The ceremony started with us all standing in a circle in a river about knee deep. In the center was a pot, and we were told to sacrifice something that we were done with and willing to leave behind. We threw random shit in the pot, and it was used as a bonfire that slowly went out over our half-hour-ish trek through a canyon to the source of the river. During the trek we sang a traditional Weeping Canyon song that I am very familiar with. The lyrics are as follows:

Look at the river as it winds down the
Rise like a tear going down cheek-side creek
To the body of blood, salty golden
Holding the life of our own, though we do not
(Melody: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rwJ8mptb7a4)

After we reached the source of the river, we each threw some of the ashes of the bonfire on it. After followed some talking about the creation of Halidar, and an unfortunate possession by Mr. E (loving this new nickname) himself, which may have colored this report. This concludes my basic and not at all comprehensive historical documentation of traditional All-Hallows rituals in the riftlands