

# 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 unsettling  
(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  
Sooooooooooo, 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