

# Requiem

Shortparis

Raise your shawls toward women  
They are at your feet  
You have done your duty  
Death will not forgive you  
Open up your curtains  
Light will not hurt you  
Lonely old women  
Well, who you protect too  
I call them

Gardens bloomed as early  
Free birds burned, oh  
Do you lonely women  
Still live laying down  
I saw them

Oh, don't you know  
Why the shawl flows on the floor  
Oh, don't you know  
They will then fall apart