

## **Christian Death "At The Threshold"**

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R. Williams

A widow dreams of her fallen angel  
The broken branch, an empty manger  
A widow dreams of her life with the savior  
Falls to her kneew and begs for more  
But the fields are filled with nightmare prophecies  
Shadows cast upon her fading hope to be  
A virgin widow walks through lanes of memory  
Invokes the past, that it might save her  
An aging widow weeps and turns towards the wall  
Voices shout out names of those she can't recall  
A widow dreams of sons, of daughter  
Endless nights spent in silent slaughter,  
Endless nights sent in silent slaughter  
A widow dreams of love lost or thrown away  
Searching for the light of the day that might relieve her  
A widow dreams of her fallen angel  
A broken heart, no memory can save her  
A widow looks upon her eyeless saviour  
Begs for the strength to end it all  
But the fields are filled with nightmare prophecies  
No hope of finding mercy in theis entity  
A virgin widow lays down amongst the leaves  
Invokes the past but it can't save her  
An aging widow weeps and builds another wall  
Voices silent now, no screams or mocking calls  
Endless nights spent twith thoughts that always taunt  
her,  
Endless nights spent with thoughts that always taunt  
her  
A widow fails to find her love and drifts away  
Turning out the light of day that did deceive her  
A widow's dream comes to a close  
A widow's dream

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