

# The Wicker Man

Wyrđ

The rain pours down with pain, dampening the straws of hay  
Flowing down my face, mingling with tears  
Tears of despair and rage, years of emptiness and hate  
Soon swept away by the flames, mouldering ashes  
All that remain, is a pile of charred bones  
Raising dust for the wind to carry far away  
The rain pours down with pain, yet they sing and dance  
Floating in a trance like state, bewitched by the chanting  
Masked faces far below me, laughing mockingly  
The first torch is lit, soon followed by others  
This is it now, it will all end, on this solstice's night

Flame, come take me, swallow me  
Oh great nothing, devour me  
Light it up, burn it down  
May the gods, accept our sacrifice  
Flesh to touch, flesh to burn  
Do not keep the wicker man waiting  
As flood I'll return, I am your sacrifice  
Your corpse will rot into the fields, you'll famish and starve  
As plague I'll return, going to destroy your world  
With fever you'll burn, and I'll save none