

Threat Level No. 3

The Black Dahlia Murder

Society I beg of thee
Open your hateful arms to me
For now I am just like you
You see my balls rattle in a jar'neath smiling mask remains a past
As I recant couldn't help but laugh
Was that really me who had sipped from the glass wrought of all pedophilic sin? Merely the calm thrust between
the two most violent storms man's seen or a libido guillotined forevermore? They dangle bait right in my face
That once did make my heart so race
But hormonally my desire replaced to quell all but the faintest roar Merrily o mother let them play
The boogeyman he has gone away
The slender one who would make his prey from the good little girls and boys Come tempt the fates I do implore
For I am not He anymore
Subject to all parental scorn
Demon exiled Threat level number three
A badge to my reign of depravity
If it's only my death that can set us all free then what is it we're waiting for? My crimes of sick lust they've
secured me a space
In a man's most befeared and respected of place
In the home of the horned and His torturing flames
I deserve all of this and more Thwarting the raping beast
That deep inside me sleeps
In a hope that this history will never repeat
My dick my gun now obsolete Are we all here just grasping at straws?
Is the Devil's will absolute is it stronger than laws?
Can I walk freely down darkened streets that I've stalked?
Is there truly a hope left for me? Down her leg blood trickled
I remember her every breath
Chemically castrated
Normality is mandated for now Leaden the weight of this arms they could not bear
Gonadal atrophy a product of their care
Reclusive enemy inside me he dwells
Guilt swells abysmally unequaled my hells Society I truly beg of thee
I should remain behind silver lock and key
Feeling the rip of young tissues 'round my meat
Now a fading dream to this pitch-blackened sheep Threat level number three
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In the home of the horned and his torturing flames
I deserve all of this and more Thwarting the raping beast
That deep inside me sleeps
In a hope that this history will never repeat
My dick my gun now obsolete Are we all here just grasping at straws?
The Devil's will absolute is it stronger than laws?
Can I walk freely down darkened streets that I've stalked?
Is there truly a hope that is left for poor pathetic fucking me?

Songwriters

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