Whitechapel

Manilla Road

Tonight's the night
I long to strike
The time is right
RipperOutside the law
I taunt them on
My blade is drawn
RipperIt's the blood before my eyes
Bringing newborn life
To this tortured mindI thrive and feed on fear
Come closer now my dear
Your Uncle Jack is hereThe hunt is on
I'll R.I.P. them all
Sweet carrion
RipperWhitechapel's lights
Gleam off my knife
It's time to die
RipperNightmare of slaughter
Come to the daughters
Who sell their waresSadistic visions
Bloody incisions
On bodies baredInside the chapel
Unholy chapel
The blood will flowStreets stained in crimson
With blood of women
Whose souls I stoleNo place to hide
That I won't find
I rule the night
RipperI've no remorse
Ripping your corpse
You filthy whore
RipperOh, can't you see that I'm obsessed
It's like I've been posessed
I'll lay your soul to rest this night
With my knifeI've turned these streets to hell
The Demon's come to dwell
Tolling Death's Bell in Whitechapel,
Whitechapel, playground of The BeastMy friends just call me JackInside the London fog
I stalk and slash my prey
I come to disembowel

And send you to your graveSinful souls shall perish
In the dead of night
Ripping of the flesh
Left breast removed by knifeI have come
The Beast of lore
To kill again
Now as beforeOne hundred years
Have now gone by
And once again
It's ripping timeYour Uncle Jack is back
Tonight, I strikeMy scalpel sharp
Cuts to the heart
I love to carve
RipperFit for The Beast
A royal feast
Of women's screams
RipperIt's the blood before my eyes
Bringing newborn life
To this tortured mindI thrive and feed on fear
Come closer now my dear
Your Uncle Jack is hereJack The Knife

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