

Phoenix

Satyricon

Into the night
My long suffering friend
We'll be reborn again
Right here where everything ends

Face to the sky
A trail of smoke in the air
Pass into emptiness
New life's awaiting you there

Slave to some wretched old imagination of yesteryear
All that grows in the skulls of the living are flowers of fear

The morning red
A sun god calling you back
Down through a thousand years
White embers whistle and crack

Await the dawn with her kiss of redemption, my firebird!
You were the queen of the souls of men before there was the word

The morning new
The morning red
The fiery promise
Mad swirling smoke
Wheels round her head

Dedication to the queen of souls,
Her lost disciples
And when the fire's work is done
Our time to be reborn

By pagan streams
A wind whips the leaves from the trees
And it is revealed to us
That we are dreams within dreams

Born from some wretched old imagination of yesteryear
Now all that grows in the skulls of the living are flowers of fear

The morning new
The morning red
The fiery promise
Mad swirling smoke
Wheels round her head

Dedication to the queen of souls,
Her lost disciples
And when the fire's work is done
Our time to be reborn

The morning new
The morning red
The fiery promise
Mad swirling smoke
Wheels round her head

Dedication to the queen of souls,
Her lost disciples
And when the fire's work is done
The phoenix now reborn