

Marc Almond, Widow Weeds

She draped herself in widow weeds
Veil of black and buttoned sleeves
Hid her face from the world
A shadow where once had been a girl
Her husband of past twenty years
Had passed away leaving her in tears
Heart full of the future's fears
She kneels beside his grave
Where should be colour every day
Just widow weeds, her friends all say
"Please stop your tears and throw away
Those widow weeds of black and grey"
Then she did wail a chilling sound
Beat her fists and hit the ground
She moaned his name, she pulled her hair
She chanted verse and muttered prayer
How could a man so just, so good
Leave her a widow like he could
Where should be colour every day
Just widow weeds, her friends all say
"Please stop your tears and throw away
Those widow weeds of black and grey"
And deep within chador of lace
The deep etched sorrow on her face
This Madonna in her cowl of grief
Subservient in her belief
Then came the reading of the will
Grief had hold within her still
But unable to believe her ears
She stopped her sobbing, halted tears
Not a penny, not a pound
No provision to be found
Not a thought of recognition
The will was read with cold precision
Anger jumped up in her breast
Well maybe this was for the best
Even as the will was blessed
She tore away her veil
Tears of rage to tears of joy
No more grief from Death's envoy
No more weeping, gnashing teeth
No more prostrate with grief
She thought he loved her
So sure he loved her
She thought he loved her
So sure he loved her
But all his treasure all his wealth
Just signify love for himself
Just signify love for himself
The chador fell unto the earth
Witness a woman's rebirth
Witness a woman's rebirth
She exorcised Grief's ugly demon
With a new found sense of freedom
Where should be colour every day
Just widow weeds, now she can say
She stopped her tears and threw away
Those widow weeds of black and grey