

# Daughters of Silence

Inzer Byers

Joelle Wallach

$\text{♩} = 76$  *mf*

They taught you well, an-te - bel-lum wo - men, daugh - - - ters of

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si - lence, - daugh-ters of si - lence. - Knife thrust \_\_\_\_ of a child's loss pier-ces the

6 *mp poco parlando*

heart, scal - pel of hus-band's \_\_\_\_ be - tra - yal sculpts your flesh. \_\_\_\_ Close \_\_\_\_

9 *poco a poco* *mf* *mf*

\_\_\_\_ your lips tight-ly, dea - den sen-ses, go dumb. Go \_\_\_\_ in - to your cham-ber, lock the door, daugh -

12 *poco* *p*



ter of si-lence, stay un-til the a-go-ny is locked a-way for good.

15 *poco f* *mp* *molto dolce*



Daugh-ter of si-lence, make sure your face re-veals se-rene com-po-sure.

18 *mp* *più asproso*



In time the mask be-comes your face. They taught you well, daugh-ters of

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si-lence, si-lent daugh-ters, daugh-ters of si-lence.