

Song of the Blackest Bird

Insomnium

Far above the darkling world
Soars the blackest bird
Far above the darkling world
It sings the saddest song

And those who hear its cry

Those who hear it will go astray
Those who hear it will wither away
And nothing besides they hear
Nothing besides they think anymore

And they will turn away from the sun
And they will turn against themselves

At the midmost night
Each midmost night
Upon Death's palm
The bird will rest a while
And gently Death will speak
Softly Death will hum and whisper:
"Fly again my bird, fly again over the world"

Those who hear it will bow their heads
Those who hear it will find no rest
And black as a dream is now their way
For into the shades they all shall fade