

The Angel Of Death

Devil Makes Three

In the great book of John you'll wonder the day
When you'll be laid beneath the cold clay
The angel of death will come from the sky
And claim up your soul when the day comes to die

When the angel of death comes down after you
Can you smile and say that you have been true
Can you truthfully say with your dying breath
That you're ready to meet the angel of death

When the lights all grow dim and the dark shadows creep
And your loved ones have gathered to weep
Can you face them and say with your dying breath
That you're ready to meet the angel of death

When the angel of death comes down after you
Can you smile and say that you have been true
Can you truthfully say with your dying breath
That you're ready to meet the angel of death