

# Phoenix

Satyricon

Into the night  
My long suffering friend  
We'll be reborn again  
Right here where everything ends

Face to the sky  
A trail of smoke in the air  
Pass into emptiness  
New life's awaiting you there

Slave to some wretched old imagination of yesteryear  
All that grows in the skulls of the living are flowers of fear

The morning red  
A sun god calling you back  
Down through a thousand years  
White embers whistle and crack

Await the dawn with her kiss of redemption, my firebird!  
You were the queen of the souls of men before there was the word

The morning new  
The morning red  
The fiery promise  
Mad swirling smoke  
Wheels round her head

Dedication to the queen of souls,  
Her lost disciples  
And when the fire's work is done  
Our time to be reborn

By pagan streams  
A wind whips the leaves from the trees  
And it is revealed to us  
That we are dreams within dreams

Born from some wretched old imagination of yesteryear  
Now all that grows in the skulls of the living are flowers of fear

The morning new  
The morning red  
The fiery promise  
Mad swirling smoke  
Wheels round her head

Dedication to the queen of souls,  
Her lost disciples  
And when the fire's work is done  
Our time to be reborn

The morning new  
The morning red  
The fiery promise  
Mad swirling smoke  
Wheels round her head

Dedication to the queen of souls,  
Her lost disciples  
And when the fire's work is done  
The phoenix now reborn