

Funeral Thirst

The Black Dahlia Murder

The brightest full moon light entrances me it calls me forth
Yet I have not the strength to move in stasis, I rot away and dream
Dream of forgotten years dream of the touch of another's hand I am to be a meal of starved worms
My nerves are twisting for the light of my salvation
I rest beneath where I remain as cold as clay
Eternal pain is swelling in my joints Somewhere within me a flame is slowly born
Inside this shell of bloated flesh grows life anew
Infernal, the moon distorts my mind
My veins jolt back to life, pushing the fluids of the damned I seek to bathe my fetid flesh in crimson spray
My body writhes without consent of conscience
I lift the lid the pounds of dirt shall not subdue
I shall walk the earth once more From beyond the strings are pulled
I know not what has made me this way
The animation of my rigid corpse
I shall abandon my coffin of premature fate All the words of the preacher
All the tears of my family in vain
I shall again walk amongst them
My penance with blood be repaid, repaid Dead hand grasps for the still night air I am now free to maim
There cannot be a God for He would not forgive this
Despicable inhuman monster; rotten, twisted and deformed
I am now a tool of my unholy instinct
Entrails strewn at my bidding a mockery of all I was I seek to bathe my fetid flesh in crimson spray
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