

Pariah

Danielle Dax

Pariah

An acid-bath
For sloganeers
Who have sent their lambs
To the slaughter

Never mindful
Of wayward kin
Who would sell their souls
For a quarter

I've been on the other side

In the darkness
The gunshots echo
And wine won't stifle
Their bastard pride

Torches burning
Their numbers growing
With ill-intent
As they prowl the night

I---
I've been on the other side

Walking sick sick
They walking the town
Walking sick sick
They walking the town
Walking sick sick
They walking the town
Walking sick sick
They walking the town

Call the man
Who will lead the clan
An avenging angel
Unhallowed tone

Baron Samedi
As only saviour
Disturbed from slumber
To walk alone

I---
I've been on the other side

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