

## The Pythia's Pale Wolves

### The Ruins of Beverast

Our proud Arkadia celebrates tonight  
All circles ablaze with torchlight  
Our masked, splendid patron  
Shall stare into the lidless eyes of our cattle  
Betimes...

Zeus...burn my mind!  
Sing, Priestess, sing!  
Your eyes, your chant, your ecstasy!  
Pythia, sing to me!

Zeus...punish me!  
Dance, Priestess, dance!  
Your herbs, your breath, all agony!  
O Pythia, pour it all over me...