

Hell

"Plague And Fyre"

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Bring out your dead!
Bring out your dead!

Roses blister on his skin, fill him full of lies
Withered posies crumbling in his hand
Destroy the lucky amulet, and damn us with the flies
Read the last rites

"Blessed be the people" is a mockery
From clergy which approve the kiss of death
Ring-a-ring the children sing, the black plague bells are
heralding
Their funeral pyre, for beggar, priest and king

Chorus:
No, no, no - Nobility's no sanctuary
Flee, flee, flee - The rat's bubonic flea
But the scourge is everywhere, England weeps in her
despair
And in misty eyes a cure cannot be seen

Raging pox and pestilence are dripping with the blood
The slavering black dog roams everywhere
Smites the ones he bites, and drags the ones he
misses down
The worst is yet to come

As 1665 turns into 666
A dread like none before grips every man
As the prince of darkness sets alose his wicked bag of
tricks
Will the evil lord unleash his masterplan?

Chorus:
No, no, no - Nobility's no sanctuary
Flee, flee, flee - The rat's bubonic flea
But the scourge is everywhere, England weeps in her
despair
And in misty eyes a cure cannot be seen

"This plague and the impending conflagrations are

signs from God
And thus we, the flagellants, shall inflict punishment
Upon our bodily flesh and other earthly manifestations
To atone for the sins of the world"

Satan had sent out a plot as cruel as it was grand
To raze away the English capital
As the final time began, he brought the flames to make
his stand
And thirteen times the baker shook his hand

In the hellish heat of his retreat, the Devil did a spy
The souls of London town are ripe for taking
From the depths of his disguise, through the black slits
of his eyes
The fallen angel watched the city die, die, die, die

Chorus:
No, no, no - Nobility's no sanctuary
Flee, flee, flee - The rat's bubonic flea
But the scourge is everywhere, England weeps in her
despair
And in misty eyes a cure cannot be seen

Fire, fire, fire - is burning London town
Try, try, try - to beat the flames down
But the heat is too intense, and it's thirst cannot be
quenched
And London's burning to the ground

Ground!
London's burning to the ground!

Ring-a-ring o'roses
A pocket full of o'posies
A-tishoo! A-tishoo!
We all fall down!

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