

# Plague and Fyre

The Hell

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

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?

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"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

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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!