

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