

# The Rake At The Gates Of Hell

The Pogues

I'll be with them asleep or dreaming  
I'll be there when they wake up screaming  
at the hour of death I will nurse them  
to have a moment more to curse them  
watch the maggots crawl out of them  
hear the angels call above them  
watch them as the cold air sucks them  
down to hell good night good luck  
then if any should escape above me  
beg and cheat until they trust me  
drag them down to be damned with me  
laugh at them as they forgive me

Mothers eyes are sparking diamonds  
still the moon shows no likeness  
roses wither may god deliver  
the rake at the gates of hell tonight

I wish that they could walk forever  
on the earth alone unfettered  
until they pray for consummation  
until they beg for sweat damnation  
then I'll come and bring them water  
bring them hope, bring them laughter  
raise their hopes both sad and sunken  
slash them up as they lie there drunken  
push them down into the fowl mud  
until they choke up on their own blood  
drag them out before their last breath  
to take away the mercy of death

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