

# Aurora Borealis, Sky Burial

Life's circle has come to pass release the soul free at last  
This is not a tragic end but a new beginning to start again

Let us gather ceremony commence a sacred clearing is where we begin  
The tools for this trade are small and few  
Ripping and crushing the priest is to do

Life's circle has come to pass release the soul free at last

As he sharpens up his blade bring the body here she lays  
Looking up into the sky the birds of prey are quick to fly

Down, insert the blade deep within  
Tear, cutting flesh from limb to limb  
Break, crush and shatter very bone  
Pray, gut the corpse the blood runs cold

Vultures drawing closer still beginning now to feast at will  
Her memory now just remains all flesh and bones are carried away

Life, a tribute to the ways of old  
Death, this is a sky burial  
Fly to the light her spirit flows  
Up, this is a sky burial

Save and preserve the top half of the skull  
From this we drunk in great celebration  
A toast to long life and to prosperity  
A toast to this ancient archaic belief

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