

Mother Wolf

Marianne Faithfull

Mother wolf where are you going?
That cub in your mouth isn't one of yours
He is now, and I will fight to the death who say
different

The filth that comes out of your mouth,
I will not listen to
You treat your dogs better than you treat each other,
The words that come out of your mouth
disgust me the thoughts in your heart sicken me.

We are the free people
Who do not kill for pleasure
We are like a starry night
We gaze at the world
Through a thousand eyes
You people kill only for pleasure
You have no need and yet
You cannot seem to stop.
You murder each other for enjoyment only,
and with absurd, abstract excuses
My God,
how you disgust me!