

The Sisters

Renaissance

The sisters worked for the people 'round them
Their Spanish lace wove some bread for the poor
And they cared and tried but were worn
With their fears and the years of heartbreak
Dust and wine stained the men who knew them
The sweat of days in the angry sun
And the men were weak and they cried
And they asked, "Sisters, make us holy"
The sisters prayed, "Give us hope for something"
The men asked, "Where is your God, today?"
And the empty eyes as the sisters prayed
Held their thoughts unspoken
There was nothing they could do
Earth was dust for miles around, nothing new survived
Everything was barren on the land
And the truth they tried to understand just died

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