## **A Pict Song**

Rome never looks where she treads Always her heavy hooves fall On our stomachs, our hearts, or our heads And Rome never heeds when we call

Her sentries pass on "that is all" And we gather behind them in hordes And plot to reconquer their wall With only our tongues for our swords

For we are the little folk, we! Too little to love or to hate Leave us alone and you'll see How we can drag down the state

Mistletoe killing, an oak Rats gnawing cables in two Moths making holes in our coats How they must love what they do

Yes and we little folk too We are as busy as they Working our works out of view Watch and you'll see it someday

For we are the little folk we Too little to love or to hate Leave us alone and you'll see How we can drag down the state

Yes it is true we are not strong But we know of Peoples that are Yes and we'll guide them along To smash and destroy you in war

We should be slaves just the same Yes we have always been slaves But you, you will die of the shame And then we shall dance on your graves

For we are the little folk we Too little to love or to hate Leave us alone and you'll see How we can drag down the state

We are the worm in the wood We are the rot at the roof We are the taint in the blood We are the thorn in the foot