

Ihsahn, Calle by the fire

The sky is clouded and grey
like a mirror
Dreams of celestial bliss
buried deep
An invisible web of whispers
spread out over dead-end streets
silently blessing the virtue of sleep
I'm still
Called by the fire
My spirit
Called by the fire
Yes, i'm still
Called by the fire
Called by the fire
Eternally
The flickering light
The heat of the flame
creates and devours
In my soul there is night
Every day I grow more immune
to social sedatives
Every day the web is more
transparent
United in fear and the comfort of reason
illusions that we are all peers
Walking the stairs I am ever more awake
The black cloud is beneath me
and I laugh