

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