

## Crow Me

Amaran

In dark alleys in big swirls  
She who dances with the crows  
As they nest in her hair  
Her halo only grows

She who dances with the crows  
Her halo only grows

And she throws me her stars  
As she goes along

Her black cape wet and torn  
Too dark for the light of day  
She sees herself in ivory  
As he saw her when he walked away

Pristine in bondage collector of chains  
Hurrying out when it rains  
To give you her place by the fire

Pristine in bondage she dances no more  
Her cape is too heavy  
Her feet are too sore