

# Lucinda Williams, Broken Butterflies

Wear your anger well inside  
For all the world to see  
A heavy cloak a one glove tan  
And no humility

You stand inside the garden  
And feast on black cherries  
And swallow the mana from heaven  
And spit out the seeds

You spread your anger and sharp edge knife  
Cut my skin and make it bleed  
Black pollen in its self-righteousness  
You are a traitor and a thief

Choking on your unplanned words  
Coughing up your lies  
Tumbling from your mouth  
A flurry of broken butterflies  
Broken butterflies

They rest their wings snapped in two  
On their way to certain death  
Their colors gold and blue  
With the blood that flows I can not hide  
The blood covers me

Nourishes the butterflies and they are healed and are set free  
I wish you had what Ruth possessed  
Then I don't expect that of you  
Grace and honor and faithfulness  
And a love that you refused

Will you ever learn to just forgive  
Will you open your beautiful eyes  
And bleed the way Christ did  
And fix the broken butterflies