

'Last Queen of Scotland'

I had a dream to-day, and in it God told me to expel the Asians in 90 days.. I have a dream

bout him and the noises he makes

People like to make a noise..

Even in their words which can be - patter

Lucky if you hear the pitter- patter

Some people love the sound of their own voices

So much so they think they are King

They even call themselves Kings but no one can do that can they? What the fuck does he know about Scotland?

Wearing a kilt doesn't make you Scottish

With your ninety wives

Some say more

Fathered a load of kids that he's ignored

The greatest brute mother Africa brought to life"?

One a true King

The other wasn't any kind of King

Fuck, did he even know Scotland. I don't think he ever heard the bagpipes, inhale a broth boil, a fitba count cribies, exhale running up that brae and thinking He had the patter alright

Fooled a lot of people with his sound bites

I am the true hero of Africa and ...

In these words I have just said, I have bled and truth has been spread across this mountain..

Scotland my mountain hame..Scotland the Brave

But am always afraid because I can still hear him and I listen

to the noises he makes, it's the darkness you haven't just met, whispers in your head mighty flegs.

I feel his beats and thundering fear, hovering always near and

it keeps me listening for another kind of noise then I hear him, the real King, say....
just to me

" Free at last thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"