

## 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.