

Black 47

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Everything is still
Not a chicken, not a body
Just an awful sickenin' silence, roarin' in my brain
And the fog of death deepens, and lies upon the land
An old one rolls over on her back
The grass stains still green upon her chin
I can still hear her keenin' and screamin' in the wind
There's no love left on Earth
And God is dead in heaven
In these dark and deadly days of Black 47
God's curse upon you, Lord Trevelyan
May your great Queen Victoria rot in hell
Till England and its Empire
Answer under heaven
For the crimes they committed in Black 47
Paudie said: "C'mon 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 in the wind?
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 will
Paudie took me up and threw me 'cross his shoulder
He nursed me everyday till we reached Amerikay
Screamin' and shoutin' like two madmen in the wind

Songwriters

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