

Quicksilver Messenger Service, Fire Brothers

In the valley where the moons and lovers play live two children who were born on Saturday.
One was dark, one was fair, followed by the hawk, mothered by the mare.
Stranger children you will never see, brothers of the forest and the sea,
One was land, one was air, and they kept the fires burning there.

place,

In a golden vessel and silver vase, kept them burning in the strange enchanted
Kept them burning to the sky, for they knew someday the sun would die