

Arghoslent

"Tar-skinned Pygmoids Of The Dense Bush"

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A tale of modern backwardness
And return to cannibalism
These are the last vestiges
Of eroding colonial influence

A tale of modern backwardness
Inexistent tillers of the soil
Eking out a living of old
Without agriculture

With quills thrust into their lips
And chewing the larvae of beetles

With quills thrust into their lips
And chewing the larvae of beetles
Leeching off the fringes of higher tribes
Snaring nomads of the dense bush

The fight for timber and minerals
Cages the pygmoids between rebels
Not since the Simba rebellion
Was the eating of flesh so conventional

As if they were game animals
Hunted, gutted, salted, and savored
Fighters wear body parts of their foes
Medals of bone and inhuman meat

The barrel of an AK-47
Is the judge and jury of this brute land
Effacer le Tableau, code name of hate
Soldiers in need of the supernatural

Source of magical powers are the organs
Of the diminutive tar-skinned gnomes
The less than humans encroached
By a not so distant soot-mutation

Invulnerability to bullets from
Engorging on Mbuti loins
The blackened elves hoot a call

Authenticating the superstitions

Trail finders abandoned by evolution

Grilled to perfection on the grates

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