

Bill Miller, Raven In The Snow

With the wings of sorrow, I have taken flight
Cloaked in the darkness like a thief in the night
I have watched the farmer planting in his field
And known that what he sows, is there for me to steal

I take what I need, never more, never more
In the art of survival, there's no rich there's no poor
Time passes by, kingdoms come and go
I've seen it all, I'm a raven in the snow

I have watched the seekers searching for their gold
The rape of the land, generations unfold
Nations of the world, their rise and their fall
I've watched it all, I'm a raven in the snow

I have heard the crying, wailing in the wind
Empty words and broken promises, time and time again
Song of the sparrow, call of the crow
Echo in the mountain and the valley's below

The scarecrow and the hunter, can't keep me away
The winter winds a blowin' couldn't lead me astray
You can separate the flock still my colors would show
I will stand out, like a raven in the snow