

Sleep still and silent  
Dream in stained glass scenes of violence  
Claim the song sung by the sirens  
Breath shallow and quietly

Stand before the corpse of the crow  
Take up the blade that struck the final blow  
Tear off the wings to refuse its ascension  
There will be no reproach. There will be no redemption  
For the wicked and corrupt at the end of its life  
Only justice from the absolute with a flick of a knife

Back to where it all began  
Tracing footprints to the shore  
They lead into the ocean  
Where the horror waits no more  
In its place waits utter devotion  
The current casting backward tells of lifetime past  
The empty faces that once seemed listless have all now been recast  
But when lost in distant thoughts, a sleeping evil starts to stir  
Distracted by warm memories with vigilance relaxed  
It seemed unlikely to occur

Tear off the wings to refuse its ascension  
There will be no reproach. There will be no redemption

A breach in the bow would allow the craft to sink again  
Reaching down to tear the wings from the crow conquered in complete

Experience a transformation both of body and of mind  
Rearrange the constellations and define the undefined

The returned speaks in tongues once bewildering  
But in its hands sit the wings and the dagger that say everything  
Without a word it says everything

Tore off the wings to refuse its ascension  
There will be no second coming  
No forces for succumbing to  
Just a peaceful place to final rest a head  
The crow is dead

Go back to sleep  
The sun is finally setting  
And you can rest you weary head for now.