

Solstice

Killers By Trade

As the night grew long and cold
A dying god in a womb of old
Longest night and shortest day, yeah
Winter blows through barren trees
Across the frozen hills of stone
Be reborn in the coming day
Chorus:
Let the bonfires burn
Let the leaves turn
Let's fuck and wake up the sun
Let the bonfires burn
Let the winter turn
Come here and wake the day with me!
I'm ashen, wrapped in skins
A horn of mead my only friend
It gives me warmth to break the freeze
I'm leaning on my sword
I'm just too drunk to stand
Drunk on the forest and her trees
(Chorus x2) In a crowd but we're all alone
Nemetón, the horned god's home
I'll take you here in the sacred place
Cold earth on my pale white skin
Raging to a drummer's din
Drunk on the goddess and your face
Repeat Chorus to end

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