

All Living Fears

"The Widows Blame"

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sing your song with sweet caresses,
enchanted voice holds no surprise.
drawn up on the rocks and grounded,
flotsam on a ebbing tide.
tales are told by sailors smitten,
a child like-innocence fills their ears.
too late to turn, the tide it draws them.
they know the truth they learn by fear.

charm me, delight me.
siren of the deep you call my name.
seduce me, hypnotise me.

siren, you're the one the widow's blame.

you leave their souls to davey jones,
a tomb too deep to desecrate.
son and husband drowned together,
the widow dries her tear streaked face.
on the sand she sits in silence,
her loss is more than she can bear.
the waves come in, soon to engulf her.

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