  
Demons born of man's sickest desire  
Those of the darkness spawned  
Fires of Hell I stoke thee high  
Through the open gates ever so wide, bury me in sin  
The daggers have been raised, now let's begin  
The margins of sanity blur into night  
As one will move beyond the light  
Murder effortlessly without a tear  
Our motives to them never clear  
Damn this liars' world, we are the truth you've all awaited  
Impaling holy fallacy, the filthy blood of Christian seed  
Akin to the looming serpent, we've patiently anticipated  
The time to rise is upon us  
My lord, I kneel before you, now paint me bloody red  
Bathing in blasphemy, I beat the path that's traveled less  
The forgotten, your minions, our souls of black  
We are thousands in the darkness waiting to attack  
Infernal legions, their heads shall be your prize  
Trophies to our dominions of conquests only fantasized  
Oh to ye wicked ones and oh to blood a reaper's song  
Demons born of man's sickest desire  
Those of the darkness spawned  
Fires of Hell I stoke thee high  
Through the open gates ever so wide

Bury me in sin, the daggers have been raised  
Oh the dance of death, she's a sweet one  
To our victory we will drink

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