

Music Beats the Bleeding Heart

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Sing! Goddess

Sing the rage brought forth
from suffering
borne against the pious spit
of he who saw through eyes shut tight
the rape of all so fair and just

Sing the cries of she who wept
and scorn the man who sew
the truth beneath
indignant face, farce fate
he thinketh is his own

Goddess, weep, your sisters' heart
has broken, e're its progress made
was quick and seemed
to light the torch
yet caused such grief when slipped away
stout fingers grasped around the throat
of she who shared her song

Sing, oh goddess, be her muse,
in fervor chant our stories now,
intone me too!
for hearts that bleed
the garish man who thinks himself
your god and ours, expose

let no candle burn in vain
let not our voice be drowned