

Prayer Of Transformation

Wolves in the Throne Room

Lay your corpse upon a nest of oak leaves
Wrapped in a star shroud repent your flesh
A shadow child dissolves

Meditate in a den of skins and straight poles
A sacred fire of madrone burns eternally
In a circle of turquoise and serpentine
Whisper the prayer of transformation

Engulfed by clouds of thujone
Emerge purified clad in a golden fleece
A vessel awaits built from owl feathers and moss