The Fire Worshipper

Panychida

Mountains of madness, fret-darkened sky Deepest suffering of your mind

Sprinkles of ice are piercing my eyes Winter drought to every bone rooted in Aeons ago, frozen cold has cut my inner shield Son of man, fate of rich sacrifice Fight my friend when giants rise from the caves Light your fire when tyrants are at the gates A tribute to our venerated elders Wonderful place on the warrior's trail

The moisture of trees, their wisdom was drained Fire blazed up, glory was burnt Where wind blows, punishment was coming forth I have touched the soil, break the lore

Bleeding for a warm dime Every day curing wounds Until fire will return sun Statues shall see, when strength returns to me

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