

This Mortal Coil "Fire Brothers"

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In the valley where the moon and lovers play.

Lived two children who were born on Saturday.

One was dark one was fair.

Fathered by the dog, mothered by the pig.

Stranger children you have never seen.

Brothers of the forest and the sea.

One was land one was air.

And they kept the fires burning.

In a golden vessel and silver vase

Kept them burning in a strange enchanted place.

Kept them burning to the sky.

For they knew someday the sun will die.

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