

Wrath of the Ripper

Grim Reaper

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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