

Haarlem

Billy Woods

Swimmin' in palm oil out here

King of all blacks, I eat human hearts
I let things fall apart, motorcars rustin' in the garage
Granadillas wild in the yard, vines climbin' burglar bars
The roof fell in, on God, it's full of stars
I swam in the dark, sun fled, the moon large
Fire leap from Perry's Black Ark
Slash and burn, the past is never far
Reaching with chopped arms, lopped hands, no spare parts
The band played "Those Were the Days," I watched 'em hang
I ate red red in the stadium stands
From crumbling balustrades, I watched 'em dance
Like drill rappers

You have your price

It's rather high

How high?

Gallows high

They grew fat in famine
Our mortarless fortresses lie abandoned
Alien monoliths still standin', pantin'
Super Ape, put a candle in a skull for a lantern
Light a dutch in Haarlem, Amsterdam, steps of a mansion
Speaking Afrikaans, British accent, I want mine from back when
Thebe said the wind get the ashes in the end, bruv
The guerrillas severed every inoculated limb, left 'em with stubs
Ziggurats on the Nile, bought the house and tore it down
All your yesterdays in one neat pile

The will of the state is supreme

Destiny has entrusted in our hands the will of the state

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No pictures, no touchin' the strippers

Don't come around with no glass slippers

Gas lamps, gas masks, rain slickers, glass lens

The unslaved nigga, Moorish bandits

Moorish science entanglement tangents

Get you a pistol if you want your prayers answered

Holding court, the whole breast heavy as gourds, milk rancid

Standin' downwind of the homeless encampment

Find my way home, white man left a lamp lit

The pistol burnin' on this mystical journey

Sold parallel paradise, postcarded vision souvenir

Missile launchin' redemption

Church faculty sniper bullets close to the king and moshpit Bleeding marksme

n

Bloody footprints, ran from crime scene, crooks involved

The carousel ring backwards, exorcism

Possession of the cookie jar

I have reason to believe that a press photographer might find his way into y
our retreat, in spite of all our precautions for your privacy
A foreign journalist, one of the best. I have seen some of his work. The wor
k of a genius
I don't like being photographed! It would be a most unwarrantable intrusion