

SONG OF THE BLACK CROW

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Intuition calls for change
I've little ambition today
Suspension on the breeze
Changing leaves
Reds and yellows through the greens

Black crow circles 'round this gorge
Perhaps he's holding up the sky
Every cry
Sounds like an ache
Is that a song he tries to make?

Let it change, Let it fade
Let it be grey
Let it rest, Let it inhale
Let it rain, Let it rain
Let it rain, Let it rain

His cry echoes as he flies
Is there some comfort in that squawk
Only in the dark
Can we know light
Perhaps that's why he tries

CHORUS

*Hear the whispering you're listening for
Everything is exactly as it seems
And what's coming next will be what's gone before
Activating dreams*

CHORUS

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