

Fire Brothers

Quicksilver Messenger Service

In the valley where the moons and lovers play live two children
who were born on Saturday.

One was dark, one was fair, followed by the hawk, mothered by the
mare.

Stranger children you will never see, brothers of the forest and
the sea,

One was land, one was air, and they kept the fires burning there.

place,

In a golden vessel and silver vase, kept them burning in the strange
enchanted

Kept them burning to the sky, for they knew someday the sun would
die