

The Raven

Wuthering Heights

The raven's my totem; my brother
He is me; I am him
Watching this innocent world
Grow increasingly grim

The raven's the sign you'll see
When darkness is near
Rooted deep in your heart
Your primeval fear

A black garment suits a black soul
Avoided since days of old
There flies the raven

I am the dark spirit inside yourself
You dare not name
I am the lunatic you need
To know you're still sane

My ancestors long ago
Served the one-eyed lord
So today, a jester of darkness
I see and report

A black garment suits a black soul
Hate not the darkness
It lets you see the light you hold
There flies the raven

Gloomweaver eternal
Children of the light: Scorn me not
Be content you're not me
Be content you're not me

From old they have feared him
(There flies the raven)
Never dared to be near him
(There flies the raven)
The darkwinged omen:
Who will live, who will die
You better beware
When you hear the raven cry
When you hear the raven cry