

# The Messenger

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*By Ed E. E. E. "Corvin"*

Through dawn of time fall, I have sang with the wolves  
In tender bliss, joined by skies of peaceful doves.  
They now sing songs to my departure  
Towards realms of water and nature.

The raven perches by the cemetery,  
He seeks me out and demands my company  
In the corner of a crowded room  
Away from this world of fire and gloom.

He whispers during tides of great misfortunes  
With words of madness in most dissonant tunes.  
With dark science and erudition,  
He preaches, he preaches salvation.

Thus joy did come, it rose with the morning sun  
As I walked amongst the rays of a new dawn,  
For the last time, to the depths of dusk  
Immersed inside the Morningstar's husk.

Thus when the shadow fell upon my cold lips,  
I knew I was flying through cold valley creeks,

Embraced by feathers of dead haven,  
And so I knew I was the raven.

I now learned that you cannot hope to escape  
The woebegone touch of the messenger's cape  
When you're the one who carried his mark  
The stamp of death, your destiny undone.