The Ugly One (Parisch Browne/Buddy Mondlock)

I am called the ugly one
They say I was found not born
I take my place outside the fire
For I am strangely formed

But I dream pictures
I draw on the stone

I can use the fire stick
I use the white rock too
Red blood from my fingertips
And the flower that bleeds blue

I dream pictures
I draw on the stone

Make my mark
When the mountain top explodes
Make my mark
When the healing berry grows
Make my mark
When there's nothing left to eat
Make my mark
When we finally kill the beast

I am old and ugly still
I hear the spirits call
But I will leave my hand print here
On the memory wall
I will leave my hand print here
On the memory wall
I will leave my hand print here