

## Sax Rohmer #1

### The Mountain Goats

Fog lifts from the harbor, dawn goes down to day  
An agent crests the shadows of a nearby alleyway  
Piles of broken bricks, signposts on the path  
Every moments points toward the aftermath

Sailors straggle back from their nights out on the town  
Hopeless urchins from the city gather around  
Spies from imperial China wash in with the tide  
Every battle heads toward surrender on both sides

And I am coming home to you  
With my own blood in my mouth  
And I coming home to you  
If it's the last thing that I do

Bells ring in the tower, wolves howl in the hills  
Chalk marks show up on a few high windowsills  
And a rabbit gives up somewhere and a dozen hawks descend  
Every moment leads toward its own sad end

Ships loosed from their moorings capsize and then they're gone  
Sailors with no captains watch a while and then move on  
And an agent crests the shadows and I head in her direction  
All roads lead toward the same blocked intersection

I am coming home to you  
With my own blood in my mouth  
And I am coming home to you  
If it's the last thing that I do