

Borea (pyre Of A Thousand Pine)

Thrawsunblat

Would that the mists envelop me,
Tendrils writhing upon my skin.
And raise me, on this sombre night,
This sombre night of october decline.

Would that the mists envelop me,
Tendrils writhing upon my skin.
And raise me, on this sombre night,
This sombre night of november renewal

Raise me atop the pyre.
The pyre of a thousand pine,
Rising against the nightscape.
A mountain, a bulwark, a fortress.

The pyre of a thousand pine that,
Hopeless against what was to come,
And too noble to be felled by cruel hand,
Laid themselves down.

The mist seeped down from the hills,
And took them in her tendrils.
She piled them high,
As a mountain against the nightscape.

Set me atop. set the Wandering king ablaze.
Burn this innocent flesh from my bones.
O Borea, breathe life into me.
Slake my dust bones, my ash skin.
Draw the life of this fire so high.
Draw it into me.

That I might take the height of the white pine,
That I might take the strength of the ironwood
That I might take the wisdom of the oak
That I might rise again.

Rise, Wanderer.