

Septic Flesh, Burning Phoenix

If you ever hear the song of a dying phoenix
don't let sadness close your ears
you may offend the secret face of nature
It is not a mourning but a hymn.

If you ever see the bright pyre strip
the nightly creature from the chains
you'll witness what the most
can only envy
the glorious coupling of the light
with the dark
Burning Phoenix rise
Ash is what you leave to go up high

The flaming bird knows the time
when the astral gates are open time
to fulfil its noble destiny
it was born to fly
Forever, with the burning legions
of its kind.

On wings of smoke they are singing
Their calling is the calling of the free
"Fly with us"