

Vlad, Son of the Dragon

The Black Dahlia Murder

Raise up the traitors (Higher and higher)
By order of rank then spark their funeral pyres
Smelling the sumptuous stench of bowels emptying as my message is sent
String up purveyors of weakness and lie who would seek to betray no pardons eye
For eye torture a past time of bloodiest sorts
I feel I should be thanked for those fiends I abort (They will fear my very name
I am the dragon's son) High on a stake (Higher and higher)
How shameful a game to have watched such life expire
Cleansing my own holocaust
Tremble they will at the feet of their gods
Hang up subversives who question my guile who should seek to oppose man woman beast or child
Enemies sleep with half open eyes
I shall reign all Wallachia with God on my side (They will fear my very name Dracul
I am the Devil's son) You will burn
How I choose
You will burn
Kill them all
My righteous hand Rumor of my cruelties
A wildfire through the lands
To control the fear of your enemy
You must bore your way inside their heads You will burn
How I choose
You must burn
They will learn
Those like you
I'll make them learn Kill them all
My righteous hand

Songwriters

ALAN MICHAEL CASSIDY, BRIAN ESCHBACH, MAXWELL JAMES LAVELLE, RYAN DURELL
KNIGHT, TREVOR STRNAD Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>