

Widow's Wall

Hammers of Misfortune

It won't matter, when it's over
but ending, its everything

Shall we gaze into the sky
And watch the stars expire
Or is it just our eyes?
Shall we quarrel and conspire
and in our cups we'll raise
our knuckles to the sun
and curse the sea
Shall we strut about inside
And haggle for the dearest nest
the highest bough?

it won't matter, when it's over
but ending, its everything

Las the widows to the mast
and hope our craft will last
this broken mirror sea
and feel the vastness of the swells
that crash against a wall so high and wide
it's barely there at all
And helpless watch the storm
Foaming forms of locust swarms
against the mirror sky

Swarming - an insect storm
A million paper wings that whisper "fall"
Scrawled all in blood across the sky
The writing on the wall - the widow's wall