

# Your Soul and Mine

Gil Scott-Heron

Standing in the ruins  
Of another Black man's life,  
or flying through the valley  
separating day and night.  
"I am death," cried the Vulture,  
"For the people of the light."

Charon brought his raft  
from the sea that sails on souls,  
And saw the scavenger departing,  
taking warm hearts to the cold.  
He knew the ghetto was the haven  
for the meanest creature ever known.

In a wilderness of heartbreak  
and a desert of despair,  
Evil's carrion of justice  
shrieks a cry of naked terror.  
He's taking babies from their momas  
and leaving grief beyond compare.

So if you see the Vulture coming,  
flying circles in your mind,  
Remember there is no escaping  
for he will follow close behind.  
Only promised me a battle,  
battle for your soul and mine.