

The Messenger

Silentium

Oh black raven, my raven
What have You foreseen
Dark tidings and woe
Rich pickings for death

Let the gods wipe my tears
With this falling rain
Let this lake be my graveside
And woods the golden hall

Our braves long since fallen
With the tides of the war
Our words no more spoken
I'm ready to fall

Bare message, my raven
To gods this prayer for me
Blackbird of the chosen
Bare this prayer for me

Oh black raven, my raven
Bare message for me
Come floser the foe
And take my last breath

Blackbird of the chosen
Bare this prayer for me