Ungrateful Child

Anne Feeney

Death is upon her, she's bound for her tomb.
Now she cries out for the fruit of her womb.
She's calling your name, pain tears her apart.
Oh, ungrateful child, tell me where is your heart?
When you were a baby, you nursed to her breast.
Now she lies suffering and sorely distressed.
Her loved ones are helpless, for what can they do?
Oh, ungrateful child, she is calling for you.
The bosom that nurtured you struggles for breath.
What are you doing as she faces death?
Her poor broken body, she'll soon leave behind.
Oh, ungrateful child, what has poisoned your mind?
The minutes, like hours, the hours like years.
A canyon of sorrow, an ocean of tears.
Ungrateful child, she is calling your name.
Oh, have you no pity, no conscious, no shame?
The family has gathered to say their goodbyes.
But none can console her, in anguish she dies.
The grief of a loved ones is driving them wild.
Oh, who will forgive you, the ungrateful child?
How could you deny her, that final request?
Now her soul's at peace, but may yours know no rest.
May you suffer the tortures of bitter regret.
And ungrateful child, you deserve what you get.

Lyrics Submitted by The2ndMemelord

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