The Fires...

Primordial

Funeral winds... caress the flame
The naked fire that soothes my flesh
In darkness I can ask for little moreThen a Samhain fire to lead the dead
Nocturnal everslumber procession
A gathering of such ancient souls
To see our brother to his journey's end
Into the darkness forever...The frozen ground dances beneath us
Our path cross the barren lands
Burning torches lament
As fiery shadows dance
Across his gravebound faceEntombed in pagan earth
To rise in the cold November mist
We will haunt their pious dreams
In eternal black adore we kiss

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