

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...