

# 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