**Invocation Of The God Of Death**

(used at Samhain)

**Why is the measure of love less?**

**Must we measure our circle in that,**

**That is no more in the death of trees,**

**Of houses, and of humans?**

**All that is lost comes again tonight,**

**And walks in the keeping of the God,**

**Come now, Brother, Lover, Friend,**

**I call you comforter, from the Underworld come!**

**I name you keeper of men's souls,**

**The walker of dark spirals,**

**Lord of winter,**

**Come embrace us in your dark sleep,**

**That brings rest.**

**I see you before me,**

**Your eyes the color of autumn leaves,**

**Your breath bearing the scent of cool earth,**

**Wearing the power visible as a cloak.**