

Petrichor

IGNEA

Petrichor, the odor of gods
Mighty scent, which overlord lauds
When you come our lives begin again
Torn by thunder, you born in blessed rain

Strike me straight, I'm dignified now
To pronounce my Petrichoral vow
And I am sanctified son of the gods and everyone who's gone
I am an angel, I am voice, I am the God of my own choice

Petrichor, the odor the gods
Take my life in the name of our lords
I am ready, the journey shall begin
I am now the Petrichor within