

# Moonspell, Raven Claws

I remember her as a child

Raven...on and on with her raven claws  
Carving...on and on with her raven claws

How she lusts when she remembers  
The night of her first blow  
She always wanted to know  
How far could she really go

Inflamed, a dead-end room  
Seduce to consume  
Nightsilence...Vampire...Empire  
Statues with open wounds

The flavour of poison and moon  
Still maturing on her blood  
She is not your occasional affair, no!  
But eternal love, drop by drop...

Raven...on and on with her raven claws  
Carving...on and on with her raven claws

How daylight hurts when moonlight bites  
She juggles with her invisible knife  
A black bird senses danger and flies  
Gives peace to a tall figure in the dark

Little silhouette snakes find  
a warm nest behind the door  
And whip-tongues and skins  
of sisters now gone.

Bodyprints cover the velvet floor  
Which grows red and red  
They know she will hunt and hurt tonight  
And they crown her Queen of the Dead.

Raven...on and on with her raven claws  
Raping...on and on with her raven claws

Will she weep for them or whip them once again?