

# 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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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 have no fear  
We have no pity  
We hate you  
We hate this city.

London is the reason  
When it burns down  
We'll be tried for treason