

Far from here, a house forsaken
On lands of yesterday
The silence of the night has crept in
As weeping of the women
As thoughts of solitude
As sadness and as grief

In a dim deserted room
A token left on the table
A talisman, a hairbrush from his father
Oozing from the shaft
A stream of bitter sap
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow

They know it to be an emblem of death
A sign of destruction
They recognize the end of a friend
The agony of a man and son
They look at the brush
Remember the black hair
They weep a bitter sap

Oozing from the shaft
A stream of bitter sap
Dripping scarlet flow, so slow
Bristles weeping wet
To a pool of red

Dripping scarlet flow, so slow