

## **Hobbs' Angel Of Death "Jack The Ripper"**

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Hidden amongst the darkest shadows  
The ladies of Whitechapel  
Mist surrounds cobble stone paths  
The ripper is well disguised  
Panting like a hungry dog  
Eyes peeled wide  
Razor sharp instruments preparing for attack

Beware ladies of the night  
Your life is within his hands  
Insert a scalpel into your abdomen  
Perform a living autopsy

Disembowelment and butchery  
Killing on the brain  
Lunatic of the night awaits for his victim  
Dwelling for the taste of blood  
Act of the macabre  
Internal organs he will feast upon

Sluts and harlots of the night  
Now your gonna die  
Lurking with a demented mind  
Is your anser to death

Anni Chapman you tempted fate  
He waits in mist for you  
To slice your throat and remove your breasts  
Lays you down to die  
Unconvicted maniac he fled into the night

Sluts and harlots of the night  
Now your gonna die  
Insert a scalpel into your abdomen  
And perform a living autopsy

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