

The Widow Paris

The Get Up Kids

After the slaughter
She walked on the water
It happened time and time again

Just as a daughter
All but just forgot her
How she moved the saints to sin

Time and time again

Witness, a warning
The day is all but dawning
You can hear it, when she moans

Tinctures, potions
To invoke devotion
Mark this alter at your stone
So you find your way home

Paint this painful
Life of shadows