

Death

Judas Priest

I will take
Your final breath
And i will be
Your last regret
Cold blood
Runs
In my blackened heart
Tearing
Every soul apart

Messenger of death
Wields the scythe
Of man's damnation
Messenger of death
Hold his blade
For termination

Sin
Is what i feast upon
I'm forging
My crematorium
Your tomb
Is waiting here for you
Welcome to my ritual

Messenger of death
Wirls the scythe
Of man's damnation
Messenger of death
Holds his blade
For termination

Death rides out
From the storm
We turn to God
And cry
Ignored
We turn to face
This vengeance

From the sky

Death rides out
From the storm
 No time left
 To repent
 No quarter
 No escape
 No line
 Of sold defence

Death rides out
From the storm
 In terror
 We confess
 Our voice
Is heard no more
 His deed
 Is merciless

Death rides out
From the sotrm
Deface humanity
There's no escape
 From this
 Human calamity

Death rides out
From the storm
We turn to God
 And cry
 Ignored
We turn to face
This vengeance
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Messenger of death
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