Widow Queen

Benjamin Tod

You're the belle of a man who fell I'll love all my life
Take this cane and ease your pain for it's not you who died
And when you learn the tears you burn are all your fuel for fir
e
You will be the widow queen on a funeral pyre

Where have all the good times gone
Lost behind a setting sun
You must crawl out from beneath
The shrine you built to worship grief

If you don't change your broken reigns you ain't fit to ride
The journey's long when weather calms you'll need them to guide
Now you wave a broken blade to prove how much you've tried
To amputate the things you hate you keep locked inside

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I can see your blue eyes gleam every time you try
I'll only lend my battered hand 10, 000 more times

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