House of the Epstein Crimes

Lyrics © 2026 Marcy Matasick and Sandy Schwartz
Tune: House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Mexico
in sage and pinion pines
It was the ruin of many young girls:
The house of the Epstein crimes

The crystal chandeliers shone bright
upon the polished floors
But dread and darkness chilled the air,
and wept behind each door

No lullaby in that wide land,
to calm your frightened cries
No mamma's care, no daddy's hand
Just empty gilded lies

O daughters, hurt so deeply
now living with the pain,
you were so young, you could not know
you'd never be the same

Coyotes wail where children prayed
for help
but no one heard
Now Bondi locked their truths away
The victims now are smeared

We must expose this cover-up
of wealthy powerful men,
their cruelties, depravities,
in the house of the Epstein sins

By Marcy Matasick and Sandy Schwartz · Santa Fe Gaggle · Gender Issues

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