

## Plague & Fyre

### The Hell

"Bring out your dead..."

Roses blister on his skin, fill him full of lies, withered poses  
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 approves  
the kiss of death!

Ring-a-

ring the children sing, the black plague bells are heralding  
The 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 slaving black doe roams everywhere

Smites the ones he bites, and drags the ones he misses down, the  
worst is yet to come

As 1665 turns into 1666, a dread like none before grips every man

As the prince of darkness sets a loose his wicked bag of tricks

Will the evil lord unleash his master plan?

"This plague and the impending conflagration 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 me 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 were ripe for taking

From the depths of his disguise, through the black slits of his  
eyes

The fallen angel watched the city die

Fire, fire, fire - is burning London town

Try, try, try - to beat the flames down

But the heat is too intense, and its thirst cannot be quenched

And London's burning to the ground

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