

# 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 see 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