

Come Join The Murder

The White Buffalo

There's a blackbird perched outside my window
I hear him calling
I hear him sing
He burns me with his eyes of gold to embers
He sees all my sins
He reads my soul

One day that bird he spoke to me
Like Martin Luther
Like Pericles

Come join the murder
Come fly with black
We'll give you freedom
From the human trap
Come join the murder
Soar on my wings
You'll touch the hand of God
And He'll make you king
And He'll make you king

On a blanket made of woven shadows
Flew up to Heaven
On raven's glide
There's angels that turn my wings to wax now
I fell like Judas, from grace tonight

And on that day he lied to me
Like Martin Luther
Like Pericles

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From the human trap
Come join the murder
Soar on my wings
You'll touch the hand of God
And He'll make you king
And He'll make you king

I walk among the children of my fathers
The broken wings
The traitor's cost
They call to me but never touch my heart now
I am too far
I am too lost

All I can hear is what he spoke to me
Like Martin Luther
Like Pericles

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Come fly with black
We'll give you freedom
From the human trap
Come join the murder

Soar on my wings
You'll touch the hand of God
And He'll make you king
And He'll make you king

So now I curse that raven's fire
You made me hate
You made me burn
He laughed aloud as he flew from Eden
You always knew
You never learn

The crow no longer sings to me
Like Martin Luther
Or Pericles

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