

She wears the sign of the reaper.
Typhoid runs in her blood.
Her hands touch you so gently.
A toxic touch and a virus you'll get.

Typhoid Mary.
Bringer of disease. Good riddance of the weak.
Typhoid Mary.
Everyone's deceased. Angel of disease.
Typhoid Mary.
Bringer of disease. Typhoid Mary feeds on the weak.

I stare into the eyes of a soulless divine.
I stare into the eyes of a soulless divine.

She wears the sign of the reaper.
She is a child of the night.
Her only goal is harvesting souls.
Poisoned blood, her grip on your throat.

Typhoid Mary.
Bringer of disease. Good riddance of the weak.
Typhoid Mary.
Everyone's deceased. Angel of disease.
Typhoid Mary.
Bringer of disease. Typhoid Mary feeds on the weak.

I stare into the eyes of a soulless divine.
I stare into the eyes of a soulless divine.
I stare into the eyes of Typhoid Mary.
I stare into the eyes of the dead...