

Black Crows

[Gabriel Yared](#)

[woman crying] Oh my god [still crying] Don't leave me I can hear them whisper my name [Monoxide Child:] I can feel them watch me every now and again I watch him float along the clouds Hunt for blood stains My souls almost out And he can only see the pain Wings spread on a porch I sit Conversatin with the devil on some shit I feel the spirits rise When the black birds fly Only the crows know why When its time to die [Shaggy 2 Dope:] 12 o' clock on the dot My blood runs cold On my window Got me in a choke hold Visions of death pinicle sacrafice And the ultimate price of taking my own life Beady yellow eyes see right through me The black crow takes my thoughts Talking to me, the beyond consumes me And plants seeds The black crow plants his feet and over sees [Chorus:] Our father of Shangri-La Halo be thy name If the world turns over Save me from the fire rain Keep me pure keep me clean As the Lotus grows I ask ye for forgiveness Keep me from the crows Balck feathers black eyes black wings [Jamie Madrox:] Perched atop the cemetery gateing Waiting for me, recording my moves Used to be one, now there are two And bring me back to the one in control A couple waiting to pick at my soul The faster I run they still give chase Will they leave me if I reveal my Holy Cross face Black blood within the raven [Violent J:] Have I been forgiven? A haven of crows watching skwaking Drifting above me, hawking What lies beneath it's eyes When the red moon bleeds Who's guideing it as it flys It feeds, forfilling it's needs [Chorus x2] In my mark for death Do they want my last breath [Monoxide Child:] Do they really want me dead So my soul will reserrect I can't help it praying to the god above Purify change the crows to doves [Shaggy 2 Dope:] Wings spread out and they cover my soul Deaths voice springs out And spreads threw my mentals In threw my mind And down my spine [Violent J:] Midnight, sunrise, sunfall Crows beckon, pharoahs call My blood hot dripping Growing clipping, snipping I will never be afraid [Jamie Madrox:] In my trench coat pocket Of the eyes of the dead There's a severed crows head I look down his neck To see what he can see I've finally come to grips They will always be around me [Chorus x2]

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