

# Maroons

Billy Woods

And of course, no such thing as danger, without purity, no such thing as blackness...

Caravans crisscrossin' dunes  
And ants crawlin' on the face of the moon  
And 599 Trelawny Maroons marooned in the snow and gloom  
In Nova Scotia colder than a tomb  
And sour stinkin' handkerchiefs soaked in perfume  
Female flowers drinkin' in Hairouns and  
I need a big gyal dem, let me be the little spoon and  
No white saviors, look what happened to the Cubans  
Reluctantly sold bud to my white neighbors when they moved in  
Yup that's right, harbingers abound  
Locusts swarmin', you can't see the ground  
The sun blotted out  
The sound of plague rattlin' against the house

I knew it was over when I dropped a quarter in the class  
Washington headass lookin' at me like, you outta gas  
But what about the oil rivers?  
Diamond mine glitters  
H&H and all his bitches  
Serpere witch riches  
The queen of England stealin' voodoo scriptures  
Paintin' foggy ass pictures of John D, crowd shoulda came strippin'  
He don't know no now  
And you don't know me  
Hottentot, T rounds clippin'  
Tar [?] babies spittin'  
In the face of the Klan, in the face of your man  
In the kingdom of Ham  
Son of climate change, Noah  
Allowed to pick and choose in the Torah, my Lord  
I'm just a blood pourer  
Ten seconds left with the Earth in my hand  
I'm the go-to sorcerer

It's a race  
The longest race that's ever been known  
Skull and bone, chaos and tone  
The bell tolled, ringing ears with religion  
Calculated division from the clocktower  
You see the blood bank glisten

Moonstone, glistening silver silhouette  
Of what's lurking  
Whispering in the shadows  
Corrupt must, old spice, blood moon  
The clock flocks like doves  
Crying was what killing is now  
Fat rendered down in the slow process of change coming  
Interlocking around sounds, spinning disks  
Moorish architecture, inside voices  
Don't let them get ahold of the word  
Let alone the design