

Chant of Widows

The Foreshadowing

Burning sun, if you hear me
Burn those roses in the sand
They can sing their litany
They can suffer in my tears.
Land of communion burn inside.

Rushing blood into my eyes
Chant of widows on the streets
Warriors coming right on their way
But no enemies to fight.
Land of confusion cast me aside.

Out in the garden, sleeping, pleading
Behind the doorway, begging, starving
Around the corner mourners, murders
We're just survivors in the city.

Thoughts of death in words and knives
Chant of widows in my mind
They can sing my revenge
And evoke the lord of fire.
Land of communion burn inside.
Land of confusion cast me aside.