

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