

The Rite of Kraka

Ereb Altor

the new fullmoon is on the rise
it's the night before the meeting
the knife is cold in my hand
as I read my galders silently within
the night of fertility is here
the shadow of the hawthorne devoured
by the night as I prepare
clouded fullmoon painting the sky
relentless it stands
the towering stone of Kraka
a circle of fires burn this night
naked bodies in the flickering light
an orgie of lust
a theatre of flesh
born by earth, water, fire and blood
naked flesh in the flickering light
a blot in the night for new life to come
they carry me up on the hill
they place me on the stone so old
two goats hanging upside down
above the stone of Kraka
the rite of Kraka
my voice is clear as ice:
"for the first you must walk through earth"
and they naked will crawl on the ground
"for the second you must walk through water"
and the naked will enter the cold brook
until their hair will follow the stream
"for the third you must walk through fire"
and the naked will run through the fires of Kraka
my knife slits the throats of the goats as I silently repeat my
galders
the blood of the two goats in two streams on each side of the s
tone
the naked must complete nine circles around the stone
and lick the blood of the goats nine times
an orgie of lust
a theatre of flesh
born by earth, water, fire and blood
naked flesh in the flickering light
a blot in the night for new life to come