

# Fire Brothers

## Quicksilver Messenger Service

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>