

## Sweet Cantation

Pythia

Bring Me Fire

Picture the darkness, without any warning  
You're down on your knees with a wolf at your throat

I will not save you, your lies have just killed you  
I won't stand between you and your wicked soul

Bring me fire  
Coming through the dark  
Bring me fire  
Coming for your blood

There in the forest the Satyrs are hungry  
They cry for the blood of the man you once were  
They will protect me their princess forever  
I will set them free to atone for your sins

Oh sweet cantation serve me, your mistress  
Take what was drawn from me, my virgin heart.

Unclean and faithless my prince you are condemned  
To fire and brimstone for all of your days