

# Renaissance, The Sisters

The sisters worked for the people round them  
Their Spanish lace wove some bread for the poor  
And they cared and tried but were worn with  
Their fears and the years of heartbreak

Dust and wine stained the men who knew them  
The sweat of days in the angry sun  
And the men were weak, and they cried  
And they asked, "Sisters, make us holy."

The sisters prayed, "Give us hope for something."  
The men asked, "Where is your God today?"  
And the empty eyes as the sisters prayed held  
Their thoughts unspoken

There was nothing they could do  
Earth was dust for miles around  
Nothing new survived  
Everything was barren on the land  
And the truth they tried to understand just died

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