

Blood Wedding

Black 47

Carlita is waiting down on C & 9th
In mantilla and lace and her lover's knife
Cries out for revenge, she is silent like a stone
Beautiful in her widow's weeds I wait in the darkness forever now alone
Too late for any tear shedding
While his bride waits down on C & 9th
For her blood wedding Why did you have to go out tonight
With the full moon in scarlet and his silver knife
Waiting for you and the remains of your life
Ticking away like some pitiful clock? And I, who could not even be called your wife
Safe and home in your bedding
And you, the bridegroom off on your way
To your blood wedding And the Ukrainian ladies light candles in the street
Where his body lay bleeding
And the projects are silent, bracing for the heat
That must come from your blood wedding Carlita, why do you hate me so much? I long for your body
I die for your touch on my burning skin
And the smell of your perfume
Will always remain on my bed But I died every time you entered his room
I could not let him go on living
And now you wait down on C & 9th
Dying to celebrate your blood wedding I wait in the shadows of C & 9th
With my fingers caressing his sacred knife
You loved my body, he loved my soul
You thought you knew me
But what do men know Except my lover whose shape
Is etched in chalk on the street
Soon to be washed away by the rain
While you wait in the darkness
Dreading the shock of my knife at your blood wedding And the Ukrainian ladies light candles in the street
Where his body lay bleeding
And the projects are silent, bracing for the heat
That must come from your blood wedding And the Ukrainian ladies light candles in the street
Where his body lay bleeding
The projects are silent, bracing for the heat
That must come from his blood wedding Yeah, oh yeah
Oh, yeah, oh

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