Crows Fly Black

Tarot

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 boneaching hum.And the crows fly black.
Now the crows fly black.
And the crows fly black.
Only crows fly black.Breathing the fumes of cities ablaze.
A god descends crushing us all.
Walks on the hill emptied of life.
Veiled by ashes and snow the hills are blind.And the crows fly black...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...

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