

Blood, Widow Path

March 1876 - the season of dead begun
A never ending fight between human and animal
The sun will raise the path
Between home and horizon
Whalers wife has to say good bye to their husband
A feeling of loneliness and uncertainty take place
Month after month - year after year
The sea takes its victims
That's the path where the widows walk
That's the way where no one talks
The time is over - this season is history
Bread for a year or mourning for eternity