

I remember her as a child  
Raven...on and on with her raven claws  
Carving...on and on with her raven claws  
How she lusts when she remembers  
The night of her first blow  
She always wanted to know  
How far could she really go  
Inflamed, a dead-end room  
Seduce to consume  
Nightsilence...Vampire...Empire  
Statues with open wounds  
The flavour of poison and moon  
Still maturing on her blood  
She is not your occasional affair, no!  
But eternal love, drop by drop...  
Raven...on and on with her raven claws  
Carving...on and on with her raven claws  
How daylight hurts when moonlight bites  
She juggles with her invisible knife  
A black bird senses danger and flies  
Gives place to a tall figure in dark  
Little silhouette snakes find  
a warm nest behind the door  
And whip-tongues and skins  
of sisters now gone.  
Bodyprints cover the velvet floor  
Which grows red and red  
They know she will hunt and hurt tonight  
And they crown her Queen of the Dead.  
Raven...on and on with her raven claws  
Raping...on and on with her raven claws  
Will she weep for them or whip them once again?