

Yellow Fever Psalm

Jocelyn Pook

(Reversed Version)

You are going to have the fever,
Yellow eyes!
In about ten days from now
Iron bands will clamp your brow;
Your tongue resemble curdled cream,
A rusty streak the centre seam;
Your mouth will taste of untold things
With claws and horns and fins and wings;
Your head will weigh a ton or more,
And forty gales within it roar!

You are going to have the fever...

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Lyrics submitted by Soorena Jali.lian.

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