

Sanguine

Widowspeak

What surprise lies in my blood?
What is born and what become?
What holds me back?
What holds me dear?

How long will you hold on for
When my body keeps the score?
And it marks you
It marks you carried, make it clear

I'm this old, I'm the daughter
There's a proof but does it hold water?
Here there's two sandals
I let it come in

When it boils, when it runs cold
When it makes me, it takes its toll
In my years
In my old age, my unfortunate rage

Baby, I'm sad and grim
Yeah, I'm sad and grim
Sanguine