

Black Moth

Of the Wand and the Moon

Here we are under the stars
Empty as dead brothers in arms
Through straw and mud the clay and blood
The law of the claw the claw of god
Awaiting the sun that herald of fire
Trenches deep deep in the mire
Never leave without honour within
Brothers in arms take care of your kin
A coal black moth to take their place
Wrapped in snow and twilight faith
Preparing for the undertow
A laying of flowers where the willed winds blow
In the dead of night in the eye of the storm
Drugged by the incense of a bloody dawn
Here we are under the stars
Empty as dead brothers in arms

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