

## The Widow Paris

The Get Up Kids

After the slaughter  
She walked on the water  
It happened time and time again

Just as a daughter  
All but just forgot her  
How she moved the saints to sin

Time and time again

Witness, a warning  
The day is all but dawning  
You can hear it, when she moans

Tinctures, potions  
To invoke devotion  
Mark this alter at your stone  
So you find your way home

Paint this painful  
Life of shadows