Thunder Rising

The Newk

They looked out from the fortress on the hill
There came a single warrior returning from the kill
The spoils of war hung from his horses mane
The bloody heads of enemies that he had freshly slayed
They saw the face, the eyes so sullen
Could only be the young Cuchullain
Thunder rising, thunder rising
Thunder rising early in the morning
Cities burning, the world keeps turning
Thunder rising early in the morning
The son of Lugh MacEithleen knew no fear
For just one blow at any foe to tell his end was near
So many tried to mock this Celtic son
They taunted and they teased him till he slayed them one by one
And so they came, and so they've fallen
At the hands of young Cuchullain
Thunder rising, thunder rising
Thunder rising early in the morning

Cities burning, the world keeps turning
Thunder rising early in the morning
Long ago, the legend has it
How the mighty Ulster men
Battled with the King Of Connacht
Fighting to the bitter end
No one knew what foolish reason
Caused this skirmish to begin
Was it treachery or treason
Or just the idle threats of drunken men?
Thunder rising, thunder rising
Thunder rising early in the morning
Cities burning, the world keeps turning
Thunder rising early in the morning
Thunder rising, thunder rising
Thunder rising early in the morning
Young men are dying, the widows are crying
Thunder rising early in the morning

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