

(Crows, wipe the blood from the end of your claws.  
Said the vulture  
Lets gather like storms for the war.  
Crows, as the night turns its skin into coal,  
Dark as corpses but cluttered with gold.  
They will label you thieves, wolves, and whores  
but you are nothing less than angels,  
cast down and covered in black.)

Ain't this the bloodiest mess in the world? Said the virgin, a  
torn little girl.  
Boy, you went and made a sweet wreck of my soul, and I've already forgiven you.

And blood was running down  
Her dress in streams into her hands where she  
Was stitching on the flesh had left  
In sections on the carpet near a bed that  
Never slept while she was sleeping  
In her clothes that he had laid with on  
The floor with all his fingers crossed  
In hoping that that distance  
Wouldn't grow.  
But how it grew,  
And how it hurt,  
And how it hallowed every memory had  
Never felt was threatened by a thing the world  
Could conjure up to kill them, but he let it kill them  
What a bunch of fools we lovers are.  
And now shes smiling, with her self put back together,  
just a shadow of the past before the war.  
All sewn together, like a city sick from storms  
and sick of waiting for a god to call the floods out of her home.  
what a bunch of fools we lovers are  
when tempted by the taste of flesh.

"My boy, you are nothing more than a thief and a whore  
in a suit of the finest of armor." laughed the vulture.  
"Pathetic little child, I am embarrassed for you."