

# Blackest Crow, The

As time draws near, my dear - est dear, When  
you and I must part, What  
lit - tle you know of the grace and awe of  
my poor ach - ing heart. Each  
night I su - ffer for your sake be -  
- lieve me dear it's true, I  
wish that you were go - ing with me, or  
I was go - ing with you