

# 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  
Eternally The 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 awake The black cloud is beneath me  
And I laugh  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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