

Blood Wedding (with Christine Ohlman)

Black 47

Carlita is waiting down on see & 9th
In mantilla and lace And her lover's knife
Cries out for revenge But she is silent like a stone
And 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 see & 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 warm 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 his 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 see &
9th
Dying to celebrate my blood wedding I wait in the shadows of see & 9th
With my fingers caressing
His sacred knife You loved my body
But 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

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