

Bird of Prey

Darkestrah

The spirits of sickness and death
Are tearing apart my flesh,
The fiends of the underworld
Are scattering my bones,
Those who reside in the black marquees
Are piercing my brain with an iron spear,
The ones with venomous tongues
Are spilling my blood over barren earth.

Then the bird with iron feathers gathers my bones
And sews my flesh together with her iron claws,
The Bird-of-Prey-Mother feeds me with my new blood
And rocks my new soul in the iron cradle.

And when my time will come,
And when my light will dusk,
The Mother will come to me
And spread her iron wings,
To carry my soul far beyond
To the lands of great shamans,
To carry my spirit far away
To the lands of the glorious dead.