

The White Eyed

Novembre

Nave blind eyes
Childish white eyes
The good
Child of the evilThe mother came to her daughter
Giving her a bit of herself
A bit of her madness
A bit of her blacknessHow many were we in the beginning
And how many left
How many of us are still dying in you?And now the sunagain. Oh SunGive us dust
Starvation
Give us sweat
TearsBut kneeling, genuflected
We silently pray to you
To free her from her black motherSeagulls eat the eyes of the people
Seagulls eat the eyes of the dead sailors
You have taught us
You have eaten my eyes mum

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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