

Widow's Mite (chapter Eleven)

Hades

Beware of the scribes
Parading in robes
The heavier the sentence
They'll follow in droves
You claim you are He
The time is at hand
The Earth shakes my bones
I don't understand

If you listen to me
You'll be eternally free

The widow puts in
More than the rest
You gave from your surplus
She gave it her best

You chorus from the rich
She gives from the poor
You laugh with the witch
She cries with the whore

Two copper coins
She gave it her best
Pray that you may not be
Put to the test
Blest are you
The hungry, the poor
The reign of God is yours
You can't ask for more