

# 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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