

# 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!