

Boiled In Lead, Blackened Page

Old woman, your hands are thin, and I think as scarred as mine.
Old woman, is this all a lark, or is it how you spend your time?
Old woman, they tell me here what you do is called a crime.
Old woman, your predictions aren't worth a copper dime.

Old woman, I hate too much, I must give it vent.
Old woman, you are hiding here inside your tent.
Old woman, how much more will I have to repent?
Old woman, will I have left my mark when my days are spent?

Old woman, it is only false joy you bring.
Old woman, upon your hand I see a death's-head ring.
Old woman, it's our winter, and we'll never see a spring.
Old woman, it's time to cry, why must you still sing?

How can you have lived this long, and not give in to rage?
Don't you understand; we've both outlived our age?
There is no final curtain; this is not a stage.
Can you read what's written on this blackened page?

Old woman, tell me when to hold the sand and when to let it spill.
Old woman, tell me when the sun's light will touch my window sill.
Old woman, tell me if it's me or those around me who are ill.
Old woman, promise me that I will never have to kill