

London Is the Reason

Gallows

We are the rats and we run this town
We are the black plague bearing down
We have no fear
We have no pity
We hate you
We hate this city.

Every mistake you have ever made
The bodies you thought would never need graves
They pave the gutters of London town
Until the streets become a feeding ground.

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We are the rats and we run this town
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We have no pity
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The river Thames is running dry
The bodies have been piled high
All the corpses washed up on the shores
We'll drag them out because they are yours.

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We are the rats and we run this town
We are the black plague bearing down
We have no fear
We have no pity
We hate you
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London is the reason
When it burns down
We'll be tried for treason