

The Black Crow

Songs: Ohia

Through sparrow black wind
A dead crow calls out to his wing
We were lightning across the whole world
We were lightning
We were lightning
We were lightning
And the guise to black cats we made a cross when our shadows met
And the guise to black cats we made a pact when our shadows passed
Through sparrow black wind
A dead crow calls out to its wings
I'm getting weaker I'm getting thin
I hate how obvious I have been
I'm getting weaker
I'm getting weaker
I'm getting weaker
I'm getting weaker
And I look down and see the whole world
And it's fading(repeat)