Murdertrain A Comin'

Dethklok

Here comes the soul collecting train of murder a-comin'
It longs to take your putrid blackened soul away from you
Your face will leave your rotting head, in the early morning
Your guts will leave your corpse, your spine will break and crack in two
It cannot be stopped
The train is fueled by chopped bodies
Filled with sorrow
There is no tomorrow

Ticket is your life
Ended by a knife
Called the murder train
Eternity of pain
Oh yeah, you know what I'm talking about
There is no escape but death
Your life is just
A murder train a-comin
Now play me some blues

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