

Smith Patti

"Ravens"

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Common fortune seeks us all
and slips our binding rings
we'll turn our heads
and make us reel
we'll bare our arms as wings

before our feet a feather drifts
beyond us it will fall
cause time will bid and make us rise
make ravens of us all

My love he breathed the air of kings
yet fell beneath his luck
and in his heart a yearning yet
before his time time shook
all the gifts that God had gave
and those by fate denied
gone to where all treasures laid
and where the raven flies

oh there are places I agree
where I have yet to roam
the Egyptian field
the arctic sea where shadows
haunt and moan
but none but sky
I have to go
should I return to thee
gone to where the feather flies
to all eternity
but for a time I got more time
till I a raven be

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