

Creeping Death

Stone Sour

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

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 son
I'm creeping death

Now
Let my people go, land of Goshen
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

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

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I
Rule the midnight air, the destroyer
Born
I shall soon be there, deadly mass
I
Creep the steps and floor, final darkness
Blood
Lamb's blood, painted door, I shall pass

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