

Death Comes Ripping

Cradle Of Filth

Turn the lights down low
And bolt the door up
Future is coming
Future rising up
Whoa, shotgun blast, a demon piece of lead
With both eyes open
I wait up for the kill, feel the evil
Feel the heat as I blast you open
Death comes ripping
And it's going, death comes ripping
You feel the heat as death comes ripping
Rip your back out and death comes ripping out
Flesh and the blood
Too weak for the likes of you
Turning it over
A little too late to penetrate
Death comes ripping
And it's going, death comes ripping
You feel the heat as death comes ripping
Rip your back out, death comes ripping
And it's going, death comes ripping
You feel the heat as death comes ripping
Rip your back out, death comes ripping
And I know that death comes ripping out
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

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