

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