

Seven Widows

James Shayfer

Noble, nocturnal eyes
Of Isabelle [?] and ink
Watch as the waters rise
Don't worry, but don't blink

One day I'll write a madrigal, and they'll
Sing it at my funeral
My seven widows in the wood
Yeah, they criticize and curse at me
Recognize eventually
Oh, he was mad, but it was good

Feeble, unfiltered words
Of majesty and smoke
Watch as their purpose blurs
Don't worry, but don't hope

One day I'll write a madrigal, and they'll
Sing it at my funeral
My seven widows in the wood
Yeah, they criticize and curse at me
Recognize eventually
Oh, he was mad, but it was good

Take me to the water's edge
Take me to the water's edge
Take me to the water's edge
Take me to the water's edge

One day I'll write a madrigal, and they'll
Sing it at my funeral
My seven widows in the wood
Ooh ooh, they criticize and curse at me
Recognize eventually
Oh, he was mad, but it was good
Ooh oh, one day I'll write a madrigal, and they'll
Sing it at my funeral
My seven widows in the wood
Yeah, they criticize and curse at me
Recognize eventually
Oh, he was mad, but it was good