

Grim Reaper, Wrath Of The Ripper

Take me down alleys where the murders are done
They hide in doorways when the Ripper's on the run
The smell of death lingers on in the air
A maiden is struck and no one seems to care

When the Ripper's on the run
His wrath of evil will come to sun
Got the madness in him again
Till he's dead it won't be the same

With broken blade he slips back into the night
For some woman who will never see daylight
With precision and lust he moves in for the kill
Taking a life with all his surgeon's skill

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