

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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