

On Stirring Seas of Salted Blood

The Black Dahlia Murder

Oceans of madness darkened,
Alone on hell she rides,
Lichen, undead, and rotten,
Dripping and dignified.
She combs with violence upon the wailing storm,
This spectral ship of doomed purgation barrels on awry. On stirring seas of salted blood,
Condemned to forge her sails forevermore,
Her hull will never reach the shores,
Damning waters of irony filth. Neath the stench of crimson winds,
Her sails of flesh betorn.
Red skeletons are oaring,
The plasma stains their bones.
Her rusting cannons fire blindly in the mist,
This haunted vessel lost and damned,
The prisoners of her endless quest.
A burial at ancient sea that cannot rest in fucking peace,
The crew of wraith like revenants merely seek peace
And reverence from purgatorial permanence.
Their cursed bondage has no end,
On they ride through the throes of ceaseless night,
Her will never dies,
The compass pointing straight to hell,
And that is where they're going.
Beaten by curling waves of red,
The storm,
No signs of slowing now. On stirring seas of salted blood,
Condemned to forge her sails forevermore,
Her hull will never reach the shores,
Damning waters of irony filth.

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