

Mother of Cripples

Virgin Black

A restless shadow of a fiddler's elbow
Plays a tune to staggering feet
The burden of his songs, the looking glass scorns
At this disfigured, odious face

Indeed alone, hugging my breast
The sun I neglect, in darkness I roam
Offerings of flowers on a barren grave
Where my body will lie, uncared and unwept

Idle bait, my shawl on the lattice
Someone may see it, perhaps look my way
No thread of sympathy unites me to man
I lay softly down once again

Within my aged walls taunts and vexations
Fragments of a tune play most mournfully
With sadness in my voice I break the solemn stillness
My drooping head falls on languid hands

Ancient of days, creator of life
From the womb you have formed me, my vile sight you love
Covered by your shadow, held within your hand
Made within your likeness, precious am I?

The glare of a sinking flame binds me to my clay...

Offerings of flowers I rest in the earth
My body will lie uncared and unwept