

The Raven

Sorten Muld

The clock struck midnight
And through my sleeping
I heard a tapping at my door
I looked but nothing
Lay in the darkness
And so I turned inside once more
To my amazement
There stood a raven
Whose shadow hung above my door
Then through the silence
It spoke the one word
That I shall hear for evermore
Nevermore
Thus quoth the raven, nevermore

And still the raven remains in my room
No matter how much I implore
No words can soothe him
No prayer remove him
And I must hear for evermore
Quoth the raven, nevermore
Thus quoth the raven, nevermore
Quoth the raven, nevermore
Thus quoth the raven, nevermore
Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, never
Nevermore, nevermore, never
Nevermore, nevermore, never
Nevermore, nevermore, nevermore, never
Nevermore, nevermore, never
Nevermore, nevermore, never

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