Gil Scott-Heron, The Vulture

Standing in the ruins
Of another Black man's life,
or flying through the valley
They're separating day and night.
"I am death," cried the Vulture.
"For the people of the light."

Charon brought his raft and came from the sea that sails on souls, And saw the scavenger departing, taking warm hearts to the cold. He knew the ghetto was the haven for the meanest creature ever known.

In a wilderness of heartbreak and a desert of despair, Evil's carrion of justice shrieks a cry of naked terror. He's taking babies from their momas and leaving grief beyond compare.

So if you see the Vulture coming, he's flying circles in your mind, Remember there is no escaping for he will follow close behind. Only promised me a battle, battle for your soul and mine.

He taking babies from their momas And he's leaving Leaving Leaving Leaving Leaving