Oh my god Don't leave me

I can here them whisper my name
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 "Who's Next" shit
I feel the spirits rise
When the black birds fly
When its time to die
Only the crows know why

12 o' clock on the dot
My blood runs cold
On my window
Got me in a choke hold
Visions of death pinnacle sacrifice
And the ultimate price of taking my own life
Beady yellow eyes see right through me
Talking to me, the beyond consumes me
The black crow takes my thoughts
And plants seeds
The black crow plants his feet and over sees

Our father of Shangri-La
Hallowed 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

Black feathers black eyes black wings
Perched atop the cemetery gateing
Waiting for me, recording my moves
Used to be one, now there are two
A couple waiting to pick at my soul
And bring me back to the one in control
The faster I run they still give chase
Will they leave me if I reveal my Holy Cross face

Black blood within the raven
Have I been forgiven?
A haven of crows watching skwaking
Drifting above me, hawking
What lies beneath it's eyes
Who's guiding it as it flies
When the red moon bleeds
It feeds, forfilling it's needs

Our father of Shangri-La Hallowed 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
(2x)

In my mark for death
Do they want my last breath
Do they really want me dead
So my soul will resurrect
I can't help it praying to the god above
Purify change the crows to doves

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

Midnight, sunrise, sunfall Crows beckon, pharohs call My blood hot dripping Growing clipping, snipping

I will never be afraid
Of the eyes of the dead
In my trench coat pocket
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

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(2x)