

## The Fires...

Primordial

Funeral winds... caress the flame  
The naked fire that soothes my flesh  
In darkness I can ask for little more

Then a Samhain fire to lead the dead  
Nocturnal ever-slumber procession  
A gathering of such ancient souls  
To see our brother to his journey's end  
Into the darkness forever...

The frozen ground dances beneath us  
Our path cross the barren lands  
Burning torches lament  
As fiery shadows dance  
Across his gravebound face

Entombed in pagan earth  
To rise in the cold November mist  
We will haunt their pious dreams  
In eternal black adore we kiss

Witchcraft has breathed death in my soul  
To keep the darkest flame ever burning