

Wyrd, Soulburn

Now in the falling of gloom
The red fire paints the empty room
Burn all the bridges, burn the past
Flames will swallow all that once was

Once again the glow returns
Around me everything burns
Burn all the letters, burn all books
Fire will swallow all your lies

Come, fire, rise
Thrice on an autumn's night
Come, fire, rise
Burn my soul