

Skepticism, The Rising Of The Flames

The flames - waves are our path
The wind - blows away the fear
Calm - and strong are our minds

Joy on the fields is eternal
Pain beyond view
The flames raise us

In the cold the flames glow
blue
Under the flood
Blood

The waves - flames are our path
The last one
We die - we never fall
The flames in our veins

Storm behind, storm ahead
Oar strokes are our way
Away and back again
The flames are rising