My Dying Bride, Thy Raven Wings

In fiery flight we would leave
this hall
The Holy house, House of
God will fall
To death they go with music
and song
But our dread simply must
go on

I feel our need to feed goes on
For our greed, watch them
bleeding on
This hour's ours, with open
arms go on

Crowned with thorns and pain
was he
Raised our hands and slew
him utterly
Crimson waves of the tears
of war
This is what we were put
here for

Eden falls, Mercy for life
I hear their calls
Stood and watched them die
Heaven crawls. Wings burn
on high
Beauty falls. Beg unto me
why?

Fold thy raven wings
'Tis our duty, darkness brings
If this day be our last
Our victims await
For they are vast

In fiery death we will crawl
away
Content we lived for each and
every day
Black and burned with a
stench of decay.