

Apocalyptica, Angel Of Death

Slaves

Hebrews born to serve, to the pharaoh

Heed

To his every word, live in fear

Faith

Of the unknown one, the deliverer

Wait

Something must be done, four hundred years

So let it be written, so let it be done

I'm sent here by the chosen one

So let it be written, so let it be done

To kill the first born pharaoh son

I'm creeping death

Now

Let my people go, land of Goshen

Go

I will be with thee, bush of fire

Blood

Running red and strong down the Nile

Plague

Darkness three days long, hail to fire

So let it be written, so let it be done

I'm sent here by the chosen one

So let it be written, so let it be done

To kill the first-born pharaoh son

I'm creeping death

Die by my hand

I creep across the land

Killing first-born man

Die by my hand

I creep across the land

Killing first-born man

I

Rule the midnight air, the destroyer

Born

I shall soon be there, deadly mass

I

Creep the steps and floor, final darkness

Blood

Lamb's blood painted doors, I shall pass

So let it be written, so let it be done

I'm sent here by the chosen one

So let it be written, so let it be done

To kill the first-born pharaoh son

I'm creeping death