

# There's a Crow on the Barrow

## Falconer

There's a crow on the barrow  
saddest of figures in grey.  
Guardian of the royal grave  
ancient times say.  
There's a moon from upon the hill  
clad in a silvery light.  
Dweller of a forgotten tomb,  
dormant heathen might. Croaking at the Autumn sky.  
An accolade in the wind  
carried to the ones up high. There's a crow on the barrow  
silently spying into the dark.  
There's a crow on the barrow  
secretly scowling into the black Autumn night. There's a present calmness so dense,  
a bower of eternal peace.  
Vague shadows in reverence  
like breezes through the trees.  
Echoes of the ceremony,  
flashes of silver and gold.  
Offerings of beast and slaves  
while odes and legends told.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>