

The Reign of Asmat

Sadist

hundreds of dug trees
flowing down this channel
thousands of painted bodies
screams in rhythm of paddles
and grim drums you recognize me
from my adorned nose
fella's bone
dwellers of our black reign
slimy swamp
wrapped up in a thick fog
my reign, the reign of asmat! my reign where death gives life
there's magic in cutting you
into little pieces
magic in dancing
with your head right here
all around a hundred meters tall "bis" I remember the last great feast
I remember the white gift from the mist
...to "otjanep" that's our refusal of your
white senseless law
our revenge on your soft white flesh! I remember the last great feast
I remember the white gift from the mist
...to "otjanep"

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