

Headhunter

The Lord Weird Slough Feg

Down the morning comes and burns the ground
Shrunk heads are piled to the sky
Kneeling over signs I make no sound
Hallowed oracle of spirits die

Victims of the sign in steel engraved
Whispered prayers forgotten when they fall
Battered by the wind I'm still enslaved
Punctured vein of life has freed them all

Vines in the trees, open eyes in the air
Tribes of the hills in despair
Scaling the breeze over fires bright and bare
Spines break with ease everywhere

Eye of the night scratching fables across
The sweat and the soil of the land
Igneous block pounding blood into stone
Voices that issue the sand