

Talis Kimberley, Carrion

I saw a crow upon the killingfield where I
Used to be soft but I shall become steel and I
Don't much enjoy pulling the gentle out but I
Mean to survive and that's what this stuff is all about -

Pick over his bones won't you
Pick over his bones
Pick over his bones and
Take the meat for carrion.

Breathe in, breathe out again, see - I can still do this thing just
Don't get too close to me I don't want to turn the anger on you
I'm giving the keys to the wild one, I'm letting her drive for a while
She keeps ungentle company - you can see the blood when she smiles

Pick over his bones won't you
Pick over his bones
Pick over his bones and
Take the meat for carrion.
Pick over his bones won't you
Pick over his bones
Pick over his bones and
Take the meat for carrion.

I am the crow upon your killingfield
I walk on bones I dance on graves I tear the flesh from my prey -
I'll feast on you, hey -

Pick over his bones pick over his bones
And take the meat, take the meat for carrion.
Pick over his bones pick over his bones
And take the meat, take the meat for carrion.
Pick over his bones pick over his bones
And take the meat, take the meat for carrion.
Pick over his bones pick over his bones
And take the meat, -
Take the meat for carrion.