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
Wirlds 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 seld 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
From the sky
Messenger of death
Wields the scythe
Of man's damnation
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