

Poacher's Pride

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I shot an angel with my father's rifle
I should have set it free, but I let it bleed
Made it into taxidermy, hung it on my wall
On my wall

I shot an angel, kept it in my backyard
Hung it out to dry on the clothing line
Pinned above my bed like the cross
Of Jesus Christ
On the wall

And I know one day hell will catch up with me
And I'm sure that I will burn eternally
One day it will come to claim its pound of flesh
When it's done, there won't be anything left

I shot an angel, dragged it to my basement
Starved it till it died and I did not cry
Sickness of poacher's pride