

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