

Mediterranean Widow

Cinema Strange

Over the eyes of the slow slipping under, the dead call their names... a motley assembly of specters and wraiths! Twice in the morning the old widow screamed... footsteps on floorboards and damp in the dust of the sill. Nobody, nobody's there... nobody, nobody's there.

'The deep-dwelling spirits are here and their moans have stirred up the silt on the graves of our husbands! Their fingers are ice, and they constantly tell of the fact that their saga left no one to spare.' Nobody, nobody's there. Nobody, nobody's there...

Ignorant maids in the morning laugh wonderfully, lightly, reflecting the chill of the old widow's screaming man drowning! She trusts not the wind, who's loving embrace only tore deep and then fled in fear. Nobody, nobody's there. Nobody, nobody's there...

'I pray with the skill of a funeral guild and my eyes have run dry from long hours reeling! I know not the time, for the seasons have spun me and trussed up my wits... and there's salt in my hair.' Nobody, nobody's there. Nobody, nobody's there...

(sung alternately by the widow and the ghost of her dead husband)

'I line the shore like waning winter! There's salt in my hair and no one is near!'

'I am the eastern sky, I am the twisting sea! I go alone, look, there's nobody here with me!'

'I'm skipping merrily, logical atrophy, and I'm alone, there's nobody here but me!'

'I line the shore like waning winter! There's salt in my hair and no one is near!'

'I am the eastern sky, I am the twisting sea! I go alone, look, there's nobody here but me!'

'I'm swimming merrily, logical atrophy, and I'm alone, there's nobody here but me!'

'I line the shore like waning winter! There's salt in my hair and no one is near...'