

## Quicksilver Messenger Service "Fire Brothers"

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In the valley where the moons and lovers play live  
two children who were born on Saturday.  
One was dark, one was fair, followed by the hawk,  
mothered by the mare.  
Stranger children you will never see, brothers of the  
forest and the sea,  
One was land, one was air, and they kept the fires  
burning there.

place,

In a golden vessel and silver vase,  
kept them burning in the strange enchanted  
Kept them burning to the sky, for they knew someday  
the sun would die

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