

## Where The Utux Ancestors Wait

Chthonic

Parturient grove  
Bodies swing amidst fallen green  
Wives, Sciens mass felo-de-se  
Blows unbridled, Warriors sans blood kin  
Cocytus awaits  
Freshly dead drifts from prior lives  
Yet link to Seediq holds  
Warriors sans conscience, death machines  
Immersed souls in  
Nether stew seethe restlessly  
Ghostly motion  
Hindered by malodorousness  
Primeval woods blaze  
Souls drop onto netherworld while  
Their corpses hang, rain-whipped  
Hell's doors open, gladly waiting  
Barren wind robs memory  
Whereabouts for burial in Hell  
Spirits gathered, Face emblems gleaming,  
Urged by force unseen  
Septic river boils  
Specters swims along  
Mutant creatures  
Decayed limbs and bloated flesh  
Entrapped, alone, hurried, aimless  
Confounded to mind, disassembled  
Spirits, mindless, decived, chopped off  
Consumed as corporeal disintegrates  
Ancestors' Bridge spans  
Betwixt this world and the next  
Souls journey in it's  
Shadow, steps resolute  
Tribe masks gleam red-wet  
Skin illuminations  
Seediq Bale  
A race apart, eternally brave  
Skies breath rivers fan out, unfurls  
Faraway call for Seediq souls  
Winds blow, swirling souls loose,  
Staying dreams, Ancient canopy shelters