

## Lady Divine

Alela Diane

When the day, when the day falls to the light  
At the end, oh, the end of my time  
I call to the dark, take the bones off my back  
And I chant to the black, you were my lady divine

'Cause my children are in hiding  
Mortor and pestle they grind

Those songs whistled through white teeth do scuff the days  
With songs for children to sing  
Those songs whistled through white teeth do scuff the days  
With songs for children to sing

When the chairs are tucked into the fading song  
And the silver of their pours has grown long  
Oh, they call to the dark, take the bones off my back  
And they chant to the black, you were my lady divine  
And they bloat like a bitter wine in their bellies

'Cause the bones have been removed  
From their hunched over backs  
And their children are all grown now  
Mortor and pestle they grind

Those songs whistled through white teeth still scuff the days  
With songs for children to sing  
Those songs whistled through white teeth still scuff the days  
With songs for children to sing  
Those songs for children to sing