

Old London Weeps

Sol Invictus

Cats nine tales, coffin nails
Locket for your sin
Proddie dogs, Papal plots
Bonfires start to sing
Weather vanes, the king of Spain
Points to the Cornish coast
A Norfolk home, worship Mary's throne,
Drinks a secret toast
A faerie king starts to singe
A poker finds a home
old firm rules, broken duels
The steel bonnets ride for home
Poison pens, an inn by the Thames
A drink for Dr.Deer
Friar's black, the hangman's trap
and falling masonry
City square, the bankers stare
Hush, the temple sleeps
Come winter rain, wash away our shame
Listen as old London weeps