

Heather Alexander, Sacred Fire

Hickory, birch and willow
Oak, ash and thorn
Holly, hazel, rowan
Are the nine where the flame is born
Those of you who gather here
Bear wounds that never healed
Festered and forgotten
Blood stained and congealed

Souls with horrid secrets
Bodies that can't feel
Love is just a faerie tale
Only pain is real
Your lips are sealed in silence
With the needs you cannot speak
You want to heal the violence
But you all fear what you seek

Oh-victims of a wrong desire
Oh-I hear you cry for Sacred Fire
Crawl up on your knees and scream my name
You've summoned me before you
Just reach out and touch my flame

Bridget or Osiris
Michael, Uriel
Conjure me by any name
To disenchant this spell
The hatred lashing at your soul
That forces you to pray
To heal will cost a painful toll
To frighten you away

I offer up an answer
To end your nightmare days
In Perfect Truth with Perfect Love
We'll light a holy blaze
Summon all your suffering
Set and burn my seal
Stare at truth unblinking
To hurt and then to heal

Heal the wound
Sear the pain
Let the tears fall down like rain
If to thine own self be true
Nothing can have power over you
No one can have power over you