

# Black Madonna

## Noe Venable

Black Madonna will come down for you  
With open arms and a veil to hide her face  
And Black Madonna will come down for you  
And there is no sickness and there is no suffering  
And there is no anguish and no anger that she cannot erase  
You might see Black Madonna walking between the  
sheets of an angry day  
Or you might see her smile a strange-sad smile as she steps out of your way  
Or you might not see her at all  
But she might be coming down for you  
With her arms spread wide and her head on fire  
'cause she sees you been down so long  
There isn't a sin that you could make that she will not forgive  
But oh,  
Black Madonna, I did not believe her beauty  
I thought I did not need her mercy  
I thought I did not need  
Traded my belongings and my body  
My memory and my mind  
My center of gravity and my sense of direction  
'til I woke up half an hour from the city  
And realized I had lost all sense of the passage of time  
So I don't know if it's been a day or a week or a year  
All I know is I'm still here  
And I always thought you'd lift me up  
And you never did  
What the fuck?>>>there isn't a sin that you could make  
That she will not forgive  
No there isn't a sin that you could make  
In the ways that a stray must live  
So what I wanna know is this  
If you believe in everything fitting into a kind of place  
If you believe that everything and everybody has a certain space they fit into  
babies entering into a welcoming  
world in jubilant curls of star gazing wonder  
And the sick yes even the sick just a shuffling into sleep's dark brother  
And the sleepers in the sleet  
The heaps in the street  
Nestled under trestles for to get a little heat  
And if the trestles watch over the sleepers  
And if life ushers her lucky winners  
Through fleshy gates to four star dinners  
And if sleep ushers his population  
To plug into the dream life radio station

And if thin souls whose bodies haven't wrecked them  
Walk smoky streets that know and expect them  
Then what I want to know is this  
What of strays who have turned their backs on the god of strays?>>what of strays who've turned their backs  
On the god of strays, yeah, what of them?Oh Black Madonna I was thinking about the days that I spent with you  
'cause now I doze and daze and drown  
And cling to the wreckage of a sinking town  
And I walk your dire streets in search of anything that's still pure  
'cause I once thought you watched over me  
But now I'm not so sure

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>