

Wyrd, The Wicker Man

The rain pours down with pain, dampening the straws of hay
Flowing down my face, mingling with tears
Tears of despair and rage, years of emptiness and hate
Soon swept away by the flames, mouldering ashes
All that remain, is a pile of charred bones
Raising dust for the wind to carry far away
The rain pours down with pain, yet they sing and dance
Floating in a trance like state, bewitched by the chanting
Masked faces far below me, laughing mockingly
The first torch is lit, soon followed by others
This is it now, it will all end, on this solstice's night

Flame, come take me, swallow me
Oh great nothing, devour me
Light it up, burn it down
May the gods, accept our sacrifice
Flesh to touch, flesh to burn
Do not keep the wicker man waiting
As flood I'll return, I am your sacrifice
Your corpse will rot into the fields, you'll famish and starve
As plague I'll return, going to destroy your world
With fever you'll burn, and I'll save none