

Once Fireveined

Thrawsunblat

Brother of mine,
How could you thrive in constant peace?
Thrive without the struggle for always more?
One only lives when at war.

Sister, what tidings shall you bring?
What spoils and vict'ries shall you ever sing?
For what do you stand in your idleness?
From what great journey do you rest?

The peace for which you long
is but rest for the road ahead.
If you've yet to wander,
why do you rest like the dead?

The peace for which you long
Is but rest for the road ahead.
Fire I've lost, and fire I've found.
I sing to you, ye dead above the ground.

Brother of mine,
What of the lightning that governed you?
What scattered the clouds, O great thunderhead?
When Man is at peace, he is dead.

Sister, once fire-veined,
What quenched your heart, simmered the blood?
O former champion of the road unled,
Why do you rest like the dead?

Brother, have you tasted
the feast to defeat starvation?
Sister, have you drawn
The sweet breaths of flame that follow the hunt?

To live is not to exist.
To exist is not to live.

Brother, have you smelled
The distant smoke on the horizon?
Sister, have you shot out
After it with lungs of flame?

To live is not to exist.
To exist is not to live.

The flesh to defeat starvation.
The breaths of fire that follow the hunt.
To live is to smell the smoke in the distance
And sprint for it with f**king lungs of flame.

And so on and on,
You lay awake, and waste away.
And so on and on,
It pains me to the earth.

Brother, how shall I sing your song at the end?

Shall I sing that you were content
to smoulder, but never to blaze?

Sister, how shall I sing your song at the end?
Shall I sing that you were content
Not to burn, but to fade in the haze?