

## Septic Flesh "Shamanic Rite"

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From inside a cloud with the shape of a grey owl  
Scanning down the hill of an indian sacred site  
I can see a figure with hair white like snow  
The polar crystal breath  
Gyrating around the pyre like 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  
From inside a cloud with the shape of a grey owl  
Scanning down the hill of an indian sacred site  
I can see a figure with hair white like snow  
The polar crystal breath  
As you have sung for me  
Now I sing for you  
As you have welcomed me  
Now I welcome you  
Let's take our place as stars in the night sky...

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