

## Ravens

### All About Eve

Late last night, about a quarter to twelve  
In the middle of an awful storm  
I took fright at the terrible sight  
Of a raven flying into my room  
My blood ran cold, my heart stood still  
As I pulled the covers over my head  
A minute dragged by as I opened my eyes up  
To find her at the end of my bed  
Then she spoke in a devilish croak  
About herself being one of a score  
And I felt sick at the very idea  
Of dealing with nineteen more  
She said, "look out your window"  
I see a skyfull, I pull a rifle on them all  
Pink sunrise in the wintry skies  
All warm on the wings of a dove  
She sinks and lands on the back of my hand  
And sings with the voice of love...  
"Thoughts made flesh can be beautiful things  
As I am one of the same  
Fed so well on the best of your dreams  
And the beauty found within  
But those black beasts that you see in the east  
Are scratching on the orchard floor  
At split, sweet fruits and the writhing worms  
That you keep behind the straining door  
Go to the cellar!  
I see the beasts and they're eating  
Feasting on it  
Fill my head with small white flowers  
Help the sweetness heal the sour  
Draw on high religious power  
Free the ravens from the tower