

Tarot, Crows Fly Black

Screaming in flames, down from the sky
That's how he comes in my dream
Trail of tortured souls, a black boiling wake
A ghost ridden string with a bone-aching hum

And the crows fly black
Now the crows fly black
When the crows fly black
Only crows fly black

Breathing the fumes of cities ablaze
A god descends crushing us all
Walks on the hills emptied of life
Veiled by ashes and snow the hills are blind

And the crows fly black
Now the crows fly black
When the crows fly black
Only crows fly black

The Earth and sky as one in countless pieces
Time stands still, frozen in the flow
In the dust the faces of the fallen
They're erased in the fall of snow

Fly forevermore
Hell was here, now no more
End of war

Come to the feast of war

And the crows fly black
Now the crows fly black
When the crows fly black
Only crows fly black