

# Sheep

## Bonnie "Prince" Billy

Born in sheep's blood, plain and simple  
Washed out of my mother's 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, won't 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 it's evil to be  
A free-thinking pecker like Bonnie old me  
But I'll flex my armies and blow out my gut  
And prove I'll be loved by any old slut Look here in my wallet  
It's loaded and true  
And now we can leave here  
And go and find you

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