

That Cannot Die Which Eternally Is Dead

The Black Dahlia Murder

We've come again to the end my friends
The winds of change shall swirl up a din
The beast is shifting shapes again
Weaponized to the teeth while we grin
The years go by
In the blink of an eye
Of an old withered man
Our dreams lost to sands
Of bastard time
What was our crime?
But to exist?
We'll be sent before the devil
Hell, we're on his list
Onto the gates of pearl we piss our tribute
Open your flesh and let the beast flow through you
Your abysmal heart
Black as pitch
And dead right from the start
This century
The night world is ours
That cannot die which eternally is dead
Two in the place of once severed head
Hydra of bone and its swirling dance
Hypnotizing the weak in it's trance
The years they fleet
Like the words of the meek
In the face of the storm
Bear witness as this hell is born
Unto this earth we are in their curse
We are truth if you seek eternal life
We are it's living proof
The gates gilded in gold our blackened entrance
Open your veins and pay the demon penance
From your abysmal heart
Black as pitch
And dead right from the start
This century
The night world is ours
Deliver us
Relentless
Deliver us
The damned
The dead we're still here walking
With blood upon our hands
Deliver us
Intention
Deliver us
The true
The movers of this world
Who'll shake the very life from you
Onto the gates of pearl we piss our tribute

Open your flesh and let the beast flow through youYour abysmal heart

Black as pitch

And dead right from the startThis century

The night world is ours

Songwriters

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