

# 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