

Thy Raven Wings

My Dying Bride

In fiery flight we would leave this hall
The Holy House, House of God will fall
To death they go with music and song
But our dread simply must go on
I feel our need to feed goes on
For our greed, watch them bleeding on
This hour's ours, with open arms
Go on and on
Crowned with thorns and pain was he
Raised our hands and slew him utterly
Crimson waves of the tears of war
This is what we were put here for
Eden falls
Mercy for life
I hear their calls
Stood and watched them die
Heaven crawls
Wings burn on high
Beauty falls
Beg unto me why?
Fold thy raven, raven wings
'Tis our duty, darkness brings
If this day be our last
Our victims await, for they are vast
In fiery death we will crawl away
Content we lived for each and every day
Black and burned with a stench of decay