

## The Dead Waltz

Radical Face

I saw your daughter yesterday  
as I was idle on the porch  
she slept-walked from your house down the walkway  
as though she'd done it all before  
and the moon was out

and in her gown beside the riverbed  
she got down on her knees  
and wrapped her long hair up in vines, and leaves, and  
branches  
and with the wind beneath her feet  
oh, she waltzed with the dead

and everything was bathed  
in light white as milk  
as the impossible began  
she danced across the water's edge  
but her feet, they didn't sink  
as though she flew

I ran out in the water  
with a lantern in my hand  
I was waste deep and shivering  
I took her wrist and walked her in  
I was loathe to interrupt her  
but I had to get her home  
if people were to see this, they'd gather up, raise  
hell and burn her alive

don't you mind, don't you mind  
she'll be fine  
tie a bell around her ankle  
before she lays down at night  
and the sound of her footsteps  
will wake me in time  
don't you mind, don't you mind  
I'll watch over her  
as though she were mine