

## The Mire

Conjurer

Crossing over, the trudge begins  
Through barren marsh and ceaseless winds

Mourn thy departed soul  
Torn from your mortal coil

On this forsaken moor  
May you find, among the thorns  
That rugged ground you tread  
Holds passage for the dead

About the fire, upon the fleet  
Here is where those comforts leave me  
Hold not dear all your sorrows  
For they will only fan the flames

This night, this body will endure the torment  
My God and Creator deems it worthy to receive

Heathen, avert your fickle eyes  
Plead for an absent saviour's hand  
Whether you'd a life of splendour or squalor  
This mire will surely see it end