

The Raven

Mark Lanegan

And in the dawning of the day in late September
There came a weeping from outside my chamber door
Weary from fever I rose up looked out the elder
A Raven with a broken wing yet nothing more

I turn my head the once and bird become a damsel
With lips of cherry, ivory skin and lustrous hair
Open the doorway wide and smile for her to enter
Not in my lifetime seen a beast so rare

Sweet thighs of ruin how I loved her, and I loved her
She muttered low and helped me to her infant breasts
Deliverance was long and strong as god's my witness
Babylon burning sorrow known with each caress

And let the night in
For you were broken
Too ill to touch
Too much

And with the medal Eguinal had done their duty
The morning glory lying awoke with duly low
I breathed my last the day the warning bell was knelling
She smoothed her feathers down and flew back out my window

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