

## **Abysmal**

### **"Hymn # VIII (Four Ravens Flew)"**

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In her eye... far away  
A tear broke free  
From the ice, from the frost  
of her long sleep  
Hear the thunder of the North  
Hear the ravens screaming her name  
Let the black ones fly  
to speak the messages of the unborn

Onto the blackest skies  
Shadows of the raven's flight  
Crying their lament  
Upon the crossroad where she stand

One flies to gain the thundering North  
Another crosses great seas in the West  
The third flies South, towards the !sunreich  
The last across the windswept fields of the East

Sand Seas Skies Darkness  
Time Death The center of the sin  
North West South East  
Wisdom's found  
Along the roads to the center of the sin

The tear...  
Lost its grip of her cheek  
Buried forever...  
In the sand... of my world  
...of my darkness  
...of my perfection  
...of my sorrows

Sorrows...  
Let the ravens fly

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