

# Warborn

## The Black Dahlia Murder

Amidst a swirling din of smoke  
And screaming on the battlefield born  
Reared on the teat of my dear mother war  
Hardened to stone through abuse  
Mocked, beaten and scorned  
A bayonet severed umbilical cord  
The wind sings its sad lullaby  
Through a blackened and hollow ribcage  
I'm to die in battle divine  
With the flames as my grave  
This realm of inhuman carnage  
Where the blood eternally rains  
To my brothers who've fallen before me  
I will walk with you again  
This my demented playground  
The horizon is howling ablaze  
The skeletal village illuminates the sky  
As fire destroys their grains  
With glee I rape and torture  
My pleasure is inflicting pain  
With a vigor unholy, I'll fight to my doom  
'Til I've vanquished the Christian God's ways  
Sure it must be such a different world  
To which those on the outside exist  
At least I know who loves me here  
No delusions, all weakness dismissed  
This era of inhuman tragedy  
To be ushered by my iron hand  
The ovens bellowed to crematory highs  
To dispose of the God-fearing man  
The wind sings its sad lullaby  
Through a blackened and hollow ribcage  
I'm to die in battle divine  
With the flames as my grave  
This realm of inhuman carnage  
Where the blood eternally rains  
To my brothers who've fallen before me  
I will walk with you again

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