

# Mike Scott, Malediction

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.