

# Phoenix

## 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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