

## **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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