

Torture Killer

"Leather Apron"

Visit "[Leather Apron](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Walking out in the streets
Guided by my eyes
Ignorance and cruelty
Filling up my life
My mind has lost it's sanity
Nobody knows the truth
I am down on whores
And I won't stop at all

My knife is so nice and sharp
And I want to get to work right away
If I get a chance
Nobody can figure out who I am
There's a rumour about me
Saying I'm the leather apron

Dirty jack's working
Behind his weird disguise
Ripping bodies away
In the whitechapel's streets at night
Jack's knife is waiting
For another prostitute
The last one's the ripest
For jack's idea of fun

[Chorus]

I've been waiting so long for you now
I'll lead you down to the ground
Ripping your body while you die
My face will never be found
Leather apron!

I am the hunter and you are the prey
My knife is gonna rip you away
Dear Boss I'm sending you half of the Kidney
That I took out of her body
Prepare to die

I shall not quit: ripping them
And I'll still do that over and over and over again

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!! Leather apron

Visit [Torture Killer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.