

# The Fire of Power

Watain

Behold the arrow from a Devil's bow  
Come cutting like a comet through the aether  
Risen from low lands by the gusts of yet deeper tracts  
A singular light in extension

Ascending now, on a course by will assigned  
To illuminate the darkness of the mind  
A fire of organic divine

The fire  
The fire of power

A luminous procession through aeons of night  
Ever onward 'neath the Lodestar  
Against the winds, against the law of our times  
Kindlers of the flame, pilgrims of the dark

Who do not fear to walk the way the vultures fly  
Towards destruction and doom  
Arms outstretched and willingly consumed

By fire  
The fire of power

"For thou hast said in thy heart, I will ascend into heaven  
And exalt my throne above the stars; until seated upon the  
Mount of Gods, in the uttermost north:"

On a mount overlooks the known world  
Stands a solitary man  
Silent in the storm, with his bow in hand  
Once a barren desert, now a sea of flames  
And eventually but embers

So the fire of power becomes the fire of the end  
Reddening the ruins of the earth  
Now bow unto the merciless redeemer

Of fire  
The fire of power  
The fire of a God