

## The Waterboys

### "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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