

Eric Burdon & The Animals, The Black Plague

(Burdon/Briggs/Weider/Jenkins/McCulloch)

Ohohohohoh
[gregorian chants]

The bell tolls
The black plague has struck
Diseased eyes roll upwards
As if knowing which direction their souls will travel
(bring out your dead)
A woman in black cries
As the deathly procession passes by
And monks moan en masse

Ohohohohohoh
[gregorian chants]

The yet clean peasant pounds upon the castle door
For it is safer inside the walls
Their knocking pounds a dull tone across the quiet, deserted courtyard
The bodies of unfortunates bloat in the hot sun outside the castle walls
And ones ignorant of all facts plunder the diseased corpses for remaining riches.
(bring out your dead)
And the bell tolls on

A man walks around the castle walls on the outside
The light from his lamp dancing shadows as he moves
He tends the sick
Gives comfort to all he can for dying woman and crying man
But he feels it most for the children
(unclean)
Tears glisten on his cheek
Did man ever deserve this death?
And not all will die, just the poor
For the rich are inside the castle walls
And he knows he could be with them
And they laugh at this fool of a man
Through the stone fortress windows
And the bell tolls on

[unclean]
And many deaths and many days later
Many tears have been cry cried but in vain
For tears can never erase the pain of death
Only time has that talent
His hands are now blistered but this man walks on
The only element of sanity that the people look to him for answers and he answers all
And the bell tolls on inside the castle wall
(bring out your dead)

The dead are now buried and the plague is at its end
Life for the people flowers again
They breathe fresh air like they did once before
And there is not a sound from beyond the castle walls
The bell has stopped
And only silence is heard
And the peasants outside wonder what happened within
In their bones they feel something is wrong
The bell has been silent much too long
For many days not one soul has stirred from the stone fortress where the rich people live
No one came and no one went
Fear can do many strange things
And even though water ran low
Their mouths burnt and bellys caked dry

Not one person put a foot outside
No one had that much courage
For they feared the peasants and their world outside
So they played it safe and didn't move
But one by one they perished and died