

# Septic Flesh, Shamanic Rite

From inside a cloud with the shape of a grey owl  
Scanning down the hill of an indian scared site  
I can see a figure with hair white like the snow  
The polar crystal breath.

Gyrating around the pyre like a planet in orbit  
Around the burning mass of a life giving sun  
Following the ways of the ageless  
Parallel not our paths can cross  
In a shower of meteor storm

As you have sung for me  
Now I sing for you  
As you have welcomed me  
Now I welcome you

The shaman

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Let's take our place as stars in the night sky...