

## The Rising Of The Flames

Skepticism

The flames - waves are our path  
The wind - blows away the fear  
Calm - and strong are our minds

Joy on the fields is eternal  
Pain beyond view  
The flames raise us

In the cold the flames glow  
Blue  
Under the flood  
Blood

The waves - flames are our path  
The last one  
We die - we never fall  
The flames in our veins

Storm behind, storm ahead  
Oar strokes are our way  
Away and back again  
The flames are rising