

The Crows

Dark Lotus

I can hear'em whisper my name
I can feel'em watch me every now and again
I watch'em float along the clouds, hunt for blood stains
My souls almost out, and he can only see the pain
Wings spread on the perch they sit
Conversatin' 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 crow's know why

12 o'clock on the dot, my blood runs cold
Pierce, engaged through the window, got me in a choke hold
Visions of death, and the goals sacraficin' the ultimate price
I take out my own life
Beaty round eye's, they can see right through me
Talkin' to me, the beyond consumes me
The black crow takes my thought's and plants seeds
The black crow plants his feet and oversee's

Our Father of Shangri-La, hallow be thy name
If the world turns over, save me from the fire rain
Keep me pure, keep me clean, as the Lotus grow's
I ask you for forgiveness, keep me from the crows

Black feather's, black eye's, black wing's
Perched atop, the cementary gating
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 crossed face?

Black blood, within the Raven
Have I been forgiven?
A haven, of crows, watching sqawking
Drifting, above me hawking
What lies, beneith it's eye's?
Who's guiding it as it fly's?
When the red moon bleeds, it feeds
Fulfilling it's needs

Am I marked 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's above
Purify my soul, change the crows to dove's

(Shaggy 2Dope)

Wings spread out, and they cover my soul
Deaths voice rings out and spreads through my mentos
In through my mind and down my spine
I'm on moments to dead and the crows are on the mind

(Violent J)

Midnight, sunrise, sunfall
Crows beacon, Pharaos call
My blood, hot, dripping
Crow wings I'm clipping, snipping

(Jamie Madrox)

I will never be affraid in the eye's of the dead
In my trench coat pocket, there's a severed crows head
I look it's neck to see what they can see
I will finally come to grips, they will always be around me

[Chorus] - 2X