Called By The Fire

Ihsahn

The sky is clouded and grey like a mirror
Dreams of celestial bliss buried deep
An invisible web of whispers
Spread out over dead-end streets
Silently blessing the virtue of sleep.I'm still
Called by the fire
My spirit
Called by the fire
Yes, I'm still
Called by the fire
Called by the fire
EternallyThe flickering light
The heat of the flame creates and devours
In my soul there is night
Every day I grow more immune to social sedatives
Every day the web is more transparent
United in fear and the comfort of reason
Illusions that we are all peers
Walking the stairs I am ever more awakeThe black cloud is beneath me
And I laugh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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