

Michelle Shocked, Black Widow

Time is red
Time is deadly
Time under glass
Time will tell
Time will tell
The tale of the widow
Who walks her web
Mourning the night
Mourning her dead
Mourning her dead

Did you lose him to a broom
Trapped in a corner of the room
Or was it under the foot
Of the marching black boot
Marching black boot

Is it the lonelines of the night
That makes you reach out and bite
The unawakened flesh
You lady in distress
You poor suffering Murderess