

## We Are The Widows

Hammers of Misfortune

We are the widows of the winter  
to whom no spring shall ever dawn  
We are a window to the future  
The morrow's first polluted yawn

We are a dowry to destruction  
In all the shouting we shall drown  
We are the shadows of the good times  
We are the echo, not the sound

Indolent we promenade across the page  
Redolent of meaning lost and gone  
Strewn about the airwaves of this new dark age  
Still without our substance carry on

We are the widows  
We the words