Crow Me

Amaran

In dark alleys in big swirls
She who dances with the crows
As they nest in her hair
Her halo only growsShe who dances with the crows
Her halo only growsAnd she throws me her stars
as she goes alongHer black cape wet and torn
Too dark for the light of day
She sees herself in ivory
As he saw her when he walked awayPristine in bondage collector of chains
Hurrying out when it rains
To give you her place by the firePristine in bondage she dances no more
Her cape is too heavy
Her feet are too sore

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