

Alela Diane, Lady Divine

When the day, when the day falls to the light
At the end, oh the end of my time
I call to the dark take the bones off my back
And I chant to the black you were my lady divine
'Cause my children are in hiding
Mortor and pestle they grind
Those songs whistled through white teeth do scuff the days
With songs for children to sing
Those songs whistled through white teeth do scuff the days
With songs for children to sing
When the chairs are tucked into the fading song
And the silver of their pours has grown long
Oh, they call to the dark, take the bones off my back
And they chant to the black you were my lady divine
And they bloat like a bitter wine in their bellies
'Cause the bones have been removed
From their hunched over backs
And their children are all grown now
Mortor and pestle they grind
Those songs whistled through white teeth still scuff the days
With songs for children to sing
Those songs whistled through white teeth still scuff the days
With songs for children to sing
Those songs for children to sing