

## **Bragg Billy "A Pict Song"**

Visit "[A Pict Song](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Rome never looks where she treads  
Always her heavy hooves fall  
On our stomachs our hearts and our heads  
And Rome never hears when we bawl  
Her sentries pass on -- that is all  
And we gather behind them in hordes  
And plot to reconquer the Wall  
With only our tongues for our swords  
For we are the little folk -- we!  
Too little to love or to hate  
Leave us alone and you'll see  
How we can bring down the state  
Mistletoe killing an oak  
Rats gnawing cables in two  
Moths making holes in a cloak  
How they must love what they do!  
Yes -- and we little folk too  
We are as busy as they  
Working our works out of view  
Watch, and you'll see it someday  
No indeed! We are not strong  
But we know of Peoples that are  
Yes and we'll guide them along  
To smash and destroy you in war  
We shall be slaves just the same?  
Yes, we have always been slaves  
But you -- you will die of the shame  
And then we shall dance on your graves!  
We are the worm in the wood!  
We are the rot at the root!  
We are the taint in the blood!  
We are the thorn in the foot!

Visit [Bragg Billy](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.