

Iron Shirt

Dreadzone

Lucifer son of the mourning, I'm gonna chase you out of earth!

I'm gonna put on a iron shirt, and chase satan out of earth

I'm gonna put on a iron shirt, and chase the devil out of earth

I'm gonna send him to outa space, to find another race

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Satan is an evilous man,

But him can't chocks it on High-man

So when I check him my lassing hand

And if him slip, I gaan with him hand

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Him haffi drop him fork and run

Him can't stand up to Jah Jah son

Him haffi lef' ya with him gun

Dig off with him bomb

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Move ya with your gun

Mi sey fe lef' ya with your bomb

Move ya with your gun

Mi sey fe lef' ya with your bomb...