

Reaper's Delight

Dan Bull

5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

Red bottom

On the same day Gabriel fell
Gabriel became an angel of hell
Prowling the place with the stealth of a snake on the ground
Venom draining your health
No chasing allowed
He's straight in the space where you dwell if he craves it he takes it himes
elf
And from counting the shotgun shells in your bottom
Hell, you've not done well
Somebody came and knocked seven bells
Out of you so much he should be locked in a cell
Never felt higher
Spreading hellfire
That's hot enough to boil heavy rock and melt tires
All black everything
All black suit, all black trousers and all black boots
All black belt and an all black crotch
All black gloves and an all Blackwatch
All black armour and all black guns
All black 'jamas and all black buns
All black torso and all black cloak
For a white chap he's an all black bloke
He's not a goth and he's not gothic
Definitely doesn't do his shopping in hot topic
(I'm back in black)
Cloaked in the smoke of the inferno
Real absinthe's banned so he drinks pernod
(Living hell of another world)

(Die) Hear death and it's beckoning
(Die) The death metal is deafening
(Die) No question it's definitely threatening
(Die) Or at least it's a wee bit usettling
(Die) He's even realer than wrestling
(Die) Cold as an old cup of tea with some peppermint
Reaper sweeps through the ether while death blossoms
Shadow step and spank leave you with a red bottom
(Die) Prepare for the reckoning
(Die) Resurrecting the nephilim
(Die) Relocate them to kettering
(Die) Silencing haters who're heckling
(Die) Tasteless like a vest with a leopard print
(Die) Oi was that a joke? It best have been
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Being an edgelord is a double edged sword
The darkest white piece on the chessboard
He'll take wraith form
Pass through your base while masked
Engage in a range of hateful acts
Break your plates or take your stash
And then make troll comments on your racial caste
With a painful lack of any grace or tact

You can't do that with a baseball bat
Mate, perhaps you should be grateful that
You're not laying in a grave with your face all gashed
Close casket
The wake was a laugh
Dove in the coffin naked as if taking a bath
It isn't even up for debate or chat
He was a poor chap with a painful past
Now he's taking out frustration on ungrateful twats
He's a one man black death plague of rats
Reaper's making a leap of faith
At least a kilometre beneath good taste
Sow the seeds and wait for the blossoming
Leaves of hate
It's a piece of cake
Human beings are just beasts innate
In denial of the nature they're each ingrained with
They'd rather sit and be sedate than keep engaged with the reasoned debate
Sooooooooo, I guess they should

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He leave you with a red bottom, red bottom
He leave you with a red bottom, red bottom
He leave you with a red bottom, red bottom
He leave you with a red bottom, red bottom (die)
Red bottom (die). Red bottom (die). Red bottom, (die...)
Red bottom
Time to kill. Time to kill. Time to kill. Time to kill
Red bottom
Kill. Kill. Kill
Red bottom