

Passion to a Golden Dawn

Ragnarok

Birds sang sweet in the silent trees.
Two lovers sat beneath their leaves.
Gaily we laughed just to hear their song,
held tight within the spell love weaves.
As children we danced in the Summer sun,
red light shone in her golden hair.
Her skin was stroked by the gentle breeze,
the days passed like dreams without a care.

But jealousy grew in their twisted minds.
They said witchcraft had made me blind.
"Such beauty cannot come from God,
devil's child, Daughter of the night".
So the soldiers came, took her away.
I watched the tears fall from her eyes.
She begged for mercy, begged them please.
They turned their hands, ignored her cries.

Broken as she'd fell from the rafters,
hands tied back ripping sinews inside.
Numbed to the pain where the needles went
and the soldiers who stole her sweet honey at night.
What is this creature they drag from the cart?
Naked and bleeding, broken limbs hang limp at her
sides.
Where is her red hair that once held the sun?
Shaved and ripped out in the name of their Christ.
Only the bruises and cracked dried blood
show where her sweet face used to be.
Split by a toothless gash, swollen and bloody.
Her puffed out eyes have no will to see.
Numb from the pain, too weak to stand.
The crowd spat and jeered as they dragged her by.
They took her and tied her to the log.
A solitary tear fell from her eye.
The flames licked at her purpled flesh.
Blackened, blistering bruises burst in the fire.
Not a scream, not a single cry, yet I feel her pain.
My heart rides with her on the pyre.

And in the smoke which rises from that raging fire
I see her face, pure and sweet as I'd remembered.
And she whispered to me, "My love, we'll meet again".

Ride on the northern wind like a raven, she calls my
name.
From the raging blaze and the pain she'll rise again.
For those who died in the fire we'll take revenge.
We'll stalk in the shadows as wolves to slay the lambs
of Christ.