

What a Horrible Night to Have a Curse

The Black Dahlia Murder

This twisted wretched place shadowed
By the utmost darks of hell
In dreams of black beyond the bounds
Of a withered witch's spell Where the doors surely are locked
When the sun threatens to wane
Where shamblers dwell in dim moon light
Beyond the warmth of day Liars line the roads at dawn
Watchful eyes are upon you held
Sacred weapons to the sacred revealed
To be unleashed upon the council of hell Blood flows down the streets at night
Where wolves cry out for flesh
Where a horrible curse taints the woodlands nearby
With the forms of the walking dead Unholy inversion of hope
Twisting the faith of the meek into hate
Driven insane by the dark one
To bring fourth the foul biddings he speaks The undead are among us
At dawn they shrink back to their silken beds
They dance by night and drink the blood
Of a child's broken neck His spires are growing taller
Still their shadows spreading throughout the land
Freeing the evils that sleep within the weaker minds of man Into the tower never go the horrors multiply
The gears can mince the strongest ones
Leaving heroes paralyzed
The rivers flow with poison, the sands swallow you whole
The ghouls that roam this darkened wood
Are thirsting for your throat Unholy inversion of hope
Twisting the faith of the meek into hate
Driven insane by the dark one
To bring forth the foul biddings he speaks The undead are among us
At dawn they shrink back to their silken beds
They dance by night and drink the blood
Of a child's broken neck His spires are growing taller
Still their shadows spreading throughout the land
Freeing the evils that sleep within the weaker minds of man

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