

# The Ripper

Chinchilla

Pounding voices in my head  
I think I'm going mad  
Now my evil dreams have come true  
I don't know what is bad  
Oh those voices they talk to me  
But the words are very strange  
I now think there's no way out  
It starts to drive me insane

I'm the perverse end birth of all dreams and fantasies  
The sick part that nobody loves is the biggest part of  
me  
I walk hand in hand with death  
With an abused confused mind  
Because I am the chosen one to finish his work with  
pain

I'm the ripper, the angel of death  
The brutalenforcer of all divine laws  
With a mystic voice in my head  
I'm the ripper, the bringer of death  
So you better never meet me  
Because then you'll take your final breath

Flesh and blood all over my hands  
This satisfies my soul  
Surrender to my dark desire pretending I am free  
I walk hand in hand with God  
Whose protection makes me strong  
Because I am the chosen one and I'll never fail

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His work with pain  
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