

Manilla Road "Whitechapel"

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Tonight's the night
I long to strike
The time is right
Ripper

Outside the law
I taunt them on
My blade is drawn
Ripper

It's the blood before my eyes
Bringing newborn life
To this tortured mind

I thrive and feed on fear
Come closer now my dear
Your Uncle Jack is here

The hunt is on
I'll R.I.P. them all
Sweet carrion
Ripper

Whitechapel's lights
Gleam off my knife
It's time to die
Ripper

Nightmare of slaughter
Come to the daughters
Who sell their wares

Sadistic visions
Bloody incisions
On bodies bared

Inside the chapel
Unholy chapel
The blood will flow

Streets stained in crimson
With blood of women

Whose souls I stole

No place to hide
That I won't find
I rule the night
Ripper

I've no remorse
Ripping your corpse
You filthy whore
Ripper

Oh, can't you see that I'm obsessed
It's like I've been possessed

I'll lay your soul to rest this night
With my knife

I've turned these streets to hell
The Demon's come to dwell
Tolling Death's Bell in Whitechapel,
Whitechapel, playground of The Beast

My friends just call me Jack

Inside the London fog
I stalk and slash my prey
I come to disembowel
And send you to your grave

Sinful souls shall perish
In the dead of night
Ripping of the flesh
Left breast removed by knife

I have come
The Beast of lore
To kill again
Now as before

One hundred years
Have now gone by
And once again
It's ripping time

Your Uncle Jack is back
Tonight, I strike

My scalpel sharp
Cuts to the heart
I love to carve

Ripper

Fit for The Beast
A royal feast
Of women's screams
Ripper

It's the blood before my eyes
Bringing newborn life
To this tortured mind

I thrive and feed on fear
Come closer now my dear
Your Uncle Jack is here

Jack The Knife

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