

The Vulture

Gil Scott-Heron

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.

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