

## Chant of Widows

### The Foreshadowing

Burning sun, if you hear me  
Burn those roses in the sand  
They can sing their litany  
They can suffer in my tears.  
Land of communion burn inside.

Rushing blood into my eyes  
Chant of widows on the streets  
Warriors coming right on their way  
But no enemies to fight.  
Land of confusion cast me aside.

Out in the garden, sleeping, pleading  
Behind the doorway, begging, starving  
Around the corner mourners, murders  
We're just survivors in the city.

Thoughts of death in words and knives  
Chant of widows in my mind  
They can sing my revenge  
And evoke the lord of fire.  
Land of communion burn inside.  
Land of confusion cast me aside.