

Asa-Noir, Sing, My Ravens

I remember the times under the oak,
Listening whispers of the eerie winds
Old tales told by our fathers,
Tales of the old ways

Little footsteps on the shore
Lead everywhere yet still nowhere,
Leered by the murderous stare
Of those who dwell in my heart
And have come to hate, nay fear
The shape of their Son so dear
As haunting symphonies are
Ending before the curtains fall

As my blood to flame is enkindled
As my eyes now feed on the glances
As my arms with enfold Thee
Comes back to me my dauntless heart

At times I feel
Myself found and still lost
Like a leaf played by the winds
Or a stone forgotten by Aeons
So many questions,
So many answers untold
Alas, no time to regret,
Everything shall have its end

My hours of need
Were always tainted by your silence
(And oh! - the illusive light)
So I forbid Thee from this cursed night

Ensanguine the sheets
With my dark blood drawn,
And lustre for Thee,
My Darkest dream (my Alabaster Queen)

Sing, my raven,
Sing a song for Death,
Sing, my raven,
Sing a song for Hel,
Sing, my raven,
Sing a song for Death,
Sing, my raven,
Sing a song for Hel

So breathe now, my Darkest; sickening sweet air
Damp with rotting thoughts; I cannot bear
This state of deprivation; I declare
A war on this world; I hereby swear
To grant Thee my life; Thou art my Heir
So graceful in Death; in paleness so fair

And in those Carnal Words
Of fervent, timeless Tongues
Bestow me Thy Empire
Of endless, burning pyres!