

## We remain

**Watain**

How red and full of truth are not  
The stories by the fires told?  
Absorbed and passed on by every dreamer  
Madly drunk from embers glow

Always with the whirling dust  
Of winding roads to mask our trail  
And cloak the paths 'pon which we rode  
So that legends dim might tell our tale

On waves of wildest oceans borne  
In roaring chant a song unheard  
Thus was brought the lore, to havens far  
The echo of the primal word

For what is truth but what we make it?  
A tale deformed by wind and rain  
By temple stone and eager flame  
Concealed, in spirit

We remain  
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Like a marooned enchantress stranded in the tropic of deceit  
The truth abides within us all  
Patiently awaiting the rise of her star  
And its vengeful light to shine on our betrayal

For in the breaking of the final dawn and the silencing of all  
Her muted voice shall rise in grace anew  
At the unweaving of the webs and the dismantling of the world  
We will remember her

Hark unto its hissing tongue  
That dark wind of which dreams are made  
On it blows, that fateful song  
On and on and on

What if life is but an intermission?  
The flickering of dying flame  
And in the endless night in which it burns  
Concealed, forever

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