

# 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

Songwriters

GLENN DANZIG Published by

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