

Grebenshikov Boris

"Wolves And Ravens"

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It might be God or just whatever, but this night smells
of incense
The tall wood all around, mosses on the knoll
Perhaps this is a blessing or an ambush on our sense
A good feeling to the touch, but such a chill through the
soul
There they go with their icons, with their icons so
unknown
Their path is lit by holy light from the water so deep
I don't remember how we got up, how we walked out of
the room
I just remember how warm it is that we seek
Look at that Cathedral with its darkness under dome
All eyes have searched there and all have seen but
naught
I would like to place a candle
But they're sold right out of candles
I'd light some liquor in my hand, but where can it be
got?
And the snows lie all around on all four sides of us
Barefoot through the snow: no problem if your soul is
pure
We would have disappeared for good
But for the wolves and the ravens
They asked us where we're going, to that start so warm
for sure ?
Gilded all the crosses and stuck them in whenever
The one cross truly given was traded for some wine
And hung over in the morning, went for water to the
river
And there instead of water it's the Mongol Post we
found.
We had wanted to give a sign so joyous to the angels

But lost them from our sight erasing tracks of where we
were
Everyone would go out now and follow their signals
If it were not for the light of that star so pure
What can we do now, how to sing if not for the hand so
pure
And if we do not sing we will burn up all alone
But if I sing only a part the Orliki will come to me

Along the murky water with their eyes as white as a
stone
Let them come all the same, I'm such a black bird
myself
There's nowhere left to run, a meter - then the ice for
sure
I'll cover you, you'll cover me, oh wolves and ravens
So that somebody at least will make it to that start so
pure
So what do we care now, if there's darkness under
dome
So what do we care now, if we cannot see but naught
And what do we care now if there're sold right out of
candels
Because if there is no fire, we know where it can be
sought
And maybe it is true that there's no path but his
travelled one
There may be no hands for miracles, but those so
clean and sure
Yet all the same we warmed only by the wolves and
ravens
And they blessed us all the way to that star so pure

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