

Late last night, about a quarter to twelve
In the middle of an awful storm
I took fright at the terrible sight
Of a raven flying into my room
My blood ran cold, my heart stood still
As I pulled the covers over my head
A minute dragged by as I opened my eyes up
To find her at the end of my bed
Then she spoke in a devilish croak
About herself being one of a score
And I felt sick at the very idea
Of dealing with nineteen more
She said, "look out your window"
I see a skyfull, I pull a rifle on them all
Pink sunrise in the wintry skies
All warm on the wings of a dove
She sinks and lands on the back of my hand
And sings with the voice of love...
"Thoughts made flesh can be beautiful things
As I am one of the same
Fed so well on the best of your dreams
And the beauty found within
But those black beasts that you see in the east
Are scratching on the orchard floor
At split, sweet fruits and the writhing worms
That you keep behind the straining door
Go to the cellar!
I see the beasts and they're eating
Feasting on it
Fill my head with small white flowers
Help the sweetness heal the sour
Draw on high religious power
Free the ravens from the tower