

Richard Wright - Broken China

Broken China 6th November 1996

“Woman Of Custom” (Moore)

Woman of custom just severed ties
What had never changed had always died and so
Suddenly she's opened eyes
That fill with tears and come alive
Her stifled love sleeping forever was
Un-aroused like changeless weather
Little chance that she was never
Gonna smash the precious measure
She never lived with pain, fear or anger
Windowless and tame
Like a precious stone languor
A heart enchained, and willing to surrender.

But now if storms would only blow
She could really feel the roll.

Those years of sleep, all waking dreams
Un-peopled places on painted screens
And diffused in subdued streams
Her life was cast, traditional schemes.

She never lived with pain, fear or anger
Windowless and tame
Like a precious stone languor
A heart enchained, willing to surrender.

But now if storms would only blow
Then she could really feel the roll
She could really feel the roll.

A hunger that lasts can have no pain
It's just these words that don't explain
Eaten alive, and spat out again
They jam in the memory like ancient remains.

Woman of custom just severed ties
What never changed had always died and so
Suddenly she's opened my eyes
That fill with tears and come alive.

