

Thorns Of The Carrion "Tears For The Raven Muse"

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I have lost all on fields of black remorse
As scarlet tears drowned thy will and thy hope
Fading with the sun were thy precious dreams
Yet still her sweet face was with thee as I died

She is the raven that kisses the wind
And echoes the fears of man
She is a vision of subtle melody
Soft black lace graced her skin
Pale as the ivory night moon
Morose and beauty over me
Consuming all...

The winds carried a mist of red death over dead
crowned hills
As the rain quelled the burning fields now drowned in
blood
The trumpets of man's war rose silently from far
distant woods
As a pall reflection of melancholy in the wrath of this
deceit
Clouds of ashen gray dew down the sorrow of their
lives
The end of all days is here and time must now fall away

Yet thy eyes went to her grace and drowned in her
beauty
I devoured her elegant warmth and caress, delicate in
it's endless care

Yet thy heart went with her blood that day, an eternal
part her
This raven took from thee thy life and gave to thee an
undying lust

As the sun gently drifted beyond hills stained with red
I arose to a world of scarlet hued tears frozen in filth
There upon the scarred earth I gazed forever into their
lifeless eyes
Downcast hollowed shadows of man crying silently in
repose
Their lives had become one with thee and their souls I

claimed

I had been reborn into a darkness greater than man

The eternal scarlet sun has set beyond this land
And before thee the lives of thy people have gone...
(I must weave this tale of sorrow and despair
This tapestry of depression is the story of thy life
For sadness is the raven muse of tragedy...
Sadness is the raven muse of tragic loss)

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