

Funeral Pyre

Tribulation

Haunting spirit, hear these words that I proclaim
I will guide your journey
And you will have your due of flames
Accept my humble sacrifice of the chosen few
Slain and flayed before the pyre
I'll make your wish come true

The beautiful dead that surround me now
Burnt black by the fires of death
The beautiful dead that surround me now
The transition through flames into the night
As the fumes rise from the funeral pyre

Oh, immortals hear my call, I've shorn my hair and lit the pyre
The stars shine and the fires cast light on the mournful choir
Winds, I summon you, from the north and from the west
Gather to feed flames, come forth to greet your guest

Blood is shed
The wine is spilled
Bellowing smoke from the tripods

No words unsaid
The deed fulfilled
An offering to the gods

Gathered now the burnt remains
A stark reminder of the pains
On the road to immortality
Where lesser men would die
The rites are ended on the morrow
The bones interred beneath the barrow
Enshrined in gold forever more
Pray Elysium awaits, and the names go on

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