

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.