

# Black Crows

## Dark Lotus

Oh my god  
Don't leave me

I can hear them whisper my name  
I can feel them watch me every now and again  
I watch him float along the clouds  
Hunt for blood stains  
My souls almost out  
And he can only see the pain  
Wings spread on a porch I sit  
Conversations with the devil on some "Who's Next" shit  
I feel the spirits rise  
When the black birds fly  
When it's time to die  
Only the crows know why

12 o'clock on the dot  
My blood runs cold  
On my window  
Got me in a choke hold  
Visions of death pinnacle sacrifice  
And the ultimate price of taking my own life  
Beady yellow eyes see right through me  
Talking to me, the beyond consumes me  
The black crow takes my thoughts  
And plants seeds  
The black crow plants his feet and over sees

Our father of Shangri-La  
Hallowed be thy name  
If the world turns over  
Save me from the fire rain  
Keep me pure keep me clean  
As the Lotus grows  
I ask ye for forgiveness  
Keep me from the crows

Black feathers black eyes black wings  
Perched atop the cemetery gate  
Waiting for me, recording my moves  
Used to be one, now there are two  
A couple waiting to pick at my soul  
And bring me back to the one in control  
The faster I run they still give chase  
Will they leave me if I reveal my Holy Cross face

Black blood within the raven  
Have I been forgiven?  
A haven of crows watching skwaking  
Drifting above me, hawking  
What lies beneath its eyes  
Who's guiding it as it flies  
When the red moon bleeds  
It feeds, fulfilling its needs

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Keep me from the crows  
(2x)

In my mark for death  
Do they want my last breath  
Do they really want me dead  
So my soul will resurrect  
I can't help it praying to the god above  
Purify change the crows to doves

Wings spread out and they cover my soul  
Deaths voice springs out  
And spreads threw my mentals  
In threw my mind  
And down my spine

Midnight, sunrise, sunfall  
Crows beckon, pharohs call  
My blood hot dripping  
Growing clipping, snipping

I will never be afraid  
Of the eyes of the dead  
In my trench coat pocket  
There's a severed crows head  
I look down his neck  
To see what he can see  
I've finally come to grips  
They will always be around me

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