

## 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