the cairn
Seth Cable

It's that time of year again. Stone by stone, we whistle at our work, as the cairn engulfs him. In response, he sings the words bequeathed to us by our forebears, inherited from some now nameless canticle that would radiate out from censers embedded into ceilings, raining the reiterating harmonies down upon the heads of our forebears, as they wandered below in close aisles under harsh lamplight, searching for dear trifles to gift one another.

And the words would go:

“Are you ready for the darkness,
That is fated to descend,
The wise will use their liberties,
to justify their ends, And if I had just one wish,
To whisper in God’s ear,
I’d pay my debts with hatred,
And make a meal of fear…”

This he will sing until the final stone is laid. It's really catchy, not gonna lie.