

# Cradle of Filth, Death Comes Ripping (The Misfits)

Turn the lights down low  
And bolt the door up  
Future is coming  
Future rising up  
Whoa  
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 open  
Death 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 out  
Flesh and blood  
Too weak for you  
Turning it over  
A little too late to penetrate  
Death comes ripping  
And it's going, death comes ripping  
You feel the heat as death comes ripping  
Rip your back out  
Death comes ripping  
And it's going, death comes ripping  
You feel the heat as death comes ripping  
Rip your back out  
Death comes ripping  
And I know that death comes ripping out  
Whoa  
Whoa  
Whoa  
Whoa