

# 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 bellies 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