

At the Threshold

Christian Death

A widow dreams of her fallen angel
The broken branch, an empty manger
A widow dreams of her life with the savior
Falls to her kneew and begs for more
But the fields are filled with nightmare prophecies
Shadows cast upon her fading hope to be
A virgin widow walks through lanes of memory
Invokes the past, that it might save her
An aging widow weeps and turns towards the wall
Voices shout out names of those she can't recall
A widow dreams of sons, of daughter
Endless nights spent in silent slaughter,
Endless nights sent in silent slaughter
A widow dreams of love lost or thrown away
Searching for the light of the day that might relieve her
A widow dreams of her fallen angel
A broken heart, no memory can save her
A widow looks upon her eyeless saviour
Begs for the strength to end it all
But the fields are filled with nightmare prophecies
No hope of finding mercy in theis entity
A virgin widow lays down amongst the leaves
Invokes the past but it can't save her
An aging widow weeps and builds another wall
Voices silent now, no screams or mocking calls
Endless nights spent twith thoughts that always taunt her,
Endless nights spent with thoughts that always taunt her
A widow fails to find her love and drifts away
Turning out the light of day that did deceive her
A widow's dream comes to a close
A widow's dream