

# RING AROUND THE CORPSE FIRE

By Richard Paul

Now his house is set ablaze

--\*-- ---\*--- \*\_ ---\*---

And now that monster's snipped and slain

--\*-- ---\*--- ---\*--- ---\*---

And now we can go home again

--\*-- \*\_ ---\*---\*---

But not before we celebrate.

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

Now the final blood is shed

--\*-- \*\_ ---\*--- \*\_--

And now we've vengeance for our dead

--\*-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

But no one scampers to their bed,

\_\*-- ---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_--

The night calls us to celebrate.

--\*--- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

## CHORUS

*Let there be no silence*

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_--

*For all we're through with violence.*

\_\*-- ---\*--- \*\_--

*Let there be no sleep as*

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_--

*Night and moon do creep as*

\_\*--- \*\_--- \*\_---

*Round the burning heaps we*

---\*--- \*\_--- ---\*---

*Dance and drink and shriek for*

---\*--- ---\*--- ---\*---

*We've an oath to keep.*

---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_--

## CHORUS END

Nightmares not so long ago

---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

Of these same brutes we've laid so low,

\_\*--- \*\_--- \*\_--- \*\_---

We're not the prey they thought and so

\_\*-- \*\_-- ---\*--- \*\_--

Around their corpses celebrate.

---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

Feel the warmth upon your faces

\_\*-- ---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_--

As the cleansing flame erases

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_--- \*\_---

Evil maws and mad disgraces,

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_--- \*\_---

They are gone, now celebrate.

---\*--- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

## (CHORUS)

Let your thoughts to kin now wander,

\_\*-- ---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_--

Those they swore they'd chain and butcher,

---\*--- \*\_--- \*\_--- ---\*---

Those made safe now by our valour,

---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

Those who'd bid you celebrate.

---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_--

Soon your spouses shall embrace you

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

And your children's questions chase you

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_--- \*\_---

But one night our triumph grants you,

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

On this night we celebrate.

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

## (CHORUS)

We were never made for anger

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_--- \*\_--

Yet we'd not be meekly slaughtered.

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_--- \*\_---

For our stolen sons and daughters

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_---

The foe we swore to devastate.

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_--- \*\_---

We became the restless swarm,

\_\*-- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

Each of us a biting thorn,

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_---

In numbers that could not be borne

\_\*--- \*\_--- \*\_--- \*\_---

By those we did obliterate.

---\*--- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_---

Let not one of us be sane now,

\_\*-- \*\_-- \*\_-- \*\_---

Meet the eye of stubborn pain now,

\_\*--- \*\_--- \*\_--- \*\_---

Laugh at monsters in the flames now

---\*--- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

With hardened hearts now celebrate.

\_\*--- \*\_--- \*\_-- \*\_---

## (CHORUS)

-\*-- = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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