

Death Comes Ripping

Cradle of Filth

Turn the lights down low
And bolt the door up
Future is coming
Future rising upWhoa, 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 openDeath 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 outFlesh and the blood
Too weak for the likes of you
Turning it over
A little too late to penetrateDeath comes ripping
And it's going, death comes ripping
You feel the heat as death comes ripping
Rip your back out, death comes rippingAnd it's going, death comes ripping
You feel the heat as death comes ripping
Rip your back out, death comes rippingAnd I know that death comes ripping out
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

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