

## **The Builders And The Butchers "Spanish Death"**

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It came across the land,  
Like a Spanish influenza.  
We were brought down to our knees.  
And we sat amongst the cracks  
Where the pennies all were rollin'  
Fallin' down the rich man's sleeve.

They will ring the bells,  
They will come and find you,  
Bringing out the dead.  
You're bringing out the dead.

They will ring the bells,  
They will come and find you,  
Bringing out the dead.  
Oh, no.

And it's a long way down from where you're hiding.  
And it's a long way down...

All their heads were turned,  
Angled towards the sky.  
And the dark cloud descended on us quickly.  
And rain, it brought the flood.  
And the sound became a sea,  
And we offered Hail Marys  
(One for you)  
Nineteen for me.

And it's a long way down from where you're hiding.  
And it's a long way down...

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Like a Spanish influenza.  
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And we sat amongst the cracks  
Where the pennies all were rollin'  
Falling down the rich man's sleeve.

They will ring the bells,  
They will come and find you,  
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Oh, no.

And it's a long way down from where you're hiding.  
And it's a long way down...

(La-de-da, ect.)

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