Black 47 "Blood Wedding"

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Carlita is waiting down on C & 9th
In mantilla and lace and her lover's knife
Cries out for revenge, she is silent like a stone
Beautiful in her widow's weeds

I wait in the darkness forever now alone Too late for any tear shedding While his bride waits down on C & 9th For her blood wedding

Why did you have to go out tonight With the full moon in scarlet and his silver knife Waiting for you and the remains of your life Ticking away like some pitiful clock?

And I, who could not even be called your wife Safe and home in your bedding And you, the bridegroom off on your way To your blood wedding

And the Ukrainian ladies light candles in the street Where his body lay bleeding And the projects are silent, bracing for the heat That must come from your blood wedding

Carlita, why do you hate me so much? I long for your body
I die for your touch on my burning skin
And the smell of your perfume
Will always remain on my bed

But I died every time you entered his room I could not let him go on living And now you wait down on C & 9th Dying to celebrate your blood wedding

I wait in the shadows of C & 9th
With my fingers caressing his sacred knife
You loved my body, he loved my soul
You thought you knew me
But what do men know

Except my lover whose shape
Is etched in chalk on the street
Soon to be washed away by the rain
While you wait in the darkness
Dreading the shock of my knife at your blood wedding

And the Ukrainian ladies light candles in the street Where his body lay bleeding And the projects are silent, bracing for the heat That must come from your blood wedding

And the Ukrainian ladies light candles in the street Where his body lay bleeding The projects are silent, bracing for the heat That must come from his blood wedding

Yeah, oh yeah Oh, yeah, oh

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