

Hypochthonic Remnants

Thrawsunblat

I: Subterranean

Glastonbury shapings; Carnac arrangings.
Hypochthonic remnants summon Metachthonic
tenants*. Songs of ages past lived
and died still neolithic. Lore of ages
past has waited for years to come to you.
Raknehaugen, Anundshög, draw you through
temporal murk. Sub-terranean remnants
summon post-terranean tenants. We souls of
ages past, we'll tear up the earth to get to you.
Buried neath the megalithic, spirits of ages
past: the slumbering to rise again. Post-terranean
vastlands, the self in terms electrical.
All voiceless aspirants who hope in hexadecimals.
We are the hypochthonic; we will give you
voice. To you, the innate electronic, to rise
above the noise.

II: Song of Chthonia

"We are the air that wakes with the dawn. We are
the fire that burns with the midday sun. We are
the water that cools with the dusk. We are the
earth that restores with the midnight calm."
The times change like the river flows by: swift
and raging. Never aware where its hurried
course lies, yet ever racing. To take the times
wholesale is to be taken by the times; to take
the past wholesale is to be left behind. To
weigh the finest of past and present is to
navigate the times. In any year, culture, clime;
to navigate is to thrive. Sing, sing to the sky the
dark song of Chthonia. Sing loud, sing to the
times, a call through Metachthonia.

I am the air; far I shall roam
Under the sky in all of its shades.
I am fire; long I shall burn
To renew the self and temper the blade.

I am water; clear I shall flow
To cleanse the self of what sullies the times.
I am the earth; firm I shall stand.
Hold fast to what shines through from the past.

III: At Odell's Heart

When you stand among the pine,
You stand in a far-stretching line
Of all who've stood in rapture here
And all who shall in coming year.

For in the wood you are the same
As those to come and those who came
To root themselves in rapture here
And those who shall in coming year.

To sit at Odell's heart and contemplate the
times among the fallen hemlock that rampart
on all sides. To sit at Odell's heart and
contemplate what's mine; what's mine to give,
receive, provide; what's owed me by the times;
what the times should give, provide, for all
beneath them to thrive—so we know, like each
fleck of snow in the storm, none is alone in this
plight. It's a grounding, among these electric
times to reflect what the times have become.
To shrug off the wires and, in cool cedar air,
think with forgotten clarity. A grounding,
among these electric times. Your feet to the
earth and your mind to its calm. Your soul to
all who have stood where you are—to feel in
their bones how timelessness flows now in the
air around you.

*hypochthonic: subterranean