

Lord Vicar, The Funeral Pyre

I find it hard to carry on
On this road, in a naked world
Ashes whirl around the trees
that still stand

Endless pain hurts my soul
But no cry can be heard
Just some whispers escape my teeth
As I curse this land

I am a man who has nothing
Without your love I can't go on
When I laid down your frozen hand
I let go life

Now the dream is almost over
Sands of Time are running lower
Through broken glass

Lord of the trees is the one
who can make them fall
I carry the wood to the hills
to prepare her fire
Suffering under this burden I have to crawl
Building her funeral pyre to be lifted higher

I once had a dream
Of these fluctuating spiral skies
Where the smoke was fixed with red rain
that is still running down my sombre face

I'll have to be strong
To wake up from this red nightmare
But my head is filled with dull pain
That feels real to me in so many ways

Now the flames are reaching higher
And my love has passed through fire
Through teeth and claw