## invocation to the north



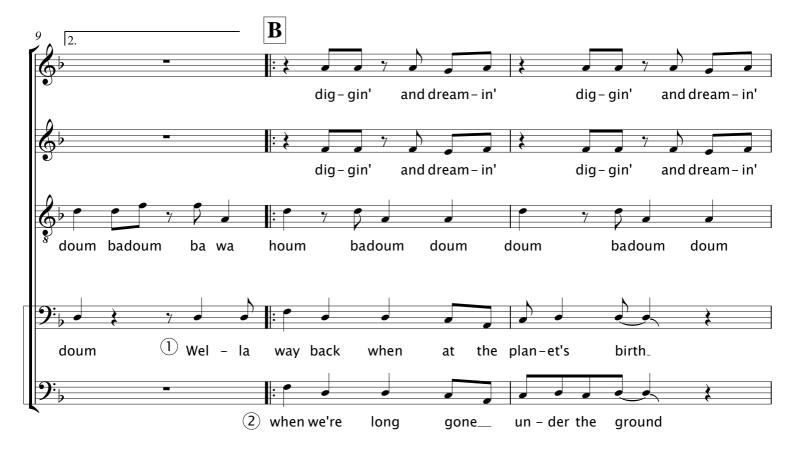
The journey comes round full circle the longing for land. The heavens and the hearth. And we dig and we build and we desecrate And we pull and we push and we consecrate Holding and covering and comforting the bones That were laid in the ground so long ago And the rich brown soil and the muddy loam that took so many centuries of toil.

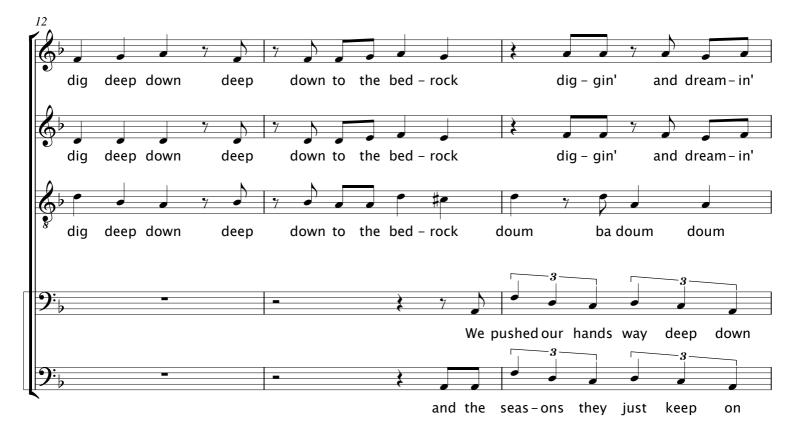
Still taking in the poison, still pushing up the daisies, Shaking the foundations and hammering the stakes, Bringing the shelter of chasm, cave and cavern, Bringing the metal and the money and the manifest, Bringing the spin of the birth and death song, Still bringing life and death to the table, And the Arch, the Gabriel, Demeter, Oak and Pan, Pass it along the celestial chain gang. Guardians of the North – we call to you – Bring us the rhythm of the North

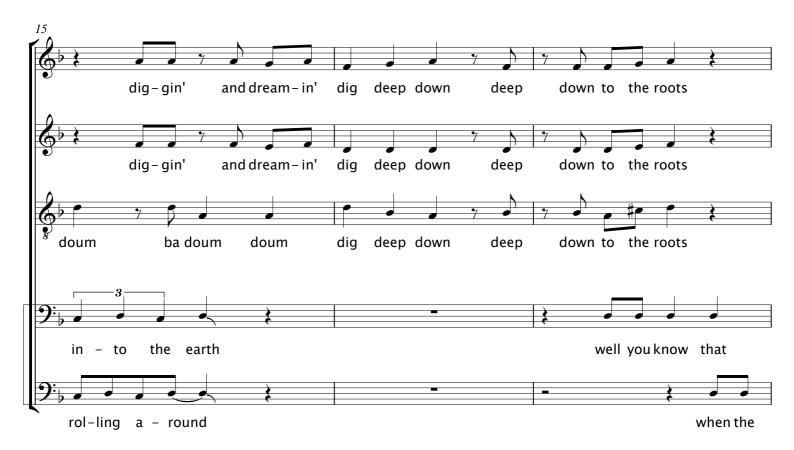
## north



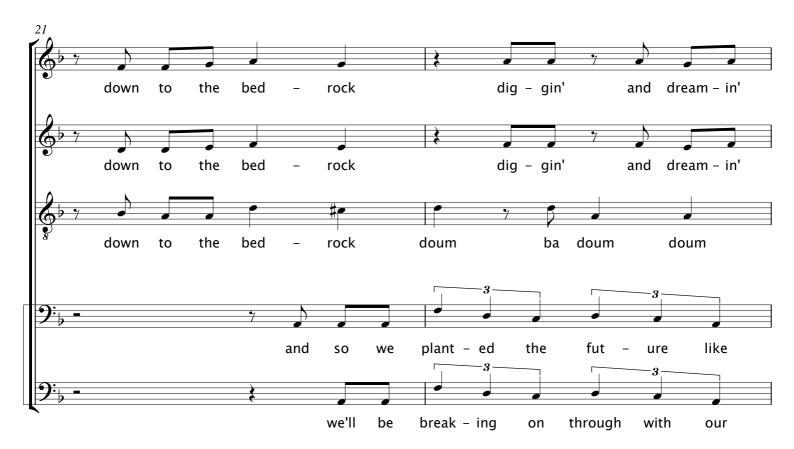
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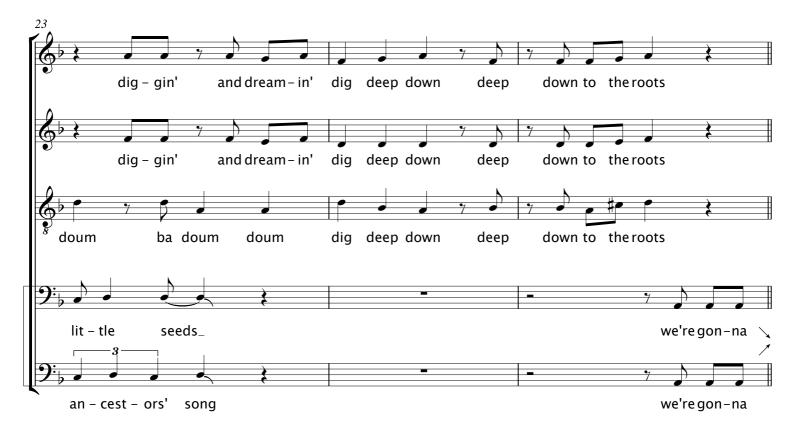










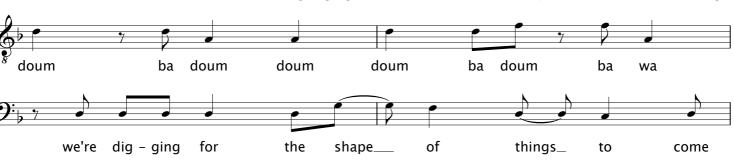




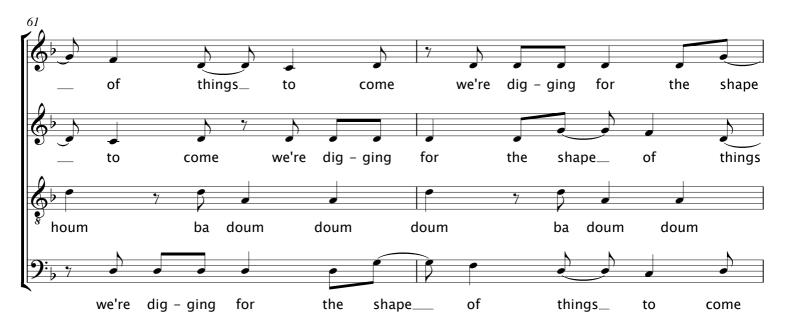








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