

Funeral Fornication "Where Ravens Dare"

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Storm riders from the sky
Stygian knights on black horizons
Dying lands, a breath away
In northern realms of bitter cold
Eroded spires on towers of old
Ancient fields of battle below
The sky it burns with fumes of blood
The sky is ours

Few cowards stride into the heart of darkness
Few eagles fly where ravens dare

We consume the dying flesh
We consume the rotting eyes
We are the constellations
We are the lurking terror

Warriors of old
Together as one
Flags and banners
Ride the wind

A murder of ravens
Together as one
Will guide our path

Onward to triumph march!

Few cowards stride into the heart of darkness
Few eagles fly where ravens dare

Behold...
The sky is ours
The sky is ours
The sky is ours

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