

Creeping Death

Metallica

1. Slaves

Hebrews born to serve, to the pharaoh
Heed
To his every word, live in fear
Faith
Of the unknown one, the deliverer
Wait
Something must be done, four hundred years

R: So let it be written

So let it be done
I'm sent here by the chosen one
So let it be written
So let it be done
To kill the first born pharaoh's son
I'm creeping death

2. Now

Let my people go, land of Chosen
Go
I will be with thee, bush of fire
Blood
Running red and strong down the Nile
Plague
Darkness three days long, hail to fire

R: So let it be written...

*: Die by my hand

I creep across the land
Killing first-born man
Die by my hand
I creep across the land
Killing first-born man

I

3. Rule the midnight air, the destroyer

Born
I shall soon be there, deadly mass
I
Creep the steps and floor, final darkness
Blood
Lamb blood painted door, I shall pass

R: So let it be written...