

# Hades, Widows Mite (Chapter Eleven)

Beware of the scribes  
Parading in robes  
The heavier the sentence  
They'll follow in droves  
You claim you are He  
The time is at hand  
The Earth shakes my bones  
I don't understand

If you listen to me  
You'll be eternally free

The widow puts in  
More than the rest  
You gave from your surplus  
She gave it her best

You chorus from the rich  
She gives from the poor  
You laugh with the witch  
She cries with the whore

Two copper coins  
She gave it her best  
Pray that you may not be  
Put to the test  
Blest are you  
The hungry, the poor  
The reign of God is yours  
You can't ask for more

CHAPTER ELEVEN