

# Richard Wright, Woman Of Custom

Woman of custom just severed ties  
What had never changed had always died so  
Suddenly she's opened eyes that  
Fill with tears and come alive  
Her stifled love sleeping forever was  
Unaroused like changeless weather  
And little chance that she was ever  
Going to smash the precious measure

She never lived with pain, fear or anger  
Windowless and tame like a precious stone languored  
A heart enchained, willing to surrender  
But now if storms would only blow  
She could really feel the roll.

Those years of sleep, all waking dreams  
Unpeopled places on painted screens  
And diffused in subdued streams  
Her life was cost, traditional schemes.

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Windowless and tame like a precious stone languored  
A heart enchained, willing to surrender  
But now if storms would only blow  
Then she could really feel the roll  
She could really feel the roll.

"A hunger that lasts can have no pain"  
It's just these words that don't explain.  
Eaten alive and spat out again  
They jam in the memory like ancient remains.

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