

Sore am I, calling the pyre
pure and light, deep down the mire

So goodnight, my firefly dancer
wear the light, the fire will take your

Heart and love you
heart and drown you
heart and leave you
a sun to carry me home

frail am I, free from desire
old and wise, my god, and so tired

So goodbye, my surface dancer
in your light, the fire did take my

Heart and loved you
heart and drowned you
heart and burned you
my sun, come carry me home