

Phoenix (feat. Sivert HÑ^yem)

Satyricon

Into the night
My long suffering friend
We'll be reborn again
Right here where everything ends Face to the sky
A trail of smoke in the air
Pass into emptiness
New life's awaiting you there Slave to some wretched old
Imagination of yesteryear
Now all that grows in the skulls
Of the living are flowers of fear The morning red
A sun-god calling you back
Down through a thousand years
White embers whistle and crack Await the dawn with her kiss of redemption,
My firebird!
You were the queen of the souls of all men
Before there was the w-o-r-d The morning new, the morning red,
The fiery promise
Mad swirling smoke wheels round her head
Dedication to the queen of souls, her lost disciples
And when the fire's work is done
Our time to be reborn By pagan streams
A wind whips the leaves from the trees
And it is revealed to us
That we are dreams within dreams Born from some wretched
Old imagination of yesteryear
Now all that grows in the skulls of the living
Are flowers of fear The morning new, the morning red,
The fiery promise
Mad swirling smoke wheels round her head
Dedication to the queen of souls, her lost disciples
And when the fire's work is done
Our time to be reborn The morning new, the morning red,
The fiery promise
Mad swirling smoke wheels round her head
Dedication to the queen of souls, her lost disciples
And when the fire's work is done
The phoenix now reborn

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