

Black Wings

Pythia

Beneath the scalding desert sun
Marchers are only clinging on to life
{?}

He leads them through the scorching sand
Raven of {?}
Up to the city gates, he leads them onward

Then comes betrayal from above
The warriors march to join his cause
The walls are silent as the grave

Advancing soldiers flank each side
Of men that don't know where to hide
And on the golden scratches comes the {soldier?}

And the birds, they scatter to the sky
Black wings, the spirit soaring high
Now the blood is soaking through the time
Let your arrow of mercy fly

And as they leaped into the sky
The leering crows won't let him die
{Black faces of glory's soul?}

But there's a {?} in the air
Black clouds are falling, growing scarce
No more salvation and no journey onward

Watch his soul begin to die
Tears in every open eye
Sleepless spirit, leave the world

{?} the arrow, don't despair
See it fly from {?} air
Such a dark burden to bear

And the arrow hits its target true
Hex-marked {?}
Now the birds won't take his soul from you
And one day he'll be born anew