

Slaves To The Pyre

Brodequin

Passing under the divine bodies hanging under the sacred grove
that adjoins the temple
Uppsala putrefaction a sign of god's approval

Suffocating holy odour of the dead blessing the believers until
the seasons end god
Of the gallows observing from within asgard watching as they make
their way preparing
To send this slave into the spirit world to accompany her master
and celebrate with the
Glorious dead

Her last days spent feasting drinking and having sex with her master's
friends
Volunteering for a heathen death hail the gods who bring up the
winds making the flames
More intense decreasing the time for crossing over lowered and
restrained strangled with a
Rope overwhelmed and struggling to breathe a ritual dagger plunged
into the chest

Warm blood floods the lungs an unbroken gaze upon the face quiet
and peaceful as the body
Is consumed by flames.