

# Tristania, The Ravens

Only ashes and bones remain  
My hair is wet, my eyes are sore  
The past has been fed to the flames  
I cannot breathe anymore

I try to stand on my feet, but I fall  
I try to walk, but I crawl  
Life as we knew it, is over  
And you are gone  
Forever gone

I will not bend to a cross  
I will not kneel at your feet

Greed and anger  
Made us younger  
Couldn't save us when the tower fell  
All my strength and all my hunger  
All is lost  
And none will live to tell

I rest in the ruins of days gone by  
Of young affection and velvet sky  
A slave to greed  
I do not feel regret anymore  
I sense the presence of birds  
Encircling me  
And I am gone

Til jord skal vi bli

Dark is the night  
Dead is the moon  
I will not kneel

I'd rather die  
Facing my doom  
I will not kneel