

## Beneath His Widow

Christian Death

Behind the shade of his tongue  
Behind the shape of his twisted dreams  
We watch afraid while filming  
His widow again

And she ran like the blaze  
And how my shadows rise  
And something screams deep  
Beneath my skin it lies

We wanted you beneath the word  
Raped face down

Within cold and damp dark years  
Without burns we stand in the fire  
They hold back their dying child  
To end screams now gone

And she ran like fingers  
And how the waters rise  
And something screams deep  
Beneath soil it lies

We wanted you beneath the word  
Raped face down