

Creeping Death

Stone Sour

Slaves
Hebrews born to serve, to the pharaoh
Heed
To his every word, live in fear
Faith
Of the unknown one, the deliverer
Wait
Something must be done, four hundred years

So let it be written
So let it be done
I'm sent here by the chosen one
So let it be written
So let it be done
To kill the first born pharaoh son
I'm creeping death

Now
Let my people go, land of Goshen
Go
I will be with thee, bush of fire
Blood
Running red and strong, down the Nile
Plague
Darkness three days long, hail to fire

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So let it be done
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To kill the first born pharaoh son
I'm creeping death

Die by my hand
I creep across the land
Killing first born man

Die by my hand
I creep across the land

Killing first born man

I

Rule the midnight air, the destroyer

Born

I shall soon be there, deadly mass

I

Creep the steps and floor, final darkness

Blood

Lamb's blood, painted door, I shall pass

So let it be written

So let it be done

I'm sent here by the chosen one

So let it be written

So let it be done

To kill the first born pharaoh son

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