Black 47

BLACK 47

Everything is still not a chicken not a body
Just an awful sicken silence roarin' in my brain
And the fog of death deepens and lies upon the land
An ould wan rolls over on her back
The grass stains still green upon her chin
I can still hear her keenin' and screamin' in the windGod's curse upon you, Lord John Russell
May your black hearted soul rot in hell
There's no love left on earth and God is dead in heaven
In these dark and deadly days of Black 47God's curse upon you, Lord Trevalian
May your great Queen Victoria rot in hell
'Til England and its empire answer before heaven
For the crimes they committed in Black 47Paudie says "Come on now
Don't look back, she's not livin', she's a phantom
And she'll curse us if we look into her eyes"Oh God, I think I'm dyin' the fever's in my brain
For can't you see that pack of children up ahead?
The beards of old men sproutin' from their chins
Can't you hear their screams of hunger on the wind?God's curse upon you, Lord John Russell
May your black hearted soul rot in hell
There's no love left on earth and God is dead in heaven
In these dark and deadly days of Black 47God's curse upon you, Lord Trevalian
May your great Queen Victoria rot in hell
'Til England and its empire answer under heaven
For the crimes they committed in Black 47[Incomprehensible]Darlin' Paudie save me, I think I'm sinkin' fast, me blood is boilin'
Don't let me die here in a ditch
If the hunger doesn't get me the fever surely willPaudie took me up and threw me across his shoulders
He nursed me every day 'til we reached Amerikay
Screamin' and shoutin' like two madmen at the windGod's curse upon you, Lord John Russell
May your black hearted soul rot in hell
There's no love left on earth, God is dead in heaven
In the dark and deadly days of Black 47God's curse upon you, Lord Trevalian
May your great Queen Victoria rot in hell
'Til England and its empire answer under heaven
For the crimes they committed in Black 47[Incomprehensible]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/