

Watchtower

"Malediction"

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I am walking in the last rays of the setting sun.
Whistling a hangman's tune with head held high
swinging my gun.
I say this little boy is angry, I say this little boy is mad!
This little boy comes to destroy, stone-eyed, cold-
faced in swathes of
Vengeance clad.

And the black cock crows. And a dead wind blows.

In my wake are seven women who tried to steal my
soul.
In my belly six wild wolves curse and howl from their
foul hole.
I say no earthly will may stop me, I say no earthly will
may try.
No earthly will may halt the spill of blood from wounds
and tears from craving
Eyes.

And the black cock crows. And a dead wind blows.

Below me burn the city lights in fires of pearls and
jewels.
I'm climbing down the city walls, unseen, unfussed -
the sentries must be
Fools.
I say all pleasantries are over, I say all pleasantries are
past.
My enemies, you pimps and thieves, prepare to meet
your nemesis at last.

And the black cock crows. And the dead wind blows.

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