

Undercroft, Son Of Darkness

You are a being coming from hell
To cause anxiety and terror
You found the key
That opens the gates of horror
You rip your victims
With jackal's wrath
You enjoy the watching the vital
Organs spilled around you
You move through the streets into darkness
Hidden in the black night
Knife in hand
You wish to find a victim
The police are all confused
They swear they'll get you
They don't know you are
Son of darkness
Genius of surgery
Without anesthesia
You are Jack the doctor
You are Jack the ripper
Lover of pain
You are Jack the ripper
Messenger of death
You are Jack the ripper
Author of suffering
And lover of vital organs
That make your perverted life
Go dust