

## A Pict Song

Discount

[Originally by Billy Bragg]

Rome never looks where she treads  
Always her heavy hooves fall  
On our stomachs, our hearts and our heads  
And Rome never hears when we bawl

Her sentries pass on -- that is all  
And we gather behind them in hordes  
And plot to reconquer the Wall  
With only our tongues for our swords

For we are the little folk -- we!  
Too little to love or to hate  
Leave us alone and you'll see  
That we can bring down the state

Mistletoe killing an oak  
Rats gnawing cables in two  
Moths making holes in a cloak  
How they must love what they do!

Yes -- and we little folk too  
We are as busy as they  
Working our works out of view  
Watch, and you'll see it some day

No indeed! We are not strong  
But we know of Peoples that are  
Yes and we'll guide them along  
To smash and destroy you in war

We shall be slaves just the same?  
Yes, we have always been slaves  
But you -- you will die of the shame  
And then we will dance on your graves

We are the worm in the wood!  
We are the rot at the root!  
We are the taint in the blood!  
We are the thorn in the foot!

Rudyard Kipling