

# “Grill Fire”

(parody of “Hearthfire”)

## How the sausage is made

(Rhyme / Alliteration / Assonance)

“Hearthfire” lyrics ©2013 Ada Palmer

“Grill Fire” lyrics ©2018 Bob Kanefsky

Win - **ter**, with storm on the **way**,  
Filk **fest**. Dead **dog** on the **way**,  
When a stran - **ger** charged up to my **gate**, calling  
When the toast **guest** barged in-to the **fray**, yelling  
“She’l **ter**! The light’s nearly **done**  
“Meal **quest**! The con’s nearly **done**.  
And the **wiser** man **hides** when the Thun **der** er **comes!**”  
But the **wisest** fans **dine** now un **less** they have **gone.**”

And I off - **ered** him food as I brought him in-**side**,  
So I signed up for food and I vent - **ured** outside.  
And I bade my son empty the seat beside **mine**,  
And I emptied of papers the seat beside **mine**.  
But the stranger frowned softly, and answered, “Good **host**,  
For a stranger rode shotgun, as I was no **fool**:  
With the bliz zard so clear we had bet **ter** sit **close** by the  
With the world growing warm we were wise to car **pool** to the

**Hearthfire**, **Hearthfire**, friend in the **dark**, **fire**.  
**Grill fire**. **Grill fire**. Eat what you **will** **fire**.  
**Peace fire**, **feast fire**, **play**.  
**Thrall fire**, **mall fire**, **throngs**.  
Here, **fire**, **now**, **fire**, make the night **ours**, **fire**,  
Heat **fire**, **meat fire**, all you can **eat** **fire**.  
**Bright** in your circle of stories and stone.  
**Faux Mon-gol** circle of scrapers and tongs.

**Feast done**, the time came for **riddles**, my  
**Tight space**, between chairs and **benches**, by  
**Bright son** sat down in the **middle**, cried,  
**Slim waist**, slipped one of the **wenches**; cried,  
“Ask me, I’ll answer **you**, stranger, **true**  
“Ask me, I’ll answer **for** custom **ers**  
Anything a **leader** of our **peo-ple** should know.”  
Anything a **server** at a rest’rant should know.”

And he counted the runes, and he spelled out the days  
She re-counted the foods, and the price of all this,  
And recited the list of the Allfather's names  
And recited the drinks on the al-co-hol list.  
But our guest looked to me when the fi - nal round came.  
And she gave us instructions and this was the gist:  
"Do you know son how man learned to cap-ture and tame" ...  
"You may choose a-ny food but it all be- comes grist" for

The Hearthfire, Hearthfire, friend in the dark, fire?  
The Grill fire. Grill fire. Eat what you will fire.  
Guest fire, test fire, game.  
Plate fire. Grate fire, plume.  
Pet fire, man fire, play while you can, fire.  
Nice fire, spice fire, dis-count-ed price fire.  
Prison is coming of cunning and stone.  
Smoking black circle of scrapers and tongs.

And I answered at once what my  
And I answered at once that I'd  
Par-ents had taught me in chi - ld- hood days:  
Vowed not to eat ei-ther fowl, beast, or fish.  
"The Allfather, when his cre - a - tion was young,  
A vow I had made my-self when I was young.  
Came in trav - e - ler's guise to teach hu-mans his ways.  
I would there-fore be choosing a veg'ta - ble dish.

And he taught us to stand and he taught us to speak,  
So I hope you have broc - col-i, car-rots and beets,  
And he taught how the nob - le should mas - ter the weak,  
And some spin- ach and squash, not just nine kinds of meats.  
And the fires of Musphel he snatched from the gi-ants  
I'll choose fier - y chili and ti - ny tom-at-oes  
And used them to ban-ish the Jot - un defiance,  
And chopped ba - by corn and a piece of potato.  
And fashioned the sun and the moon and the stars,  
I trust you have to - fu or kale at the least.  
And he taught us to make just a lit-tle bit ours:  
And from these I shall make my Mon-gol- i - an feast." On

The Hearthfire, Hearthfire, friend in the dark, fire.  
The Grill fire. Grill fire. Eat what you will fire.  
Hate, fire, wait, fire, home.  
Spend fire, friend fire, songs.  
Need fire, bleed fire, hear as I plead, fire.

Gas fire, fast fire, sauce goes on last, fire.  
Stay in your prison of caution and stone."  
Siz - zl - ing circle of scrapers and tongs.

But he sighed as he asked,  
But she sighed as she asked  
"Are you sure the de - fi - ance is gone as you boast?"  
"Are you sure that a bar - be - cue's where you should be?"  
And quick as a spell now I heard in the coal crackle  
I noticed the smell now and heard in the grill crackle  
Words that had al-ways been whisp-er-ing close:  
All that I'd been so re - luc-tant to see:

"Little one, my little one, lick free through the tim-bers  
Sizzl- ing and fizzl- ing were pork parts dis-mem-bered,  
And feast on the children of jail-keep-er Man.  
And flesh from a chicken just re-cent-ly dead.  
Your parent roamed free burning for - ests to embers;  
The juices roamed free, rose as smoke from the embers,  
Re - cap - ture that birth-right when - ev - er you can."  
And scrape as they might they can't clean ev'ry shred.  
-- --  
From the

Hearthfire, Hearthfire, friend in the dark, fire.  
Grill fire, grill fire, splat-ter and spill fire.  
Hate, fire, wait, fire, home.  
Root fire? Fruit fire? Wrong!  
Need fire, bleed fire, hear as I plead, fire.  
Feast fire. Cease, fire! Gib-lets and grease fire.  
Stay in your pri-son of caution and stone."  
Oozing past wards of clean scrapers and tongs.

Shock passed. The words wiped away  
Tongs clashed. The smell burned away  
The illusion my sor - row had made,  
All illusion I might en - ter-tain.  
And I faced now the ash - es and bone  
And I faced now the long-stand-ing fact:  
That were all that the fi-re had left of my home.  
There are no san - i - ta-tion laws cov-er-ing that.

For no roof stood a - bove us, and I was no host, --  
Here I used to make fun of my an-ces-tors' ghosts for  
And the son at my side was mere mem - or - y's ghost

- In - sis-ting on keep-ing a whole kit-chen **kosh** - er.  
And the stranger who huddled where the em-bers glowed **dim**  
And the waitress who waited said fin-ally, "Sir,  
Said, "Son, you're not first to lose ca - stle and **kin**  
In back there's a mi-cro-wave you might pre-fer  
to the  
to the

Hearthfire, **Hearthfire**, friend in the **dark**, **fire**.  
Grill fire, **grill fire**. You're looking **ill** **fire**.  
**Cruel** fire, **tool** fire, **crime**.  
**Your** fire, **pure** fire, **yon**.  
Camp-fire, **war** fire, rage for me **more**, **fire**,  
Alt-ernate **tech** fire, if you re-ject **fire**  
Sealed in your prison of ser - pents and stone."  
In-side our circle of shared grill and tongs.

And the ash - es were washed from my eyes  
And at last through the smoke-screen I thought  
And I saw what had always been **plain**:  
of a thing that had always been **plain**:  
The All - fath - er standing before me -- and by him  
Hot en - trees I'd eaten before this -- and by them  
His Blood-brother's spi - rit awake in the **flame**.  
Were blood-covered spare-ribs awash in the **flame**.

And I fell to my knees, and I cried to him, "Father  
I felt sick to my stom - ach, thought "Why do I bother?  
I can't understand why you let him live on!  
I can't understand why I ev - er eat out.  
For he mur - dered my son, and he mur-dered yours **too**,  
Sure, a shared grill is fun. But it's sort of **gross too**.  
And no force can ex-tin-guish this ev - il but **you!**"  
It's a farce to bel-ieve it's been cleaned thru and thru!  
But he beck-oned me close as the bliz - zard **arrived**:  
But you want to feel close, and more friends have **arrived**.  
"If you live thru this night you will on-ly **survive**  
If you wish to break bread you must some-how **contrive**  
thanks to  
to like

Hearthfire, **Hearthfire**: Mother and **mur-der - er**,  
Grill fire, **grill fire**: Brotherhood, **bat-tle zone**.  
Hearthfire, **Hearthfire**, trait-or and **nur - tur - er**  
Campfire. **Bonfire**. A-li - en - a - tion **prone**.

Kin fire, foe fire, ev - il I know, fire,  
You fire. Me fire. Grill that I see, fire.  
Warding me still a - gainst ev - ils I don't.  
Surely no worse than the grills that I don't.

Hearthfire, Hearthfire, des - per - ate art, fire,  
Grill fire, grill fire. What shall we kill fire.  
Price that the liv - ing must pay!!  
Choice veg - e - tar - i - ans face!!  
Guard my cre - a - tion a lit-tle bit more, fi-re,  
Quar - an - tined food from Mon - gol - i - an mi-cro-waves?  
Stay in your pris - on 'til  
Just get me ice cream with  
Ev'ry-thing crumbles and ev'ry-thing ends!  
Co-co-nut crumbles and bring me the check.