

That Which Erodes The Most Tender Of Things

The Black Dahlia Murder

Won't you rest your ruined head, my weary child?
This would 'twas not for thee
I send you now the promised land
Not one breath did you heave stilly bornUnto this earth sleeping so soundly in my arms
A slug-like trail of ocher fluids where we've danced
The sun is setting now, I hold a modest hand in vain
My lung emit a sigh, what fiend would
Take these tiny eyes and show them to the dark
God's just a lieNever born into this den of sin
That which erodes the most tender of things
After the eve have fallen
The lights are sinking low
Shadows would hide that life
In him could never growA hollow gaze peers from the cradle black
Imagining his shining eyes just sockets staring back
Witness the baptism skeletal the world would shun
Reject the purest form of love, a mother to her sonI proceed to nurse him
I could almost smile
I entertain the notion
That he did live this whileBut he's dead to this world
Carved out just like my heart
Soaked up and washed so lovingly
Cherished son unconditionallyIn our secret world alone
Situation delicate crudely frowned upon
In our sacred love undoneNever born into this den of sin
That which erodes the most tender of things
After the eve has fallen
The lights are sinking low
Shadows would hide that life
In him could never growA hollow gaze peers from the cradle black
Imagining his shining eyes just sockets staring back
Witness the baptism skeletal the world would shun
Reject the purest form of love, a mother to her putrid rotting son

Songwriters

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