

The Leather Apron's Scorn

The Black Dahlia Murder

The ripper, they've called me
Open the paper, I'm on every page you'll see
It is I who pulls the strings
Who makes them scream

I am the denizen who lurks after dark
Carving the flesh of those who would wear
The blood of the whore
Fear the leather apron's scorn
Each night reborn

Terrorize these foggy London streets
Lock your doors and hide
When the gas lamps come to life
They're where I'll creep

They never hear my footsteps approaching
Whorish existences my knife is encroaching upon
Public anticipation is growing
For when and where ol' Jackie will strike

Victimize and ravage lady fair
With my knife, they must comply
For she who'd sell her flesh
I'm looming near

A sound of mania surrounds
Becoming stronger with their fear
Their fear

Terrorize these foggy London streets
Lock your doors and hide
In the darkest alleyways, they're where I'll be

Victimize and ravage lady fair
With my knife, they must comply
The women of the night
Who're fools to dare

I know what you are
And you'll soon know me
Stripping your skin
I feel complete