## Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, Sheep

born in sheeps blood plain and simple washed out of my mothers temple all around i heard them laughing as father sheep had stood there calving black they were with white eyes gleaming right in leaven life was seeming brittle wind blew snow upon me i got blanketed all white and frosty in my time i grew and killed them or out of memory i willed them and willed in a greater history out of massacre and mystery was no longer wealthy, wholly nor anything i could grasp fully someone rush to re-inject me gods of gods wont you protect me? fixed my face and marching onward marching running ever forward buildings were a bloody vessel edging me below the trestle there in coal and whitened gravel i built a shield of wooden baffle inside of which i raised a fire so i could tonight retire everyone will tell you its evil to be a free-thinking pecker like bonny old me but ill flex my armies and blow out my gut and prove ill be loved by any old slut look here in my wallet, its loaded and true and now we can leave here and go and find you