

# 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!