

Boiled In Lead "Raven, Owl, And I"

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Well, I haven't seen or heard from them in far too many years
But the banging from the copper pans still echoes in my ears.
We left the fires behind us, we followed a carriage track;
And I'll never see my brothers, but perhaps they made it back.
A scarf wound tight around my head to keep hair from my eyes;
My knife would cut deeper than I would realize.
Raven had his fiddle and Owl a tambourine;
I'd love to hear them play and tell them what I've seen.
I was dressed in yellow, my brothers in green and red.
I don't know what we heard I only know we fled.
Raven the hunter was content to stay and poach,
Owl wished to go back home, and I, to find the coach.
The coachman smiled down at me when he saw I was behind him.
He said, "Your brother Raven lives, but I think you'll never find him.
And Owl still watches all around but he listens more than speaks
And he'll never understand that it isn't you he seeks."
He said, "You can go back home and never face the dangers
Or continue towards a life you will live among strangers."
His eyes softened for a time, I could barely hear his voice:
"It isn't easy to decide but few get the choice."
The city lights, they hurt my eyes the noises make me wince.
The coachman left me here which I've regretted ever since.
I'll never hear those songs again but still I sometimes cry
When I think of how we left our world, Raven, Owl, and I

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