

The Fog

The Black Dahlia Murder

Amongst the perilous mists formed of the moon arising new
The creature set upon us like a plague
Waist deep we proceeded to be butchered in the fog
Strafing straight into the clutches of the beast that hell hath spawned
One by one did they scream dragged
beneath the blanket of the mist
The mob is damned born to lose a sacrifice of human meat to lycanthropic bliss
The wolf simply can't resist
Shots erupt
The strongest men are lost
As panic claims this throng
Who will hunt
And who will be the skinned?
The elder evil wins where's our bravado now?
The drunk and dead begin to pile
In vain we laughed and cheered
This night that spells our end
Flashlights are dwindling down
By earthly gods we're disavowed
Plump sow apple in mouth
The wolfen's pending feast
Above the law, we declared now lucky if we're left above the ground
Comb the woods a child we seek so little did we men know
That our end would there be found
I held my breath as we happened on the girl
Or should I say what was left
Father screams uncontrollably
He's lost his sanity
Thirty one closed casket funerals
Victims of sheer disbelief
Thirty one sent to the slaughter to be
Without reprieve
Dragged below sight
Writhing in the haze
Like sitting ducks we are in moments to be splayed
Where's our militia now?
Our bravest men a mounting pile
To think we toasted rye
This night that spells our end
Above the law, we declared now lucky if we're left above the ground
Comb the woods a child we seek so little did we men know
That our end would there be found
Six feet down

Songwriters

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